THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated
A° D° 1728 63

Volume 197, Number 41

APR. 11, '25

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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ONCE IN THE SADDLE

"Why, you poor fish, didn't I tell you that faro game was crooked?"

"Yes, I know; but it's the only game in town."

—THE SOUR DOUGH SAGA.

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"SHE told me," said Tommy, "that she was a wedded wife. Haveanotherdrink."

"No, thanks. It's noon—past—nearly one. What say we walk up and have a bite? You feel better then. After all, it's a real nice little old world. You don't have to depend on my say-so. Take a look and see if it ain't."

Tommy took a look; he took another drink.

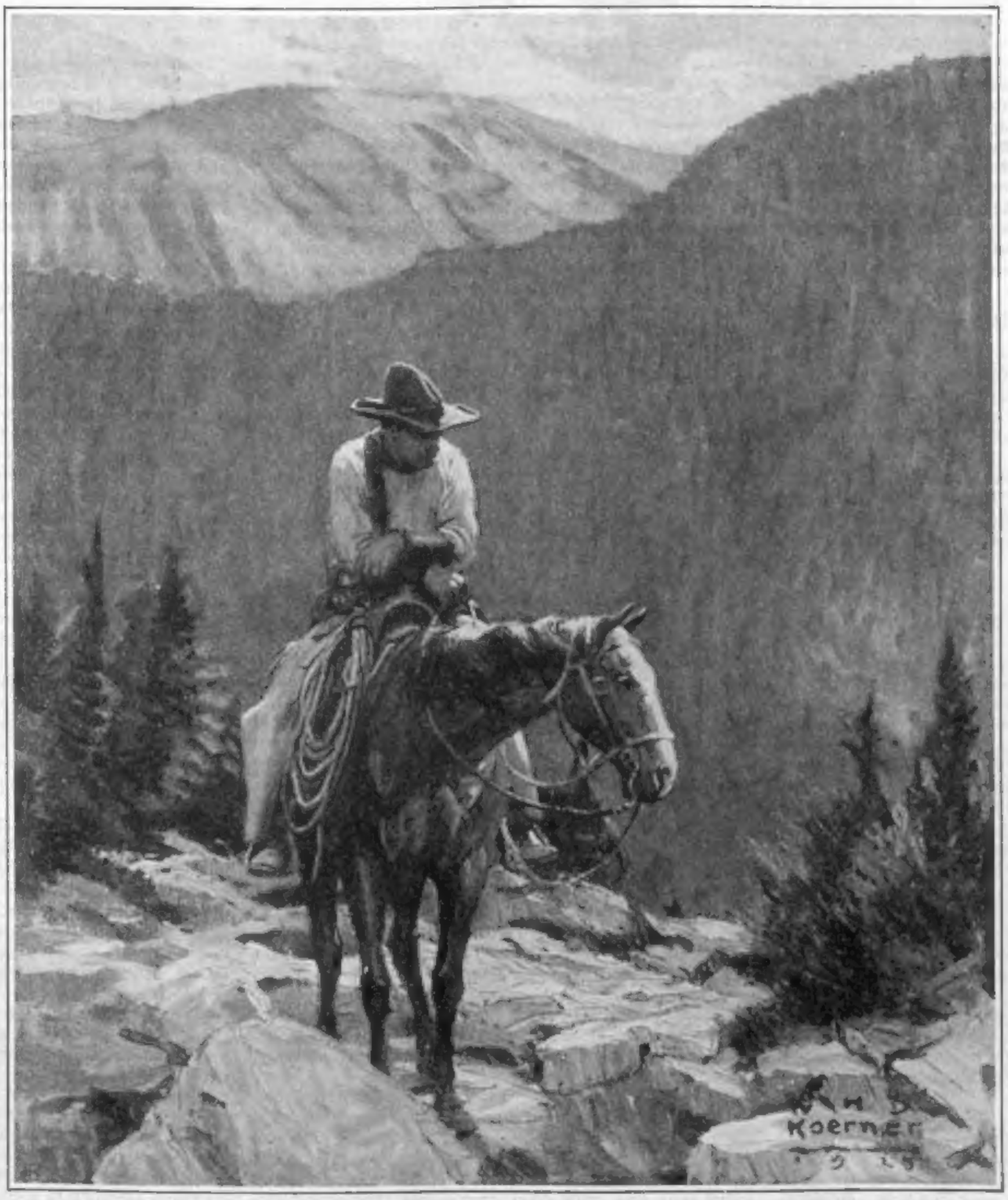
"Oh, yes, it'll do," he conceded, less bitterly. "All the same ——" He stowed the bottle in a pocket and shook his head sadly. "Come on then, let's eat."

In plain disproof of bookish superstitions, the world in question was saucer-shaped for all to see. At the saucer's edge heaven-high and dream-far, wavered a sheen of many-colored mountains, not inartistic, even by the standards of Europe.

From all the encircling hills the curving slopes of Purgatory Plain, drought stricken now and grim, dipped to the midway flats, the Sinks of Purgatory. Westward from the Sinks, just where the last gray slope merged with the level, green Salamanca gleamed and sparkled in the sun.

Salamanca town on Tórmes River! A tiny river, hoarded by ditch and flume for checkerboard orchards and fields of Madrigal and Salamanca. Love gave these names a century since, with Yeltes and Bravamonte, in memory of old Spain; faith planted that bright wilderness of greenwood; hope found a road through the tangle of wild hills for that planting and that founding. Salamanca was well begun.

Looking intently, you saw faint scratch and scar on ridge and hill rib, where the great Transcontinental clambered and inched through Purgatory in a painful short cut to the Pacific; but the T C had not changed those old names. Something, if not a soul, moved vaguely in that huge body to forbid; directors of that day were content with the immortality of a sidetrack.



"You See, I Didn't Follow the Big Main Road in Here. I Come Across Lots, Over the Gavalan Range"

Between walls of crumbling adobes and under cool arches of old alamos, the two strolled dinnerward down a Salamanca street, timing their steps to tinkle of elfin waterfalls in the acequia beside them. One man was eager, impatient, angry; the other joyful. Twenty miles away, near the Webb coal fields, the angry man was now drilling a well for the other man. Tommy Garrett was the angry one. Tommy wore the first clean-shaven face in Purgatory and owned the first well-drilling outfit in Purgatory. He had ridden in to report that unknown prowlers had attempted to dynamite that drilling outfit the night before. These tidings, in part, accounted for Tommy's annoyance; but in no way explained the serenity of Pliny Mullins, the joyful one. Both men were young, slender, wiry, shortish; but Tommy was fair-haired, with a fair, clear skin, while the other was red-headed and berry brown, with a mustache brindled, thick, soft, exuberant and vivacious. One horn of this mustache, the horn nearest Tommy, now drooped with Tommy's grief, but the other horn perked jauntily to heaven with some private inward satisfaction.

Far up the green tunnel, an automobile rounded a corner in a flurry of dust and came toward them. Before store and saloon, tied loose with dangling reins, saddled and slumbering horses woke to panic effort, jumping walls to garden or orchard, or shouldering into open doors of what market places their respective riders affected. Our two pedestrians pricked up their ears, their previous high converse forgotten. This fixes the time with accuracy; horses were not wonted to automobiles then—nor were their riders.

The car turned a corner.

"Welladay, alack and perhaps gadzooks! I didn't know any of those things ever got here. You people been improving the roads?"

"No; they've been improving the cars," said Tommy. Tommy's fresh young face smoothed briefly with its interest; then it clouded again. "Some few can get through the Hot Gates from the county seat. That's old Malloch himself, I judge, feeling around to do you more dirt. You speak up, Mr. Mullins. I've only known you two weeks. Declare yourself, white man! Are you going to let this lulu bird wipe his feet on you, or are you going to fight back? I want to know what kind of a gink I'm working for. Yes, I know Malloch owns stores and ranches and banks and this and that, hither and there and yonder, and the coal fields and the county seat—and nigh all the county administration except that old hard-headed sheriff man. Yes, yes; but he don't own me, by gravy! And I'm plumb curious how about you. What you aim to do, fight or crawfish?"

"Fight," said Pliny Mullins. "You do it. Get you a guy with a gun and a black dog and have 'em stand night guard on your little old derrick for the present. Always willing to fight or frolic. I'll be studyin' to rig up some sort of contrivance later. But just now, you see, I'm plumb busy."

"Yes, you are!" sniffed his earnest employe. "Busy at what?"

"Well, for one thing, soon after dinner I aim to carry a pat of butter and some nice warm cakes to my poor old grandmother up there."

Mr. Mullins jerked his chin to indicate the second story of a building just ahead. The first story was occupied with Jake Henry's saloon. Tommy sniffed again.

"It sure takes all sorts to make a world," he said. "Now if somebody had handed me the dose you got last night, no poker game would hold me—no, sir! I'd go camp right with that well till it got drilled, that's what I'd do!"

"Now, now, be reasonable," remonstrated his employer. "Them lads are scared—nearly caught, and you shooting at 'em, and all. They're not going to try anything tonight, nor yet awhile for a whole mess of nights. You know it. Here, let's eat with your namesake."

They turned into a restaurant whose front made the simple announcement:

PTOMAINE TOMMY

Salamanca had eaten early; only a few tables were in use. Mullins led the way to a little alcove separated by the width of the room from the nearest occupied table. A brisk waiter came to take their order; close on his heels came a tall young man, who pulled out a chair opposite the two friends.

"Be all right if I eat here?" he inquired.

"Sure," said Pliny Mullins. "Help yourself." He rose, Tommy with him, and went back into the main dining room. "George," said Pliny to the waiter, "we'll eat at this table, I guess."

The waiter flushed.

"My name is Andy," he said.

The tall young man followed from the alcove, thunder on his brow.

"I came in here to make you a business proposition and you spring a ranakaboo play like that on me! What you tryin' to do—work up a cheap rep as a bad man? I'm surprised at you, Mr. Mullins—I am so."

"Listen, fellow!" said Pliny. "You're going to be surprised a heap worse if you pester me any." Tommy Garrett regarded his employer with warm approval. "I've moved once to get away from you," said Pliny, "and I won't move twice for any man on earth."

"I don't understand the big idea for going off half cocked like that," said the newcomer. "You don't even know who I am."

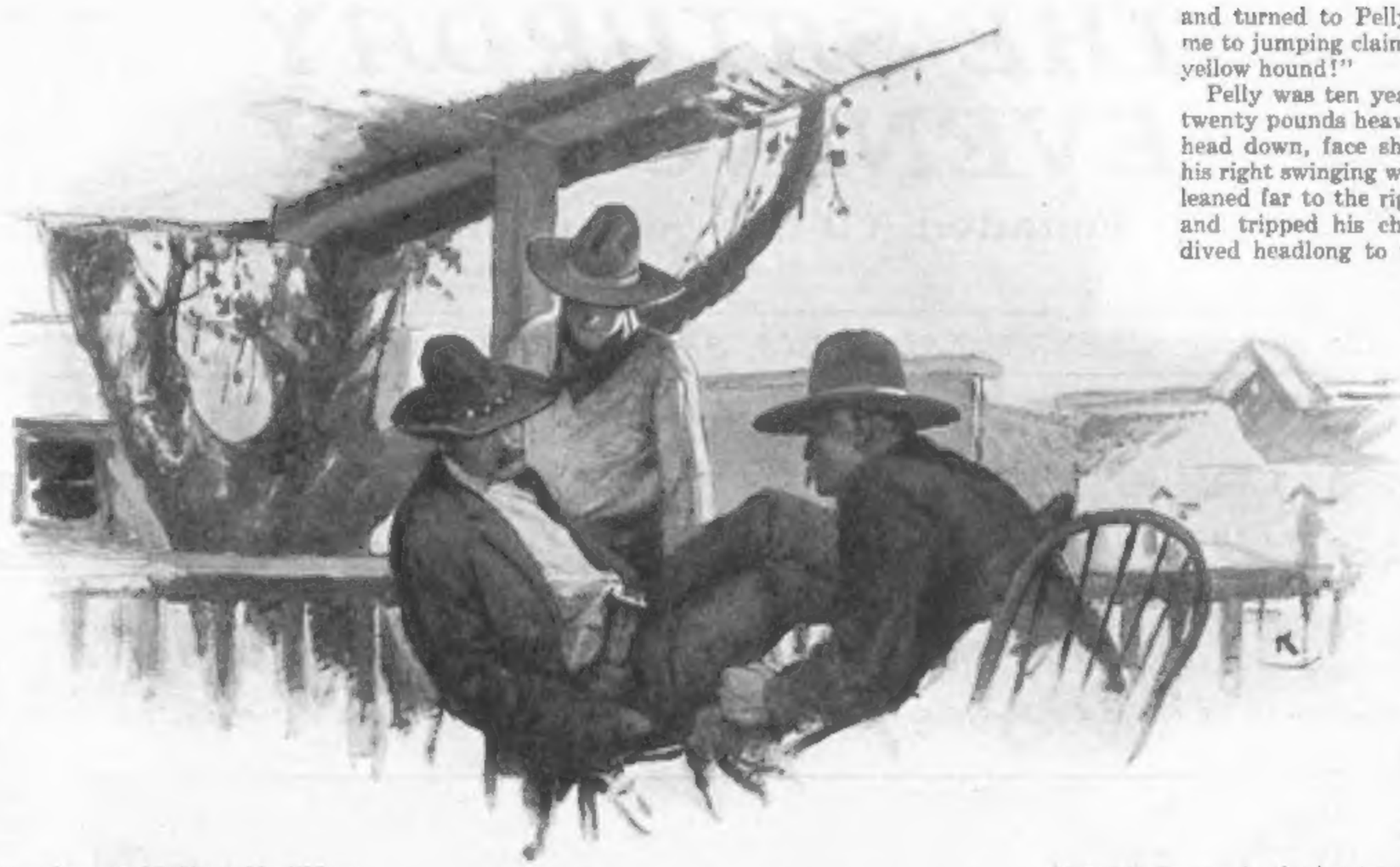
"Oh, yes, I do," said Pliny. "You're Cal Pelly, boss of the Circle M and one of old Malloch's trained seals. Some of your bunch came sneaking around my well at Webb last night, trying to blow it up with giant powder. I don't eat with such trash."

"I'll give you my word that I never so much as heard of it until you told me," said Pelly. "Neither has Malloch—and I can prove it. True enough, he doesn't want you or anybody else drilling wells at Webb, and you can't blame him for that."

"Well, I can," declared Pliny. "Government land, open to entry. I'll drill there if I want to—and I want to. What Malloch wants and what he gets are two different things."

"Yes, but listen! Malloch had no finger in any dynamite play. He ain't the kind to do a trick like that. He don't believe in violence, ever. Him and me, we talked this over; and if you want to ranch it, I'll put you onto a lay that beats anything you'll find around Webb or anywhere else on Purgatory Plain. That's fair, ain't it? Don't you think it would look better if you'd listen to reason instead of makin' these grand-stand plays?"

"I'm backing up any plays I make, so don't you fret about that," said Pliny. "You just forget my grand-stand plays and go on with your errand. Sit down; let's hear what you got to say."



"Just as I Thought—a Hold-Up!"

Tommy rose and tapped the table; his eyes narrowed.

"Now if you think I'm going to eat with you, Mr. John C. Calhoun Pelly, you got another guess. It was Mullins' well your gang tried to blow up, but it was my drilling outfit, remember. Smoothin' it over with Mullins ain't going to make no difference to me a-tall. You don't fool me one little bit. If it wasn't you, it was some of your gang."

"Clam yourself, Tommy, clam yourself!" said Mullins. "Of course it was some of his gang. Pelly ain't denying that. Peaceable chap, Pelly. . . . George, we won't want dinner right now."

"My name is not George. My name is Andy." Andy's eyes snapped.

"Yes? Well, you come back after a while. We're going to talk a little business."

"There's two of you," said Pelly, "and I got no gun. And I don't lay claim to be any bad man ——"

"Yes, yes, that's clear enough."

"—— or a gunman. So if it gives you any pleasure to insult me, go to it! But let me tell you that it is most mighty little to your credit."

Pliny smiled warmly.

"Do you know, if I thought any man was insulting me, I wouldn't talk business with him. No, sir! I'd do business with him—that's what! But you please yourself."

Pelly hesitated, his handsome face red and white by turns.

"You're a hard man to deal with, Mullins. Well, here's the lay: As I said, Malloch don't want anybody settling near the coal mines. He makes no bones about that. No reason why they should, anyhow—not after this drought, with grass down to the roots, dried up and blown away. But out in the Rueda Mountains, beyond the Circle M, there's a nice place you can take up—plenty water and a piece of country the drought didn't hit very hard—pretty good grass. And you could lease to the Circle M for five years at a good price—say, five hundred a year—whilst you was proving up. 'Course I'm not saying anything about selling after you prove up. You got to swear you haven't made any such arrangement. After you once get a patent, you can do as you please; but you got a perfect right to lease right away. What say? Nice place, purty country; beats the sand flats all to thunder, not to mention bucking the strongest man in the territory."

"You mustn't mind that," murmured Pliny amiably. "My father's was like that."

"Heh? What was that? I didn't quite get it."

"My eyes," explained Pliny. "Them being green that way. It don't mean anything. I'm not nearly so big a fool as you think I am. Drought everywhere, you with a big brand of cattle and no feed, telling me where I can take up water near you, with good grass—does that sound like sense? And you wishin' I'd choke every minute you was telling me too. S'pose I don't know such a place would be located within sixty seconds if there wasn't a catch to it? Somebody's ranch you want jumped, eh? Me pulling chestnuts out of the fire for the Circle M? Yes, yes, likely! Or going up against some good guy who'd snuff me out—and serve me damn well right!" Pliny rose, jerked at the buckle of his gun belt and handed belt and gun to Tommy Garrett. "Put my gun behind the desk, Tommy, and stay there yourself." He stepped over to the wide central aisle and turned to Pelly. "Now, pinto man, put me to jumping claims for you, will you? You yellow hound!"

Pelly was ten years younger than Mullins, twenty pounds heavier. He plunged forward, head down, face shielded with his left arm, his right swinging wildly. Pliny slipped aside, leaned far to the right, stuck out his left foot and tripped his charging antagonist. Pelly dived headlong to the floor, face down, and slid on with the impetus of his own rush. Pliny leaped after, threw himself in the air, twisting, and came crashing straddlewise on Pelly's back, his face toward Pelly's feet, his feet toward Pelly's head; his left foot slipped under Pelly's right arm. Pliny sat back on his foe's shoulders; he reached swiftly and assisted his own left foot to hook up over the back of Pelly's neck, the boot's toe curling snugly under the foeman's chin. Just in time; before this adjustment was completed Pelly was beginning to get his breath again, which he had lacked for a space after Pliny's flying mount. He struggled almost to hands and knees in an effort to dislodge his rider. Pliny threw all his weight violently to his right and at the same time struck sharply on his foe's right forearm. Pelly's burdened head went to the floor again. Pliny reached both hands to his own right foot and tugged frantically at his high-heeled, high-topped boot in an effort to pull it off.

"Keep your seats, gentlemen!" cried a musical voice. This was Andrew-called-George, admonishing the guests. "Keep your seats, everybody! These gentlemen are having a difference of opinion. Everything's all right—and I hope they both break their necks!"

This wish seemed in a fair way to be gratified. Pliny's mount plunged and heaved, striving to twist his head from the gripping foot. Pliny was forced to tangle his left hand in his enemy's hair to assist the foot to hold the half nelson, leaving his right hand, unaided, trying to pull off his boot—fortunately loosened while both hands were on the job. Pelly drew his knees under him; he was on hands and knees; almost to his feet. Pliny swooped in perilous arcs—to right, to left, forward, back—as Pelly strained and struggled; the boot came off at last.

"Now, pinto," said Mullins, "the hour has come!" He grabbed the boot above the instep and brought the heel down sharply on the crazy bone of Pelly's right elbow. Pelly yelped and that side gave way. The boot heel crashed on the crazy bone of the other elbow. Pelly groaned and collapsed, face and feet to the floor, the rest a quivering triangle.

Pliny took the boot in both hands, by heel and toe. "Pinto man," he said, "this is going to hurt you worse than it does me!" He brought the bootleg down on the straining apex of the triangle. . . .

"Feller," said Tommy Garrett a little later, "you claim to be Little Red Riding Hood, but you act like a wolf to me. But ain't that maybe ample?"

Pliny desisted from his labors and looked up, bright-eyed. He had been forced to twist his left hand in Pelly's hair again, so furious had been the struggles of that hapless one, and he had been plying the boot with his right hand alone; sweat rolled down his face and his breath came jerkily.

"You—think—he's—got plenty?" he gasped.

"I'm practically sure of it," said Tommy. "Besides, you haven't been having much exercise lately. You'll overdo."

"Maybe so you're right, at that."

Pliny uncurled his leg from the cruel half nelson; he walked up the aisle and sat down; turning his back to his humiliated victim, he pulled on his boot.

"He's gone," announced Tommy. "Don't blame you for being ashamed to look him in the face. That's no way to do any man. He'd a heap rather you'd shot him."

"George," said Pliny, "you might bring us that dinner now."

The alleged George swung jauntily down the aisle; he whisked off his apron and tossed it to a chair; he pushed his hair back from his eyes.

"My name is not George," he announced crisply. "My name is Andy—Andrew Jackson. Get that?"

Pliny regarded Andy with grave and earnest attention. Then his eye lit up with enthusiastic recognition.

"I get it," said Pliny. "You mean your name is Andy? To be sure. Stupid of me. Well, Andy, how about a little snack to eat?"

II

MR. PLINY MULLINS inspected the three cards of his draw with patient resignation. Lifting up his eyes, he became aware, beyond the open doorway, of a newcomer with a smile that faded as he paused on the sunny threshold. Leaning hand and shoulder against the door jamb, he regarded Mr. Mullins with stony eyes.

Mr. Mullins—What-Next Mullins—stole one startled glance through his lashes at the frozen face in the doorway; he licked his lips, faltered, blinked, glanced furtively to right and left at his table mates, and spoke in a husky whisper:

"Do you see what I see?"

Jake Henry followed the accusing hand of Mr. Mullins to the baleful figure in the doorway.

"Why, I don't see nothing a-tall," he stated. "Any of you boys notice anything unusual?"

The boys glanced out indifferently across the burning desert and shook their heads.

"Same old Purgatory, that's all," said Bud Faulkner.

"Well then," said Jake, "does anybody see this?" He flipped red chips into the pot—three—five—seven. "Oh, say ten bones. Let everybody in."

But Pliny Mullins threw his hand into the discard, pushed his stacks over to the banker and rose up joyfully.

"Recess!" he declared. "All convicts are hereby pardoned, all debts are canceled and the whole durned territory takes one drink on me." He fell upon the man in the doorway, now grinning from ear to ear. "Why, you mizzable old horned toad, where have you been all this time?" This, with handclasp and boisterous smiting of mutual backs.

"Right considerable fuss about that triflin' no-account Lafe Yancey, if you should ask me," grumbled the dealer. He sniffed with a sour and virtuous expression.

"You blamed old fool!" cried Yancey. "Nice question to ask me, when you went and stepped into the next room ten years ago, and no one ever saw hide nor hair of you again. What's the big idea, hey?"

"Oh, that? I was hindered," said Mullins. "You come up and sit on my hotel gallery with me and I'll tell you about it. So long, boys."

The boys gazed after their retreating forms. The banker picked up the deck.

"Still and all," he observed, "they make a sprightly pair. Yet, mind you, since he struck these parts, Lafe Yancey never once said ary word about any Mullins, none whatever."

"Pair?" echoed Bud. "Humph! Knowing Yancey well, and taking a long running guess on Mullins, what I say is, pair, hell! That's no pair—that's a crowd!"

"When I mention drought, what I mean is—well, drought," explained Pliny Mullins, sitting with his friend in the shaded balcony of the Kit Carson House. "Dry spell. Disagreeable. Our most violent rainy spells are mistook for droughts by distinguished visitors, frequent. But this one was a regular old blinger. Grass all parched and shriveled up and blowed away—except grama, of course, and that was gnawed down to the roots. I had mesquite brush in the foothills, and it made a heavy crop of beans. Always does when there's a drought. Humph! And dagger stalks bloom heaviest in dry years, too, so cattle can eat them. Curiouser and curiouser! I wonder ——"

Wondering, his eye followed the short streets of Salamanca, in front, to left, to right, green arched and magical, and saw beyond each street, besieging all around and all about, the overwhelming red plains of Purgatory desert and the circle of dim mountains far away. There have been prayers less grateful than that unvoiced wonder.

"And so she came in her splendid beauty," prompted Yancey in a mim-mouthed patter, "and brought a glory to his life such as ——"

"Huh? Oh, shut up, you salamander!" snapped Mullins, thus recalled from meditation upon the unending miracle. "You haven't got no more soul than a road lizard. Now, lemme see."

"You were narrating about your alleged drought," said Yancey.

"Oh, yes. Well, I didn't actually lose much stuff myself, what with mesquite and soap-weed blossoms and all; but it throwed a big scare into me, and I sold out on a falling market. Then I went to Phœnix—and there was a big game on.

"Well, I studied right smart. My idea was to go back to old Palo Pinto and settle down. I'm thirty-two years old, for all my tender and girlish beauty. Nevertheless and yet, this Phœnix game looked plumb soft and easy to me. So I separated my wealth. Nine parts I put in the hotel safe, sacred to my respectable old age; and with one-tenth I sits in to try that easy game one whirl—no more, no less.

"That was sure one deceivin' game. I never held so many big hands or filled so many on the draw. But when I had 'em no one stayed, and when they stayed I didn't have 'em. My stake lasted just two hours. Then I begun playing 'em right up against my diaphragm, allowin' to get even and quit. Well, you know how it is."

Lafe Yancey yawned elaborately.

"Yes, I know how it is. You lost every cent, and served you right. You plumb disgust me."

"Somebody told you," protested Pliny. "You never guessed. Nobody could. It took them just a week to get my roll. Somebody told you."

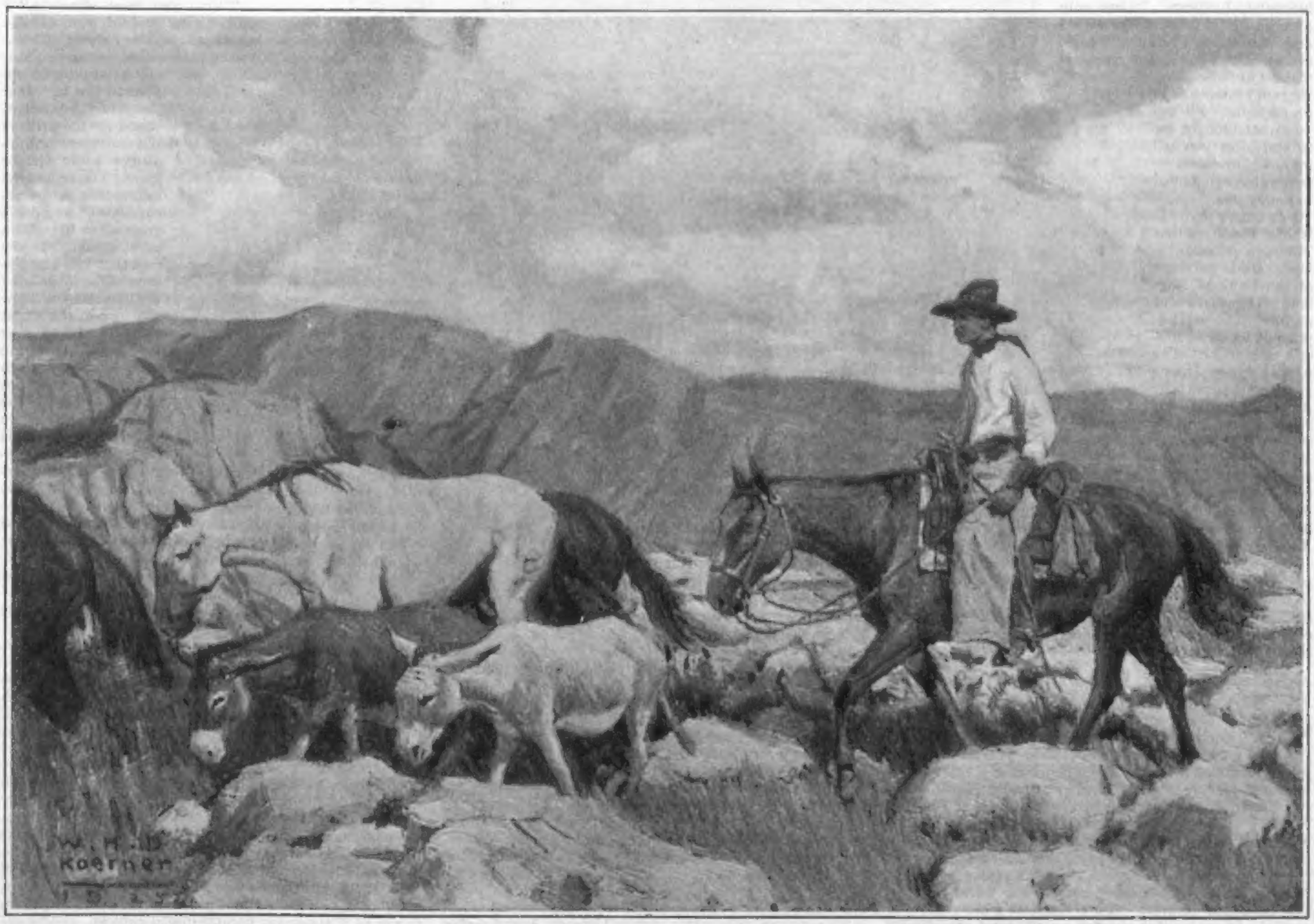
"No," said Lafe, "nobody told me nawthin'. Some people learn from experience, tha's all. And some don't. I'm not nigh as old as you are, Pliny—scarce thirty. But I've learned more sense than that."

"How many times have you learned that, Lafe?"

"Four," said Lafe.

"Listen, Lafe, you ain't heard nothing yet. I then went out and sold my Epidemic hawse and my saddle and went back. 'Course I knew I couldn't win—no chance of that—but I wanted to finish the job. Never was any hand for halfway measures. Thorough, that's what I am—old P. Thorough Mullins. Well, I lingered along ten days more. But I was plumb lenient and lib'ral with 'em. Gave 'em back the Capital Building and the road fund, rented out most of my farms to the original owners on good easy terms, done the same with my ranches and cattle, and gave a big farewell dance and barbecue to my tenants. Then, in the warm pink dawn, says I to myself, 'Well, what next?' And so I forked old Epidemic and came away.

(Continued on Page 118)

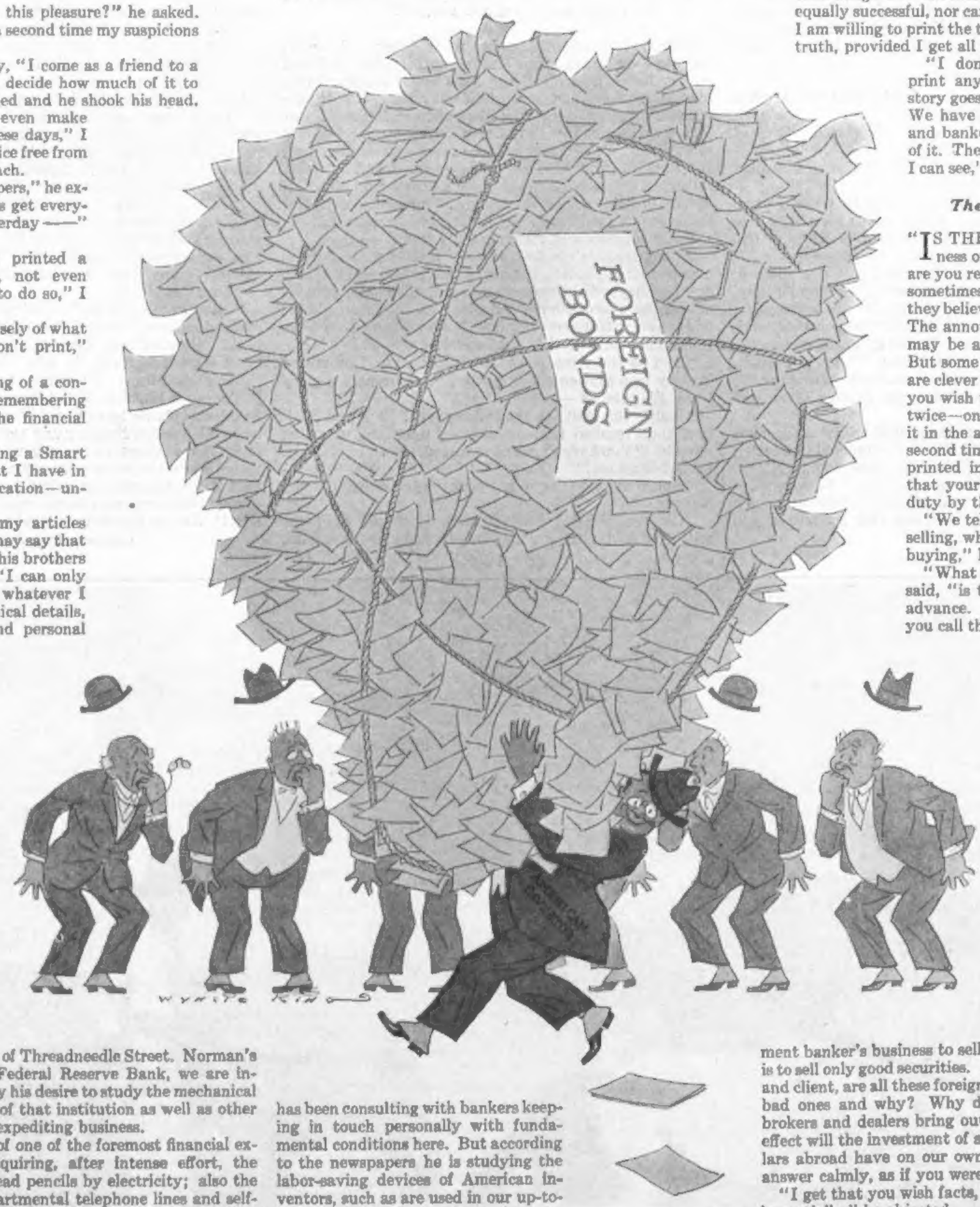


"I Done Bought Three or Four Old Broke-Down Cow Ponies and a Couple of Burros, and Give 'Em to Webb City—All the Kids, Turn About"

The Foreign Bond Epidemic

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY WYNCIE KING



THE first banker on whom I called is a man not only of renown but, I may as well admit, of parts. He shook hands with a cordiality that warned me he was preparing not to talk for publication.

"To what do I owe this pleasure?" he asked. When he shook hands a second time my suspicions were confirmed.

But I said pleasantly, "I come as a friend to a friend. Later on we'll decide how much of it to print." His face clouded and he shook his head.

"They tell me you even make speeches at dinners these days," I pursued, in a tone of voice free from all suggestion of reproach.

"That is the newspapers," he explained. "They always get everything wrong. Only yesterday ——" He caught himself.

"I have never yet printed a banker's indiscretions, not even when he expected me to do so," I assured him.

"I was thinking precisely of what discreet newspapers don't print," he grumbled.

"Is this the beginning of a confession, or are you remembering how much you owe the financial reporters?"

"If you will stop being a Smart Aleck I'll tell you what I have in mind; but not for publication—understand?"

"You mustn't edit my articles for me," I told him. I may say that I have known him and his brothers intimately for years. "I can only promise that I'll print whatever I find interesting. Technical details, accountant's figures and personal scandal are safe. Neither am I interested in propaganda. I'll tell you what brought me to you after you tell me how the reticent reporters have contrived to annoy you."

"It wasn't that. It is this: You know that Montagu Norman is here. He is governor of the Bank of England. His task is about as important as it is possible for any banker's task to be. The newspapers have gravely assured the American public that Norman's presence is due to the desire for modernizing the machinery of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Norman's frequent visits to the Federal Reserve Bank, we are informed, are prompted by his desire to study the mechanical devices and appliances of that institution as well as other American methods for expediting business.

"We have a picture of one of the foremost financial experts of the world acquiring, after intense effort, the technic of sharpening lead pencils by electricity; also the installation of interdepartmental telephone lines and self-emptying wastebaskets. Thrilling, what? All the newspapers had it." He glared at me.

"And the truth is?" I asked, in order to pacify him.

Pushing Sterling Up to Par

"THAT England is moving heaven and earth to get back on a gold basis as soon as possible. It is an enormous job and Norman must get all the help he can of course. He had to make sure of the continuance of such conditions in the United States as would justify the Bank of England in going ahead with its plans. The bank has to know whether this country is liable to do something that will send the pound down again. England is so anxious to get the pound back to parity that she is forgoing no end of financial opportunities for increasing her world trade at this particular moment. She is restricting her exports of capital. Of course that gives an equally good opportunity to American bankers and manufacturers to profit. Norman has been consulting with bankers keeping in touch personally with fundamental conditions here. But according to the newspapers he is studying the labor-saving devices of American inventors, such as are used in our up-to-date banks. The truth would have made better reading, because it would have been not only more important but more picturesque, if properly dramatized."

"The newspapers merely printed what official reasons were given them for Mr. Norman's visit," I said. "They were nice enough not to be indiscreet. The truth might have been more interesting, but also pretty embarrassing. Those of you bankers who are moderately intelligent long ago discovered that the only way to keep news out of the papers was to impart said news to the reporters or the editors in strict confidence. That is why most editors nowadays refuse to listen to confidential stories. The reporters may obtain the facts from someone else, but if they printed the story they would be accused of violating confidence. I am going to print what you told me about Norman because I already had it from another source. It is no mystery; it is really ancient history. But it makes a good point. And now I'll tell you what brought me here. It is the epidemic of foreign-bond selling in this market. It is not alone the number of offerings but the appalling volume that is worrying a great many people. Where, in your opinion, does the chief danger lie? All these issues cannot have been equally successful, nor can they all be equally safe. I am willing to print the truth and nothing but the truth, provided I get all the truth."

"I don't see why you should print anything about it, as that story goes back three or four years. We have an abundance of money and bankers are taking advantage of it. There is no danger point that I can see," he assured me earnestly.

The Bankers' Alibi

"IS THIS the habitual secretiveness of an inveterate banker, or are you really blind?" I asked. "I sometimes think bankers get so they believe their own prospectuses. The announcement of a new issue may be a masterpiece of evasion. But some of you fellows think you are clever because the selling points you wish to emphasize are printed twice—once when you pay cash for it in the advertising pages and the second time when the same thing is printed in the news columns. Is that your idea of doing your full duty by the public?"

"We tell the public what we are selling, which is also what they are buying," he retorted.

"What you most often do," I said, "is to establish your alibi in advance. At the bottom of what you call the selling points, you usually have a line to emphasize the fact that you do not yourselves vouch for the truth of the statement printed above your firm's name. You believe the information to be accurate, but you don't guarantee it. You point proudly to the fact that you give figures of earnings, and the like, and you know that one of the truest things that were ever said is that there are three kinds of lies—to wit, lies, damned lies and statistics. The public is entitled to more than this. It is not a reputable investment banker's business to sell securities. His business is to sell only good securities. Now I ask you as a friend and client, are all these foreign bonds good? Which are bad ones and why? Why do so many bankers and brokers and dealers bring out so many issues? What effect will the investment of a few more billions of dollars abroad have on our own money markets? Now answer calmly, as if you were talking to your wife."

"I get that you wish facts, opinions and predictions impartially," he objected.

"I want you to unbosom yourself on the subject of foreign bonds," I explained.

"That is quite an order. I don't mean that I have so much to give you or, for that matter, that there is as much to give you as you imagine there is. I am willing to tell you all that I know, if you don't print my name so that I shall not have to edit your article, as you put it.

"Now let us begin with Chapter One. You are here because you fear the public is going to be stung and you want the details in advance. Well, the public probably will be stung. It always is. That is, there are always people who make bad investments just as there are people who believe in patent cures for cancer or electric belts for rheumatism. If what you wish is to warn the investors of the United States that a colossal crash is on its way hither, you'll have to borrow other spectacles than mine. It looks to me as if timorous, because unenlightened, people are frightened by two things—the volume of offerings and the

reports about the public's instant absorption of scores of millions of bonds weekly.

"Why are there so many issues brought out? Well, American bankers are true to type. We are all built that way in this country. Success breeds imitators. Hustlers always hasten to the place where the money is. When big banking houses meet with sensational success at anything—in the newspapers—lesser banking houses promptly ask themselves, 'What is the matter with our having some of the pickings?'

"As a matter of fact, there is no reason why they shouldn't, and that is how they also become originating houses. Then still smaller firms find still smaller issues to bring out. The alarming increase in the number of originating houses, as the trade calls them, is merely a manifestation of the same spirit that makes a successful restaurant or pastry shop the prototype of a hundred others in places where not one grew before. It is the American spirit, the lively desire of every American not to be outdistanced by his competitors.

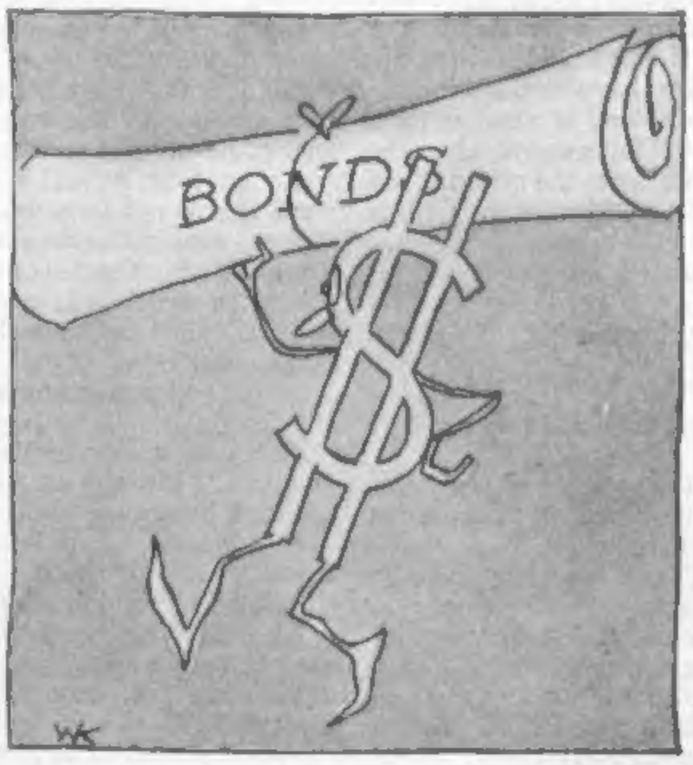
"Personally, the only bad feature that I can see to this increase in the number of bond-selling houses is that it is reversing those conditions which we have always found the safest. The eagerness of lenders to lend money is really bad for the lender, because it keeps him from scrutinizing the borrower's security as closely as he would were the borrower more anxious to borrow than the lender is to lend.

"The other day a foreign government applied to New York bankers for money. It needed several millions at once and the same amount spread over the next five or six years. The banking house, however, insisted upon bringing out the entire issue at once because of the good market for bonds just now. In other words, the bankers sold twice as many bonds as were needed. It did not make the bonds any safer, nor did the borrower benefit proportionably. The dealer felt like clinching the commission. That temptation is the bad feature, and not the fact that there are so many houses bringing out so many bonds."

The American Slogan: More Business

"YOU see, when you consider the volume of offerings, you cannot overlook the fact that we have invested abroad something less than $4,000,000,000. This includes the bonds and notes of foreign governments sold in New York and the money loaned to foreign corporations and individuals in the way of stocks, bonds and notes purchased; also capital invested by American corporations in agencies and branches and plants abroad. This aggregate is not enough to be dangerous. Moreover, the total is not altogether trustworthy because of the securities of foreign governments and corporations that have been repurchased by foreigners and taken out of this country. A great proportion of our gold imports originate that way. Great Britain, before the World War broke out in 1914, had outside investments of more than $20,000,000,000, of which, I think, something like 40 per cent was invested in North and South America, 40 per cent in the British colonies and the rest scattered all over the world. By reason of her needs during the war, this amount was reduced to about $15,000,000,000, so that today it is still several times greater than ours. And don't forget for a moment that we are universally conceded to be the richest nation on earth.

"The only bloc that you do not find in our Congress is the all-American bloc. There doesn't seem to be any demand for it. Perhaps if it existed they would call the members imperialists. Now we are a business nation. Our best brains go into business. Our greatest, or at any rate our most typical successes are in business. Our slogan has always been More Business. And yet here you are, an apparently intelligent man, frightened because we are making a beginning at doing business nationally. I mean doing business as a nation, which of course really means internationally—the business of doing business with other nations. What is wrong about that? The reason why our investors have never before needed to be warned against doing business abroad has been that we didn't need to do it. We always have found much better opportunities for profitable investment right here in these United States. England or Holland or Switzerland, for instance, had no such opportunities for investment at home and therefore simply had to export capital in order to put it to work profitably. We never learned because we never needed to learn anything about foreign investments.



"As a matter of fact, everybody should realize that the World War made us definitely an exporting nation; which of course means a creditor nation. We now find ourselves confronted by the necessity of exporting not only goods but capital by reason of conditions forced upon the entire world by the same war. We have had to provide buyers abroad with money to buy our goods. We are carrying buyers of our raw materials. In order to do business profitably, we have had to help restore peace conditions—that is, help to stabilize the currency of countries that couldn't do business with us or anybody else because of their chaotic financial conditions. In helping to save the world from ruin we have done the right thing, the wise thing, financially as well as ethically. What makes you think that the reason we are buying foreign bonds is that we are plain fools?"

Logic of Events

"WARNINGS or no warnings, we are compelled to do international financing by what space-grabbing congressmen love to call the inexorable logic of events. The war needs of the European combatants during the years previous to our own entry into the struggle made this country the dumping ground for the world's gold. We first paid back to Europe billions that she had lent us—that is, we bought back American securities we had sold to European investors. After that we took about all the gold they had in payment for supplies purchased here at high prices. And after that Europe sent us more gold for safe-keeping. We became the civilized world's safety vault. New York was about the only place where Europeans could store their gold and be sure of getting it back when they asked for it later on. Moreover, the only safe thing to hoard was dollars. Don't lose sight of that fact for a single moment. What to do with that gold became a problem that worried us a whole lot.

"Do you realize what we are up against when we have half the world's supply of gold in our bank vaults? If you will remember what inflation did you can appreciate the need of preventing a repetition of those evils. We are solving that problem and our foreign-bond purchases are helping. We are putting some of that gold to work for us. We no longer hear so much about the demonetization of gold. Great experts no longer speculate on what is going to happen when gold ceases to be the world's standard of value. The Keynes foxes having grown new tails, they no longer declare tails to be out of date. The civilized world is getting back to financial normalcy as a preliminary to doing business as business used to be done in the old days, with comfort and safety, and we are helping. We have more at stake in dollars and cents than any of the others. We have the problem of staying the richest nation in the world. We must look ahead. In so doing, we must look beyond our borders.

"Don't jump on the investment bankers. We Americans are too rich for our own good. We have too much of everything—too much gold, too much raw material, too much industrial capital, too much inventive genius, too much pep; also too much hot air at the wrong time. We are the most extravagant nation on the face of the earth, but also we are the one nation that can afford to be extravagant today. The year before the World War broke out our savings-bank deposits were about $8,500,000,000. Last year they were about $21,000,000,000.

"Don't try to grasp these figures. It can't be done offhand. The per-capita savings have risen from $89 in 1912 to, I think, $186 last year. Our aggregate savings in 1924 exceeded those of 1923 by about $1,000,000,000. Our national debt since the war expenditures ceased has been reduced by an amount that saves taxpayers—that is, investors—hundreds of millions of dollars a year in interest. We are generating new capital at the rate of about $6,000,000,000 a year. Think of that and quit shivering.

"I am not arguing. I am stating facts and conditions. We have become a nation of investors. Our patriotism, when we responded to Uncle Sam's call to supply the sinews of war, made us buy bonds by the thousands of millions. We had the money and it was no trouble to get the habit. Well, we still have the money and still have the habit. We simply have to invest our earnings and you can't get around that. All the warnings in the world against stock swindlers and bond fakers and crooked promoters cannot keep the American public from buying thousands of millions of securities—and insecurities—during the next few years. You are bound to hear of the losses of widows and orphans and school-teachers and thrifty wage earners; and if you are very lucky, of the losses of wise millionaires and shrewd capitalists also, who don't publish their mistakes. You will get and doubtless print no end of harrowing tales, but the percentage of tragedies will be so small as to be negligible. No man or aggregation of men can devise a system by which $5,000,000,000 a year can be invested without making a single mistake. It is your duty to insist that your readers shall not buy nonexistent mines or nonproducing oil wells or nonfunctioning inventions or nonpaying railroads. But neither must you tell them to keep their savings snugly hidden under the loose brick near the kitchen stove.

"It simply had to come, this adventure of ours in foreign investments. Continental Europe required rehabilitation. The capital needed for this is now being supplied by those who have capital to spare. The thousands of millions of gold which we hold have been a constant menace. The experienced British investor, the thrifty Dutch, the sapient Swiss and the shrewd Swede got back on a gold basis—actually or virtually—and have been making enormously profitable investments in countries which needed capital so badly that usurious rates of interest were cheerfully paid."

Good Times for Everybody

"THE British Government, in order to get back on a permanent basis, for some time past has been discouraging the outflow of capital. British bankers, by request, are lending only to British colonies. This virtual withdrawal of British capital from the world's markets makes us today the chief international lender. The tremendous balance of trade in our favor last year was the result, in a large measure, of the extension of credits to foreign industries which enabled them to buy their raw materials from us. This meant good times for everybody concerned in the production of such materials in the United States, which is to say, prosperity for all classes of Americans. Uncle Sam didn't rob his children's bank. He just sold raw materials. Have you understood the difference?

"My advice to you is to go into the subject of foreign-bond sales with a clear perception of the reasons why we are doing business with the rest of the world, with the governments and the industries of Europe. You will find amazingly little to worry over, though a great deal to wonder about. Take the more typical loans, study them dispassionately from the point of view of the banker, of the investor and of the human being, and then come back and talk it over with me. If you find any signs of bankers' intentions to deceive or defraud the American public, tell me and I will help get at the whole truth. Don't forget to come back anyhow."

"I am going to use every word that you have spoken," I told him. I shook hands and left him, to begin my search for horrible examples.

(Continued on Page 318)

BLIND GODDESS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Who Found This Out?" Tarwater Demanded

THERE could be no reasonable doubt that a murder had been committed. The stiff was laid out in Ed Lawder's Funeral Parlors and it showed expert carving with a razor. Coupled with the fact that it had been found in an alley back of a pool room in the negro quarter, this seemed to hint dirty work.

Suspicion fastened on Square Harkness. A feud was known to have existed between himself and the decedent over Doc Rosser's cook, and that was enough. They arrested Square and threw him into the calaboose; but Square was none of your meek and lowly niggers. He raised an awful howl, protesting his innocence and loudly demanding bond like "the white gen'l'men git." Of course, they laughed at him. Next, he pointed out his right to legal advice, and when this was conceded, requested that they send for General Grady at once. Even the sheriff got a grin out of that, for the general was the highest-priced and most famous criminal lawyer in those parts. However, they humored the darky and somebody called Grady's office on the telephone.

"He's gone on a trip to Mexico," a stenographer reported.

On receipt of this news Square wilted. Nor from that moment did he make any further effort to secure a lawyer.

He stayed in the hoosegow a couple of weeks before obtaining a preliminary hearing and was a considerably chastened nigger when finally conducted into court. After a few questions that established Square's financial condition, the judge appointed young Sid Cade to defend him. Now Cade had a reputation for knowing more about law than any lawyer in the county, but nobody could recall ever having heard of his winning a case. The court now and again threw some business his way out of regard for his father, who had been a leading physician in the town; but that, and examination of an occasional abstract of title, comprised practically all the practice he enjoyed.

He went to see Square in jail.

"Now, I believe you're guilty, Square."

"No, suh. No, Mistah Sid, I ain't."

"Well, I think you are. But the circumstances of this case—ahem—are such ——→ Say, he pulled a gun on you one night, didn't he?"

"That niggah done tried to kill me more'n once. Yes, suh! He was mean sure enough."

"That's what I hear. Then maybe I can get you off on a five-year suspended sentence."

"Suspended where?" Square inquired uneasily.

"You'll get five years, but you won't have to serve it so long as you behave yourself. That's possible under a law in this state, but it is only possible when the prisoner has never been in trouble before. Ever been in trouble before, Square?"

"No, suh, I sure ain't."

"Never been in the penitentiary?"

"Oh, yes, I been in the pen a coupla times," Square admitted.

"What for?"

"Well, the las' time, Mistah Sid, they done 'cused me of cuttin' up a wench. But I never done no such of a thing."

"Then how did you happen to be sent to the pen, if you were innocent?"

"Well, I was in 'bout the same fix I am now—I didn't have a real lawyer, you might say."

There was sufficient evidence available as to the slain darky's record and character to have freed Square had it been handled adroitly. In the hands of an expert criminal lawyer, his case would have been easy, because it was generally acknowledged that the decedent's sudden taking-off constituted a gain to the community. Perhaps Harkness would have fared better with no attorney at all, for Sid's argument to the jury was so cold and colorless that those twelve good dumb-bells and true were driven, almost in spite of themselves, to consider the facts impartially. His manner, his review of the evidence, his references to the prisoner—everything betrayed a doubt that his client deserved leniency. Indeed, Cade might have been stating the facts in a civil suit for ten dollars instead of pleading for a human life. He stuck to facts, and if facts were against the dead man, they were equally damaging to the prisoner. So the jury gave Square five years for manslaughter. He was stunned.

"I wants to appeal," he announced.

"On what grounds?"

"Why, the jury was ag'in me, Mistah Sid. They was biased."

"How do you figure that?"

"They musta been, or how come they said I was guilty? It stands to reason, don't it?"

"I've heard of an appeal on the grounds of the judge being biased, Square, but I don't believe your contention will stand up. We used plenty of challenges."

"I wants to git Gen'ral Grady," said the darky sullenly.

"All right, get him. I'm through."

The general had returned from his jaunt to Mexico City and was actively engaged in organizing for the gubernatorial campaign. "Who is this niggah?" he inquired.

"Do you remember a boy who worked for Doc Rosser a while—used to be yardman there, general?"

"Huh-uh. Can't say I do. Has he got anything?"

"No-o. He don't own the shirt on his back."

"Then what does he mean by sending to me?" demanded the general, considerably nettled.

"He says you could get him off, general."

"H'm! I wonder—do you reckon he's any kin to Uncle Isaac Harkness?"

"Sure. He's that ol' darky's son."

"Well, well, well." The general's vibrant bass grew rich with complacent memories. "Why, my granddaddy owned Uncle Isaac and he worked in our family till he died. That makes it different. You tell this boy I'll look into his case."

He easily obtained a stay of sentence for thirty days, but being immersed in politics, showed no hurry about going over the record. When he did finally get around to Square's business, he did not bother to delve into it. Why should he? The indictment was his starting point and it proved sufficient for the general. He did not deny the killing by his client, he offered no plea of self-defense, asked no leniency because of mitigating circumstances. He seized the first technical loophole he saw and put his faith in that.

The state constitution provided that "all prosecutions shall be carried on in the name and by authority of the state, and shall conclude 'against the peace and dignity of the state.'" And as Grady scanned the indictment he chuckled. Then he set to work on the appeal.

In due course it came before the Court of Criminal Appeals. Perhaps the general's name was not without influence; possibly they could not shake off the fog of technicalities and hairsplitting which clouded their mental processes. At any rate, that august body threw out the verdict. Following is a quotation from their opinion:

"We have inspected said indictment in this record carefully, and there is no doubt that the word 'against' is spelled 'ainst,' the letters 'ag' being entirely omitted. The constitution is imperative that the indictment must conclude 'against the peace and dignity of the state.' No doubt it was the intention of the pleader to have begun this clause with the proper word 'against,' but instead thereof he entirely omitted the two beginning letters that would have spelled said word and uses an entirely different word that is not *idem sonans* and has no meaning at all. Can we supply this omission? We think not. We would again call attention to the fact that more care and diligence should be exercised in such matters by the lower court."

They didn't bother to bring Square to trial again, but turned him loose.

Two months later a mob burned him on a pile of railroad ties for shooting a brakeman who threw him off a train.

Of course, the general's colleagues all said, "Isn't he a wonder?" But the success of this appeal could not add much to his already great prestige. To young Cade, however, it was a bitter pill. Why couldn't he have thought of that?

"But you wouldn't have used it if you had seen it, would you?" exclaimed his wife. "It doesn't seem fair to me. It sounds silly."

"It's the law. And it did what I couldn't do—it got Square off."

"He deserved to be hung, and you know it."

"Maybe; but I was defending him."

"Aren't there any limits to what a lawyer will do for a client?"

"You don't understand these things, honey."

"Maybe not. But I wish to goodness you were in business."

"What sort of business?"

"Anything that's honest."

"But I'm not cut out for business."

"And you aren't cut out for a lawyer either."

"All right, all right," cried Sid, laughing. "If you're off again I give up."

The very next night he suffered another humiliation through a display of Grady's powers. It occurred at a mass meeting of property owners in the Oakdale addition. Cade had been instrumental in calling it, but the moment the general arrived in the hall his presence completely dominated the meeting. He listened with a bored air to the various speakers, then rose from his place and mounted the platform. A salvo of applause, followed by an expectant rustle and silence. Grady waited a moment, his pale face as impassive as a mask. At last he began, slowly, impressively, an ingratiating note of deference in his voice. Soon he started to chaff and tell stories, and the meeting rocked. Suddenly serious again, he pulled out all the stops in his oratory and words purled from him in a silver-chiming stream. From that point he warmed up to the real business in hand, which was to kill the project fostered by young Cade for a sidewalk extension on Cedar Street.

"Vice had reached its zenith and crime its acme," thundered the general, harking back to the decline of the Roman Empire for an adequate parallel. "Such was the brazen effrontery of the age that the empress ——"

And then a plug-ugly at the back of the hall let out a series of bloodcurdling yelps after the best manner of a hound pup with a tin can tied to its tail, and the crowd broke into guffaws, for the general had carried his dog tax to the courts the preceding year. The eminent jurist tossed back his gray mane and glared in the direction of the heckler.

"This be-yu-tiful, fair world of ours," he cried in rasping tones that stilled the disorder, "is sullied by the slimy presence of snakes and other rep-tiles which worm their tortuous way through the grass to strike the heel of the unwary. But wise men are on the alert for them.

"I'm not so green, my countrymen, that I don't recognize the source of this interruption. There are men so cowardly they can't look other men in the eye—they can't get up on their own hind laigs and come out with it. No, they strike from ambush, they hire or cajole the ignorant and puer-ile to work their fell purposes. I know who's behind these grotesque attempts to turn our protest into ridicule—the insatiable octopus whose tentacles are reaching out all over this fair land to enslave us and suck our heart's blood—the Interurban Company!"

He released the name with a bellow, paused long enough for effect, and then proceeded in calmer vein.

"Henery Cunningham, my friends, is the hired mouthpiece of that company. Henery Cunningham is a polecat. I say it publicly and fearlessly, without recourse to subterfuge or the nefarious employment of go-betweens—a polecat of the deepest dye ——"

"Odor," suggested a voice.

"I accept the amendment," continued the veteran lawyer, and when the crowd laughed he suavely continued his argument. What's more, he carried his audience with him before he got through.

He invariably did that, however. No gathering in our country could resist the general when he got into his stride. The crowd left the meeting in fine humor, for they all knew that his speech was really an opening gun in the political campaign and Grady had seized the pretext of a sidewalk extension to take the hide off the Interurban Company. He was a fightin' fool, that man, and no mistake! Nobody could ever down General Grady!

Sid Cade listened irritably to the comment and hurried off so that he would not have to hear more of it. Shucks, what was the use? He would never make a lawyer. Here was Grady, who could argue either side of a cause within the same hour—and do it convincingly, passionately, too—who seemed actually to feel what he said, to burn with sincerity —— Why, Sid had once seen him shed big scalding tears as he pleaded for a man who had wiped out an entire family by burning their home after a dispute over a mule! He had watched him break down a jury of stalwart round-haircuts until they sobbed over the wrongs of a husband who had protected the fair name of his children by shooting his wife's paramour in the back and thereby winning a front-page position in every newspaper in the country. What a marvel the old fellow was! Dauntless and always sure of himself, while he, Sid ——

"I reckon I wasn't cut out for a lawyer," he muttered ruefully.

Crossing the square, he ran into Henry Cunningham.

"Hello," he said. "How's the polecat?"

The traction attorney grinned. "Fine and dandy, Sid! Wasn't the ol' boy in great form tonight though?"

"He sure went after you. . . . Coming my way, Henry?"

"No-o. I'm going to drop in at the Elks Club a minute—got a game of dominoes on with the general."

So! After all those rostrum fireworks Grady and the traction attorney could sit in friendly fashion across a table!

"You live and learn," said Sid, which merely proved how young he was.

Every successful man fails at times, however, and occasionally the general met with unimportant setbacks. One of these occasions was when he was addressing a political meeting of colored brethren. Never had he been in finer fettle. His great voice rolled and sank and quivered; he soared the empyrean blue, reached up and gathered all the stars of the firmament. But at the very peak of his climax, while Grady was tiptoe after a heart-tugging tonal sob, an aged darky in the front row stirred restlessly and inquired of his neighbor in a loud whisper, "Well, why don't he tell it?"

Another time he ran into the passionless atmosphere of a Federal court. From force of habit the general began to make the welkin ring with the passionate blah-blah he was accustomed to employ with juries, but right in the middle of his peroration the judge stopped him.

"Just a minute, Mr. Grady."

The general paused expectantly.

"Got a match?" queried the court.

The veteran jurist stuttered a wrathful protest.

"I would like to remind you, Mr. Grady," continued the judge evenly, "that you're in a Federal court, not a district court. Stick to the facts."

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Guy Stepped Close to the Barrel and Fired Twice Through It

THE ANCIENT FEUD

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE pack horse was old and the man was old. A ludicrous air of antiquity hung about them as they picked their way along the valley bottom where the grass stood lush and green, where blithe spangles of wild flowers sang of youth and spring. When the man stopped, the horse stopped. The fiddle-faced old cayuse nibbled pensively at the tufts within reach of his nose as the wrinkle-faced old man thumbed a straggle of yellow-white beard and let his opaque little eyes wander over the verdant valley sides and the pine-clad slopes beyond the grasslands, and then on to the towering minarets of white beyond the timberline, where the snow-clad peaks caught and held the light of the afternoon sun. His gaze became more ruminative as it sank again to the lower levels about him, the levels so thickly mottled with the contending greens of moss and grass and conifer.

"You sure could fatten cattle in this region," he said aloud. "You sure could!" he repeated as he squinted about at the old pack horse so deliberately cropping the thick turf. The sound of those succulent munchings seemed to disturb him. He stared at the battered old skillet strung beside the pack bag, the skillet that had smoked with his bacon and beans from the Rio Grande to the Neehaco.

"Come on, Yuma!" he said in his cracked old voice as he headed down the valley again. "Come on, you sway-back ol' glutton! Mush, you indolent ol' alkali eater, or the geese'll be headin' south before we git to Hazleton!"

He trudged on, slow and steady, puzzled by the luxuriance of the soil growth about him, by the flowery verdure that carpeted the earth, and by the bees that hummed in the air. Two or three hundred miles, he knew, would take him to the lower Alaska line. And Alaska, to him, had always meant snow and suffering. He couldn't quite make it out. For here was a valley that seemed to hold about everything either man or beast could want. It had grass in abundance and it rippled and sang with water. It had clean groves of timber and a soft and tempered climate. There would be fish in the streams and a fair sprinkling of game up in the hills. And likely as not there would be an occasional pocket of gold for the color hunter who could nose it out.

A right pretty country, concluded old Lemuel Terman, who in his time had crawled three miles on his belly to an Arizona water hole and had chewed fishhook cactus to keep from drying up and blowing away. A right pretty country, he agreed as he hobbled along, if it only held an adobe hut or an hombre or two to show you weren't the last man alive on a planet plumb lost in space. A tidy little corner of the world to settle down in and build you a fir cabin chinked with moss, and den up like a winter bear and forget the weariness of the open trail.

A Right Pretty Country, He Agreed, if it Only Held an Adobe Hut or an Hombre or Two to Show You Weren't the Last Man Alive on a Planet Plumb Lost in Space

Yet a frown deepened on Lemuel's weathered old face as his pioneering eye caught sight of an ax blade on a lodge-pole pine not thirty feet away from him. He even stopped short for a minute when he saw footprints along the path he was traveling. And when he rounded a shoulder of the hills and beheld an orderly fence of split-pine rails and orderly rows of young fruit trees and a blue plume of smoke above the tree tops where a river shone silver in the shadows, he experienced the vague resentment of the prospector who has found his claim jumped. He wasn't as alone as he'd imagined in that fat and fertile valley.

This discovery was confirmed when his squinting eyes discerned a figure placidly hoeing between the rows of what seemed to be a strawberry patch. The figure was that of a bony and angular old man, as old as Lemuel himself. So immured was he in his toil, however, that he neither paused nor looked up as the newcomer climbed the fence and teetered there with a half-incredulous frown on his time-furrowed brow. Then the lone musher slowly lowered himself along the sharp-edged rails and invaded the field banded with the chrome-green berry leaves.

"Howdy, pardner!" he cried as he circled about so as to face the silent toiler.

Slowly the old man with the hoe straightened his bent back and studied the intruder, studied him long and intently.

"Howdy!" he said, without enthusiasm. And the two old figures continued to stare at each other as intent and motionless as two eagles alone on the rooftree of the world. It was Lemuel who moved first. He reached slowly into his pocket, produced a blackened pipe, and proceeded to fill and light it.

"This here your layout?" he casually inquired as he squinted about at the frugal little farm.

"Natcherally," was the none-too-friendly retort.

"Located here long?" asked the cracked-voiced old stranger.

"Goin' on thirteen years," was the sullen-noted response.

"I take it," pursued the intruder with the deep-set eyes, "that you come from somewheres down in the Panhandle country?"

A not unpregnant silence prolonged itself between question and answer.

"Nope," the other finally retorted, "we come west from Ontario when the steel first got through."

"Then you ain't alone here?" prompted the old wanderer with the inscrutable eyes.

"Nope," was the monosyllabic answer

"Who else in the layout?" persisted Lemuel

"Me and my wife live here," replied the man with the impenetrable old eyes. "And we sure find it satisfyin' to be alone."

The stranger laughed. The sound of that laughter was like the cackle of a kingfisher.

"I reckon you picked the right place for not gittin' jostled overmuch. Just what might your name be?"

"It might be Dan'l Boone," was the unmistakably hostile reply. "But it happens to be Dan'l Creel."

Lemuel regarded his pipe, which had gone out, and leisurely proceeded to light it again.

"Well, since we're all so free and easy, I ain't ashamed to say my name's Lemuel Terman. Born in the ol' Eagle Tail Mountains and brought up round Gila City and traveled the Southwest from the muddy ol' Colorado to the Missouri, and still goin' strong when there's a promise o' washin' two bits out of the pan."

Again a silence hung between the two old figures.

"Then, might I ask, stranger, just what brought you into this section?" the man with the hoe finally inquired.

"Just one thing," retorted Lemuel with a sudden hardening of his seamed old face.

"Gold huntin'?" suggested the other.

"No; man huntin'," corrected the decrepit old trail pounder. "I'm trailin' a yellow-backed he-rattler and a two-horned toad in human shape who took my wife away from me back t' Yuma. And I'm a-goin' to git him afore I bump off! And when I git him I aim to carve his heart out!"

It was the farm owner's turn to reach into the pocket of his tattered old jeans and grope for pipe and tobacco. He made it a slow and deliberative occasion.

"How long was you-all married to this wife you're speakin' about?" he asked as he struck a match and let an estimative and slightly unflattering eye wander over the threadbare old stranger.

"Married to her?" he cackled. "I was never married to her. We was all set for the biggest weddin' in Maricopa County when this two-legged Gila monster horned in and had the bride off to Phœnix afore we woke up to the fact he was only a yellow dog masqueradin' as a cowman. And afore we got to Phœnix they was hooked up and headed east for the Natanes, and afore we got to White Mountain they was strikin' north for the Navajo Valley, and afore I could run down that fleein' groom and fill him full o' lead he was plumb out of Arizona and across Colorado and goin' strong for the Dakotas."

Dan'l Creel puffed meditatively on his pipe.

"That must 'a' been considerable time ago," he finally ventured.

"Nigh onto forty years," acknowledged the leather-necked old stranger. "But time don't figger in a feud like ourn. That pirootin' polecat took my woman and demeaned me before all Arizona. And all I'm askin' o' life is to put us face to face with shootin' irons in our hands. After that I can sleep smilin' under the stars."

The other man leaned on his hoe, his face puckered up in thought.

"Forty years is quite a stretch o' time," he finally averred. "Ain't you never had no trace o' him or come up with him, all them years?"

Lemuel sat down on the soil between the berry rows and casually explored a hole in his boot heel.

"Yes, a trace here and a trace there, but never a trail fresh enough to bring us together. It was only last winter I heard he'd gone up to the Yukon in the rush o' '98."

"And is probably froze and buried there," suggested the other.

"For which same, if true, he can stand considerable thankful," was Lemuel's venomous retort. "For freezin' 'd sure be pleasant obsequies to what he's goin' to face when I git next to him."

Old Dan'l Creel pondered this statement, pondered it with apparent unconcern.

"Then you-all are headin' up into the Klondike country?" he naïvely inquired.

"I was thinkin' considerable o' stayin' off in this section for a spell," Lemuel announced with a jutting of his flaccid old jaw.

"And givin' up this here man hunt you was speakin' of?" ventured the other.

"Tempor'y—only tempor'y," said Lemuel with his one-sided and mirthless smile.

"'S far as I figger in this deal," observed Lemuel's wrinkle-browed companion, "you-all are sure welcome to roost here till the Rockies turn over. But ——"

"That's plumb considerate o' you," acknowledged the other man. "I ain't never craved the company o' men in the bulk, havin' been a cowman and a sheep nurse in my youth and a fry-pan prospector in my middle years. But something tells me, pardner, that we've got considerable things in common. And it'll be right pleasant settin' round this valley talkin' about the old days when we was young and vigorous."

"Settin'?" ejaculated Dan'l Creel. "Say, pardner, let me tell you something: I ain't done any more settin' than a hen does on a hot griddle. It's thirty-odd years since I've knowed the meanin' of the word. From the time Tillie and me first come up out of ol' Ar— from the day Tillie and me first migrated from ol' Ontario I've been lookin' for a place to set, and I ain't found it yet. I nursed the plumb locoed deloosion when I hit this valley end that my troubles was over. I seen there'd be easy goin' here, growin' fruit and green stuff for the big copper camp down the river in summer, and in the winter carvin' homemade totem poles for the coast tourists when they struck north again. There was a good livin' in that, and I says, 'Here's where I take root and rest up.' But Tillie, she's got plumb ambitious in her old age. She aims to see herself ownin' ——"

"Who's Tillie?" interrupted the newcomer.

"Tillie's my wife," explained the other; "the same bein' owner and head boss o' this berry rancho. Now I ain't complainin' none about Tillie. She's endoored me for thirty-odd years, and a man's got 'o make allowances for womenfolks. But ——"

A sudden silence fell over old Dan'l. He squinted furtively about, possessed himself of his fallen hoe, and hitched at the braided rawhide thong that held his patched jeans about his attenuated waist.

"You was remarkin'?" prompted the stranger, squatting between the berry rows as he knocked out his pipe and nonchalantly refilled it. "You was remarkin'?" he repeated as he felt for a match.

But the response to that cue did not come from the man with the hoe. It came, in fact, from the far end of the field, where a large-bodied woman stood in the fence gap. She stood with arms akimbo, scorn in her attitude and a battered felt hat on her head. And the voice that came from her ample lungs was both authoritative and arresting

"Say, you rattle-brained ol' alkali eater, ain't you got sense enough to know a supper horn means supper? D'you want me to blow a lung out, you feather-rufflin' ol' false alarm, afore you discover that while them biscuits is gittin' cold I'm a-gittin' hot? Git in here and eat or you'll sure git your ol' carcass limbered up with that hoe handle you ain't overhet none with honest work!"

Dan'l Creel indulged in an altogether supererogatory gesture of wiping the sweat of toil from his brow.

"Comin', Tillie, comin'!" he called back with a meekness which tended to mystify the man with the match in his hand. For one brief but pregnant moment, in fact, the two old figures confronted each other.

"That's Tillie," explained Dan'l, with a tinge of the confidential in his lowered tone.

"I assoom so," replied the other, with an unconcern that was obviously forced.

"How d'you feel about it, stranger?" Tillie's husband gently inquired.

An obdurate light came into the other's squinting old eyes.

"I reckon to stay over a spell," he announced as he clambered determinedly to his feet.

Old Dan'l stood thoughtful

"Of course," he explained, "she ain't got no holt on you. You-all are an outsider, and free to come and go. And that makes it considerable different."

"Mebbe," said the still mystified newcomer. "Mebbe!"

"Then let me tip you off, hombre, about that hoss o' yours," admonished the thoughtful-eyed old Dan'l "Tillie'd sure take on about an outside animal eatin' up home fodder. So, all things considered, I'd be advisin' you to stake out that critter somewhere further down the valley."

But any such concession was plainly not acceptable to Lemuel.

"Where I goes my hoss goes!" he said. And he said it with decision.

Ol' Dan'l hunched a shoulder.

"I'm led to assoom you ain't had long and extended experience with the fair sex," he finally observed. "By which I mean, stranger, that you ain't no married man?"

"I was pizened agin 'em," admitted Lemuel, "when my Sary was took off by that human skunk I was a-tellin' you about. And since bein' made the laughin'stock o' the

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She Bore Down on the Startled Lemuel and Indignantly Snatched the Revolver From His Hand

NOBLES AND FINKS

By AN OLD-TIME FINK

THE strike-breaking profession has two indispensable types of operatives, and success or failure in adjusting industrial disputes between warring employers and employes depends much upon the competence or incompetence of these. They are known to the profession as nobles and finks.

A noble, as the word implies, is a swanky aristocrat, a carefree, swaggering knight of America's roaming nobility, who at times risks the smoothness of his skin in miniature battles with aggressive strikers while playing the game of protecting property and strike breakers during active labor eruptions. People with elastic imaginative powers frequently refer to him as a gunman, but a diligent search of his person will hardly reveal a weapon more dangerous than a rusty old penknife, if that, in most cases. Whenever he is forced into a skirmish with strikers he relies mainly upon his fists or whatever tools of combat he can conveniently pick up at random. Mostly though, especially when overwhelming odds are against him, he is pretty light on his feet, a real sprinter, leaving behind him a streak of dust that covers his retreat and baffles pursuit. Of course there are exceptions. Occasionally intrepid nobles will stand their ground and give stubborn battle until victory has been decided on the one side or on the other.

Two of the nerviest and most outstanding nobles that ever operated in the United States were Big Clancy and Mexican Joe. They were well-known to the profession and to strikers from coast to coast, and they were feared and respected by both. Big Clancy very seldom, if ever, toted a gun; but single-handed he would unhesitatingly charge a group of troublesome strikers, irrespective of numbers, his pockets bulging with short pieces of iron pipe or slugs of some sort or another. Big, lithe, of powerful physique, over six feet and weighing a bit the other side of two hundred pounds, he became a veritable cyclone when in action. He truly negotiated many a bloody beating, and he took it with smiling grace and composure. There can hardly be any doubt that during his active career as America's foremost noble he was the recipient of more punishment than the combined bruising of all prize fighters since Cain's time. But Big Clancy repaid in kind, adding compound interest and a little bit more. He knew no fear. A gang of jeering strikers was to him what a red flag is to a bull. He died rather young amid peaceful surroundings.

Lightning Joe's Last Shot

MEXICAN JOE was half Spanish and half Indian, undersized and sickly in appearance. But his dogged grit, his Indian shrewdness and his precise marksmanship more than outweighed his seemingly physical inferiority. When doing professional work he always carried a dagger and a gat, a .38 automatic, and several extra magazine clips primed for immediate use. And he was an expert with these tools. Apparently without an effort he could plug a dime at every click at a distance of fifty feet. Because of the marvelous speed with which he was wont to bring his gun into action he was sometimes called Lightning Joe, a well-deserved sobriquet. He took a devilish pride in exhibiting his gun; the handle of it was indented with notches, literally covered with them. But as he was inclined to be a bit boastful at times and somewhat long on self-esteem and concrete exaggeration, it is doubtful if each of these notches—or any of them, for that matter—really represented a victim. It could hardly be possible, and he running loose, roaming about the country at will, among countless cops, constables, sheriffs and sleuths. One particular notch, the fifth from the end of the butt, was there, he proudly boasted, in memorial to a rival gunman who had been a little bit laggard in getting into action. Mexican Joe might have been all he claimed to be, a real bad man. I am unable to contradict him; but I am in a position to know that his last act was game and lightning quick. On a certain railroad strike some years ago he was operating in the West. As he was about to climb into the cab of a locomotive to escort the engineer and the fireman on their run a charge of buckshot caught him in the side. Did he squeak or bemoan his fate? Not Mexican Joe! In a flash, before losing consciousness, his automatic cracked. And thus to the memory of his assailant the last notch was carved on the gat of Mexican Joe.

A fink is the ram, the wedge, the vanguard of the nonprofessional strike breaker. Where an industry has been closed by a strike he opens up shop and stands the brunt of the first few days or weeks of hostilities. He is the butter-in, the noise-maker, the bluffer and the buffer. The euphonious word, scab, hurled at him by strikers and their sympathizers is music to his ears, familiar, harmonious, soothing. He smiles blandly. He is the individual who is suspected of being the originator of stalling. When he is supposed to be working on a job he sings, jokes, smokes and tells the boss how things ought to be done. Once inside of a shop protected by husky nobles, sometimes assisted by the police, he is sang-froid in all his movements, carefree and dapper. Flop and eats are his most serious thoughts. The nonprofessional strike breaker is in many instances an efficient worker, and tries to hold down his new job by doing a fair day's work for his wage and bonus; but a fink—well, the profession simply doesn't approve of work; won't tolerate it. Work is undignified, hence unethical, and a fink is a stickler for ethics. He scorns work unless he happens to be on a job where it becomes necessary for him to handle cash—such as street-car strikes, milk drivers' strikes, waiters' strikes, and so on. Then, perhaps for humanitarian reasons or otherwise, he works hard and fast both ways. In a skirmish with strikers he can be trusted to swing a speedy leg, none speedier, whenever occasion demands it.

Recruiting

EVERY large city has its proportionate quota of nobles and finks. New York City takes the lead and is the national headquarters of the profession. Chicago holds second place. In these two overflowing communities where rod swingers, or brake-beam tourists, come and go by the thousands every day, nobles and finks may be recruited in almost any number within a comparatively short time, one to a few hours. It works like this: The profession permits volunteer scouts to loiter in and about old-established noble-and-fink outposts where they fish for leads to professional engagements. The main outposts in New York City are inside and in front of the old post office at Park Row and Broadway and in the corridors of several get-out-of-your-room-before-seven-o'clock-in-the-morning hotels for men. Here news or rumors of impending industrial upheavals are discussed and carefully analyzed by salted members of the profession, every day of the year.

The location of these noble-and-fink outposts is known to every chief of finks in the business. Therefore, when a chief of finks has landed a contract to break a strike, the first thing he does is to dispatch one or two of his snapper finks to notify these patient pickets that prosperity has really arrived and that a recruiting office has been or will be established at such and such a place. This is a very vital point, as a chief of finks hardly ever recruits strike breakers at his main office. This excellent news will then be relayed over the wires to various noble-and-fink digs; nobles phoning nobles and finks phoning finks, a sort of endless-chain affair, getting in touch, by word of mouth or otherwise, with every noble-and fink lair known to the profession. Should it be an exceptionally big job, requiring thousands upon thousands of men, the chief of finks who has the handling of it will invariably open recruiting offices in the most populated cities throughout the country and advertise for men in the help-wanted columns of the respective local newspapers:

Guards, huskies, five feet ten inches or over, wanted. Men wanted; out of town; open shop; big pay; free board, lodging and transportation. Such is the general trend. When these ads appear it is sometimes necessary to call on the police to keep order in the vicinity of a noble-and-fink recruiting office, so boisterous and unruly will be the mob of applicants, everyone elbowing, pushing and fighting to get to the front of the push and up to the desk to sign on. Frequently brisk battles occur, nobles manhandling nobles and finks pummeling finks.

When an army of nobles and finks is to be installed on the premises where a strike is on, provision for its keep is usually made on the spot. Should it be a street-car strike

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FIGHTING THE CHAIN STORES

By J. R. BRUNDAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

WHEN I was a cub salesman in the nineties the department store was still a newcomer in the business world, and it was looked upon as something of an adventurer by old-line merchants. Until the department store's advent dry goods had been sold in dry-goods stores, shoes in shoe stores, china in queensware shops, and so through the list. It was the department store's boast that it sold everything under one roof, thereby achieving endless economies and conveniences over the individual shop. Nor did it stop there. It added rest rooms, hospitals, nurseries, cafés, art galleries, pipe organs and free musicales, lectures, historical relics, theater ticket offices, savings banks, branch post offices, and, most recently, radio broadcasting stations, free parking space and chauffeurs' clubrooms, all for the comfort and diversion of the customer.

Two great stores in particular—one in Chicago, the other in Philadelphia -have become literal museums of the arts and trades.

The Rapidly Growing Chain Store

TODAY the chain store is the newcomer, the department store the conservative. In 1923 these chain stores did 8 per cent of the retail trade of the United States, and they are growing furiously. The largest has 10,000 stores and has not crossed the Mississippi. It sold $350,000,000 worth of groceries last year. The greatest of the five-and-ten chains sold some $218,000,000 worth of goods in 1300 stores. One man who was running a general store in Kemmerer, Wyoming, in 1902 now has a string of 500 general stores doing a total business of some $75,000,000. His emphasis is upon clothing, dry goods, shoes and kindred lines. A drug-store chain has 300 stores in the United States and 700 in the British Isles. A tobacco chain operates 1200 stores and 1300 agencies in this country, and several hundred in Canada. There are restaurant chains, optical, hat, shoe and shoe-repair chains, candy, florist, barber shop, orange drink, haberdashery, bakery and hotel chains multiplying like guinea pigs. The watchword is "consolidation."

Many have had little or no effect upon the department stores. Others of these guinea pigs of trade are fattening on the department store's own cabbage patches. The five-and-tens made heavy inroads on the notions and other department-store counters. Now twenty-five-and-a-dollar chains are going further, and one chain system has entered the department-store field directly, having bought a store in Newark and one in Washington as nuclei of a proposed nation-wide combination. Ten more stores will be acquired this year, it is said.

The largest of the Chicago mail-order houses also enters the department-store field this year, opening stores in Chicago, Dallas, Seattle and Philadelphia.

The weakness of the department store in this contest is the very lack of concentration that once was its chief advantage. A department store may do a $10,000,000-a-year business—several do a greater; but this volume is split up among a hundred departments, each handling a different line. These departments average only $100,000. The chain store concentrates on a narrower field of goods, doubles and triples the department store's turnover, drops the art galleries and musicales, buys in tremendously larger quantities, sells for cash and does not deliver.

It cost 403 department stores with net sales of less than a million dollars each 26.3 cents out of every dollar taken in to do business in 1923. They averaged a stock turn of 2.4 and a net profit of 1.9 per cent. One hundred and sixty-three stores doing a business greater than one million dollars in 1923 made a better showing, with an average stock turn of 3.7, net profit of 3.6 per cent and expense of doing business of 28.4 per cent. These figures are quoted from Bulletin 44 of the Harvard Bureau of Business Research.

No such data are available for the chain stores, but the largest of the five-and-ten group turned its stock at a rate of 8.3 in this same year and made a net profit, after taxes, of 7.96 per cent, though this showing is exceptional.

Many old-line merchants who scoffed or wrung their hands at the coming of the department store either went out of business, joined the enemy or shifted from a quantity to a class trade and survived as specialty stores. The department store has no intention of doing any of these things, nor have I any thought of predicting that another generation will see chain stores crowing upon their crumbling ruins. Department stores have been selling shoes, clothing, candy, gloves and jewelry for fifty years, but shoe, clothing, candy, glove and jewelry shops continue to flourish. My point is merely that the five-and-ten and its kindred have been making rapidly increasing inroads upon the independent retailer, the department store included; that the stores are mobilizing to stop the loss; and that they are doing it with varying success.

A Revolutionary Step

THIS counter attack is taking various forms, the most radical of which is the joining of eighteen large department stores scattered from Boston to Seattle, and doing an aggregate business of $200,000,000, in organizing a central buying office and a research bureau in New York. The former provides its members with New York sample rooms and an expert buying staff. The latter conducts a continuous study of the methods and results of its members and of trade conditions in general.

A simple move in its outlines, this step is really revolutionary. The American merchant has been an individualist since there have been American merchants, his books and his methods as sacredly personal as his toothbrush For the store owner of Columbus, Ohio, to sit down at a round table with fellow store owners from Louisville Indianapolis, Cleveland and a dozen other cities, and bar his mark-ups, his mark-downs, his turnover, net profits volume, rentals, interest charges, wage scales and advertising appropriations; to set out the secrets of the unusual linen trade he has achieved, where and how he bought satin-finished cantons at a rare bargain—as a member of this association must do—would have been unthinkable

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It is Not Difficult for Such a Night to Cost the Salesman a Hundred Dollars. This Type of Buyer is No Timid Country Mouse

THE FAKER

By Frederic F. Van de Water

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"Twenty Thousand Dollars," He Confirmed. "He Was Asking Me Where I'd Put It Only Last Evening," He Added

KEEP moving," Sergeant Daniel Delaney, New York State Troopers, ordered for the hundredth time in two hours. The group of shabby, mustachioed men that had gathered at the corner of Fifth and Paderewski streets while his back was turned hesitated, looked sheepishly at one another, then shrugged heavy shoulders and dispersed. Some strolled off down the dingy reaches of Fifth Street, plowing their way through the shawled strikers' women who gossiped before shops emblazoned with strange consonant-filled names, side-stepping the shrill ragged children who swarmed across the pavement.

Three of the group threw back their heads and marched up Paderewski Street, taking the almost deserted sidewalk bordered by the high brick wall above which the sooty mouths of the Ramapo Steel Spring Company's chimneys rose, smokeless and cold, against the January sky. Their swaggering stride spoke definace, but one of them winked as they passed Delaney. He winked in return and watched them march away down the long vista of concrete walk toward the vast slag heap at its farther end. He saw them hail the first of the sandwich-boarded pickets they passed. Trooper Home, on mounted patrol, swung his horse over and walked it along beside them, and the sergeant turned away and clicked spurred heels together to warm his numbed feet.

A girl rolled provocative eyes at him as she passed, giggled and pulled her shawl closer about her face. A hairy man in a dusty sweater glanced at him and scowled. Delaney turned the collar of his sheepskin jacket up over his tingling ears, yawned and looked above the ragged rim of roofs at the cobalt sky, unstained these past three weeks by Ramapo's accustomed soft-coal murk. A long lean man in a greenish black overcoat stopped and stared too.

"Keep moving," Sergeant Delaney ordered for the hundred and first time. The man turned and his smile wrinkled the dark skin over broad cheek bones.

"'Cossack of Capitalism,'" said he, quoting from that morning's edition of The People, Ramapo's sole newspaper. "Still at your nefarious work, eh?"

His deep voice rolled out the words with a foreign accent. The pale-blue eyes below grizzled brows were friendly.

"Hello, Mallinski," the sergeant replied. "Yes, the Cossacks are still Cossacking. Cossack Delaney is trying to keep your gang from collecting and starting another riot; and Cossack Home, yonder, is nefariously chaperoning some of your friends on a walk past the plant."

Feodor Mallinski followed the direction of his nod and then shook his head.

"Las' week," he said, "we were forbidden to walk near the plant."

"That was before Lieutenant Lambert took charge," Delaney replied. "The company's playing fair. It's keeping all its armed guards inside the mill walls. If your crowd would only settle down and behave we'd clear out and let the local police swing the job."

Mallinski shrugged.

"The local police! Bah! Paid by the company! Capitalist hirelings!"

"Just what The People has been calling us all week," Delaney retorted, shooing several would-be loiterers along with a wave of his riot stick. "You're head of the local and you've coöperated with us, but that lying rag of Waldo Throop's keeps roasting us—'Cossacks of Capitalism' and 'Money's Myrmidons,' whatever they are, and worse. You saw that yarn this morning about a riot on First Street. Fake, every line of it."

Mallinski sighed.

"This Waldo, he has hired somebody who writes all those lies. We do not control the paper."

"No," said Delaney bluntly; "but Waldo Throop runs it, and Peter Throop, secretary of your darned local, runs him and most of the town as well. I don't get the idea of the everlasting panning we're handed."

The head of the local blinked and shuffled his feet uneasily.

"If you don't keep strikers mad," he defended, "they all go back to work. So Peter says. You boys are good boys. I think these lies are mistake. I tell him so."

"People believe what they see in print, lie or no lie," the sergeant grumbled, unmollified. "If I was running this outfit I'd jail Waldo. Strike duty isn't a giddy parlor pastime, even when the papers tell the truth."

"Too bad, too bad," Mallinski deplored, and walked away, still shaking his head and muttering. Trooper Home, who had accompanied the three adventurers in their defiant walk past the plant, drew rein at the sergeant's shoulder.

"My feet," he complained, "are just one solid ache."

"They'll get numb," Delaney comforted; "mine have."

"The Amalgamated's come through with a strike relief payment," Home said. "Twenty thousand bucks. Boy!"

"Who told you?" the sergeant queried.

"Those three men I was talking to. Strike benefits are to be paid at the local's headquarters tomorrow. That'll mean half Ramapo will be full tomorrow night. What'd old man Mallinski say just now?"

"Said the roasting we're getting from The People isn't his fault," Delaney grumbled

"Nothing's his fault," Home scoffed. "He's just an old stuffed shirt. He's head of the local just because he's a bear on oratory. Peter Throop runs this strike and most of the town as well. I wish the darned thing would blow up," he added spitefully, cupping gloved hands over tingling ears.

"'How long,'" Delaney quoted gravely, "'are American workers to be trampled upon by the steel-shod hoofs of capital's cavalry?'"

"Aw " Home began in disgust, and then broke off and straightened up in his saddle. The pickets before the factory wall had stopped their sober patrolling and were gathered before the plant's high gate, yelling at someone in a window above.

"I'll stop that," the trooper promised, and touched his horse with a spur. The militant pickets, seeing his approach, desisted, scattered and resumed their pacing to and fro with a lamblike appearance of innocence. Delaney watched Home draw rein and saw the warning gestures that accompanied his reproof.

"Anything new, sarge?" a voice asked at his elbow.

He turned and met a pair of dark eyes, quick and alert as a terrier's behind their horn glasses, despite their reddened rims, despite the pouches beneath them. A soiled felt hat, cocked at a rakish angle, reached only as high as the sergeant's ear. A cigarette clung to the whimsical thin lips.

The chin below it was receding and unshaven. The long thin fingers raised in a half salute were ungloved and yellow with nicotine. Something patronizing and cocksure in the stranger's attitude added to the irritating discomfort of numbed feet and aching ears already oppressing Delaney.

"Who are you?" he asked coolly.

"McGinn—Eddie McGinn," replied the other. "What's new?"

"What's it to you?" Delaney returned with growing hostility.

"I'm a reporter, covering the strike, old kid."

"For what?"

"The Ramapo People, sergeant. Now it's my turn to ask a question."

"Keep moving," the trooper replied stolidly.

"Listen," the other grinned, "there's no use in being——"

"Move on," Delaney interrupted, "or I'll move you."

"Meaning?" McGinn asked, not stirring an inch.

"Meaning get to hell out of here," the sergeant exploded. "Is that plain enough?"

"Oh, quite," the newspaper man flung over his shoulder as he walked slowly away. "That'll go into my story."

Delaney turned his back upon him, without replying, and gesticulated at a knot of strikers on the opposite street corner until it dispersed. Then, out of a corner of his eye, he watched the rumpled felt hat bobbing through the swarthy swarm of loiterers on Fifth Street and cursed himself for permitting this last of a long series of annoyances to steal his self-control.

His eyes were on the misshapen rakish hat while he cursed. He saw its owner reach out and halt a man with a checked cap, whose shoulders were hunched up about his ears. The detained one tried to pull away, but McGinn held on. Then an arm rose and a clenched fist that held something came down upon the battered felt. A yell was caught up and multiplied by innumerable voices, and the insurge of loiterers toward the combatants shut them off from Delaney's view.

The sergeant clapped a whistle to his lips, slung the thong of his riot stick tighter about his wrist and joined those who sprinted toward the fight. He reached the snarling group that heaved and struggled on the sidewalk before most of the reënforcements, and his impetus drove him into its center.

Men bellowed and struck at him as he burst his way through this sudden fury to where McGinn, his face blank and white, a cigarette still pasted to the lower lip of his wide-open mouth, groped to regain his feet. Delaney saw a heavy boot catch him in the ribs and overthrow him. Another leaped in, feet first, toward the feebly struggling figure, but the sergeant's fist met him halfway and knocked him aside.

"Scab! Dirty scab!" someone screamed, and launched another kick.

Delaney swung his riot stick and the man went down. He was straddling the prostrate body of McGinn now, and raising his arms, shouted. For an instant those who ringed the body about tried to draw back, obedient to his gesture, but they could do nothing against the contraction of the outer circles of the crowd. Delaney himself could not hear what he cried. The air was filled with a swiftly mounting roar of excited voices. Men with red contorted faces screamed curses in Polish and in English. Women shrieked like Valkyries, and through the din grew the beat of a savage chant:

"Scab! Scab! Scab!"

A man bent, caught McGinn's feet and strove to drag him from the protection of the trooper. He dropped across the legs he had held, as Delaney swung his club. Again there was a half second's hesitation, then a lustful roar and another rush. Strikers who a few minutes before had grinned and hurried to obey the orders of the man in gray now leaped forward to drag him down.

Delaney went to his knees and fought his way to his feet through a dozen scrabbling hands. His riot stick was useless in the press. He reached for his revolver, but his hand caught in a loop of the lanyard and he could not draw it. A fist struck him in the mouth. From behind, someone caught the collar of his sheepskin jacket and jerked the coat back and down over his arms, with a sudden ripping of buttons. Another gripped the lapel of his uniform coat and strove to throw him. Kicks launched at the senseless man beneath him battered his legs and tripped him. He got one arm free from the jacket. He pounded feebly at the faces swimming in upon him on the gathering haze.

"Scab! Scab! Scab! Keel heem!"

The sergeant staggered and then went down again, prostrate, but shielded from a shower of kicks and blows by the bodies of the three who had overthrown him. He no longer heard or saw. He only smelled the reek of unwashed bodies and felt with a strange detachment the fumbling efforts of many hands to pound his head upon the pavement.

All at once the frantic half-futile ferocity of the clutching hands ceased. The pressure of men upon his body was removed.

"And now," a voice in his brain said quite clearly, "you're dead."

His lungs sucked in a breath of clear cold air and he opened his eyes. He caught a hazy glimpse of Trooper Home, flashing past on his horse, riot stick raised. Another mounted man clattered over the pavement, and another. Someone's hands were beneath his armpits and his head was propped against a knee. Gradually, as his eyes came back into focus, he was aware that Corporal Tarleton held him and that the concerned face of Lieutenant Lambert was bent close to his own. He managed a grin.

"What happened, sergeant?" Lambert asked.

"Practically everything," Delaney gasped, the grin still in place, and sat upright. "Where's that fool reporter?"

"Yonder." Lambert nodded to a troop car pulled up at the curb, into which two men in gray were lifting a limp body. "We're taking him to the hospital. He's completely out."

"They mobbed him," the sergeant explained, getting carefully to his feet; "and I horned in and they mobbed me too."

"They did a thorough job," Lambert commented grimly.

"He works for The People," Delaney said, letting his eyes wander down the empty reaches of Fifth Street to where four mounted troopers walked their sweating horses back and forth. "There's some justice in the world, at that. Any arrests, lieutenant?"

"No," Lambert said; "they all ran too fast when they saw us coming. You all right? You don't look it."

The sheepskin jacket, dusty and torn, dangled from the arm still thrust through one sleeve. One lapel had been ripped from the coat and most of its buttons had been wrenched off. Dark spots on his gray flannel shirt and purple tie made the sergeant aware, all at once, that his nose was bleeding. He shook his head and twisted his body experimentally.

"I'm better than I look," he replied. "They took it out more on my uniform than on me."

Corporal Tarleton, late that afternoon, came clattering upstairs to the dim attic of the Ramapo volunteer fire company's house, which served as dormitory for the sixteen

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Women Shrieked Like Valkyries, and Through the Din Grew the Beat of a Savage Chant: "Scab! Scab! Scab!"

THE HEARSE HORSE

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

HONEST DOC WEAVER'S mistake—one of Honest Doc Weaver's mistakes—was in thinking of mothers, all mothers, in terms of stock-company character actors. The very word itself almost moved him to tears, so often had his voice quavered above all the other quavering voices as, sitting late about the tables in Big Ed McGarrity's Gentlemen's Café, the regular fellows of Hudson Street grew sentimental and musical at one and the same time and sang of mo-o-o-other, a wo-o-r-r-rd that meant the wo-o-orld to them. And when, finally, as the party prepared to break up, they mingled their voices in that old, old folk song, Who Stepped Out With High-Stepping Mamma, the Honest Doc could hardly stand it at all, and had to be helped to a taxicab.

So when his protégé, Battling Biff Dugan, whom Doc had led to within an arm's swing of the welterweight championship, reported that his mother was coming East to see her son win the title, the manager's voice softened to a quiet reverence.

"Kid," he said, "y'gotta treat t'at ol' lady nice, see? She's y'mother, un'erstand? No rough stuff, kid—no rough stuff wit' y'mother, see?"

"What's the idea?" demanded the Battling Biff. "You think I'm gonna bean 'er or somethin'?"

"No idea a-tall," Doc insisted; "but you just gotta treat her nice, y'see? She's y'mother, kid."

"It ain't no news to me, if that's what y'mean," Biff replied. "I reckon I heard about it before you did."

He Was Experiencing a Kind of Strange Pleasure in Having Cora Drag the Lace Edges of a Tiny Handkerchief Across His Nose

"Well," ventured the manager, a little hazy as to the point he had intended making, "y'gotta treat her nice, anyway. She's y'mother, y'know."

"All right," agreed the challenger to the title, "seein's you're so scared, if I lay a fist onto her oncet I give you lief to match me wit' Jack Dempsey."

Doc was both shocked and horrified, but he forbore pressing the matter. During those days he was a very busy man, running from one sporting editor to another, preparing them for the astounding spectacle that would be his boy the night he met Kid Dublin, the champion of the world, at welterweights. He remembered, though, at each office to add to the news.

"T'Biff's mother's comin' East t'see t'fight," he'd whisper reverently. "His ol' lady, she never seen her boy fight, see? An' she's comin' t'see him win t'champeenship, see?"

"What about a picture of her?" suggested one of the editors. "We could make a nice human-interest story outa it."

"Pitcher!" Doc laughed derisively. "Say, she's a ol' lady, doncha see? She never had a pitcher took in her life; she's too ol', t'is ol' lady is. Gray hair, y'know. An' don't t'at boy of mine love her! Say, he says t'me las' night, he says, 'Doc, I love mother,' see? An' I says, 'Sure!' She's his mother, un'erstand."

"Oh!" exclaimed the editor, a great light coming into his eyes. "I see what you're driving at! You're trying to tell me that his mother is his mother! I get you now!"

Doc studied him suspiciously.

"You ain't gotta get s'castic," he said reprovingly. "Outside wit' t'em wise cracks when you're talkin' about a boy's mother. She's just an ol' lady, see?"

The Battling Biff, however, manifested little excitement over the impending visit; and this calm of his was shared by the young woman from Brooklyn for whom he had maintained a Gibraltar-like and almost wordless affection for more years than Doc had known him.

In neither of them was this surprising to the manager. Cora Massey he had long given up as a baffling mystery. Her eyes twinkled when he talked to her, and his profoundest statements—statements that were accustomed to bringing gasps of awe and admiration from sporting writers—drew from her only a twitching at the corners of her mouth, which the Doc reluctantly suspected was from some poorly hidden inner amusement, caused by heaven only knew what.

"Say, what's t'idea?" he interrupted himself more than once to demand. "You gettin' s'castic or sumpin'?"

But with the Battling Biff she was different. The Honest Doc could not but admire the smooth ease with which she handled his worst tempers. A mother, he reflected sentimentally, might calm an angry child in much the same tone that Cora used with the Battling Biff. And for this he was deeply grateful, as there were occasions when subtler methods than the Doc's were demanded for the Biff. He was willful, sometimes stubborn, but never so much so that Cora was not able to bring him around.

He was terribly, terribly hurt, though, that somehow his erudition eluded her appreciation. For the Honest Doc was, as every man who believed what was written by sporting editors knew, the brainiest prize-fight manager in the history of pugilism. Having read and credited this, many people, seeing Honest Doc Weaver for the first time, jumped instantly to the conclusion that this, now, theory that a man's character is reflected through his face was a lot of apple sauce, for the good Doc looked neither honest nor brainy.

The question of his honesty may be dismissed with his own uncontradicted statement that, from the rock-bound coast of the Atlantic to the sun-kissed slopes of the Pacific, and from the Rio Grande to the Soo Canal, they hadn't got a conviction yet; but there was disinterested evidence as to his intellectual preeminence.

It had shown itself first in an interview he forced on a sports editor in Chicago just before his "boy" began that meteoric series of victories which had brought him, now, to a match with the champion.

"Gimme," the Doc had said to the editor, "a boy t'at can woik wit' t'old psychology an' I'll bring him to t'top of t'perfession. I brang t'is boy up wit' t'old psychology, an' I could do it t'morro wit some ot'er boy 'f I wanted to, see?"

The Chicago newspaperman was profoundly impressed. Never to that day had he heard such depth of wisdom emerge from the prize ring; and, too, all words ending in o-l-o-g-y moved him to some degree.

It needed no more than his next day's story—Dugan's Manager Student of Psychology—to set the pitch for other sports writers to follow. The Battling Biff was an ascending star, winning regularly and thoroughly; and when he came back East the sporting brotherhood was content to accept, without investigation, the understanding that there was something ghostly in Honest Doc Weaver's cerebrations.

"Baby, Come to Mummy!"

They Were Swaying From Side to Side in an Ecstasy of Joy

Battling Biff Holds the Record for Having Been Knocked Further Through the Air Than Any Other Man Who Ever Entered Madison Square Garden

And besides, there were certain immutable facts tending to corroborate this. The Battling Biff won. Honest Doc managed him. And Honest Doc himself was authority for the statement that the good old psychology was behind it all—and Doc, if anybody, should know his own methods.

But the Doc, pulling thoughtfully on a cigar one afternoon late in the Battling Biff's suite in the Hotel Grandissimo, reflected sadly that Cora appreciated none of this. Quite obviously she rejected the whole idea, and it hurt him.

The Biff lay stretched full length on the divan, engaged in his favorite recreation of staring blankly at the ceiling. The strenuous days of his training had ended and he was little more than idling away the short time before the big day. At the moment he was experiencing a kind of strange pleasure in having Cora drag the lace edges of a tiny handkerchief across his nose, making him wrinkle it and smile with lazy amusement.

It was a very, very peaceful scene, and the Honest Doc could not but comment on it.

"Say," he said, "you two's a sight for t'movies, you are! You soitainly don't act like a pug, you don't!"

"He's not a pug," Cora contradicted him, without interrupting her entertainment of the Biff. "He's a boxer."

"Well," the Doc skirted the argument, "as soon's his ol' lady comes, t'is'll look like a fam'ly scene."

At that moment there came the sound of a sudden and furious commotion in the corridor outside the door. The three in the room started, shot quick glances at the door.

"Is that so!" demanded a Size-13 Triple-D voice outside. The remark was followed by another commotion, a brief scuffling of feet, and then a dull thump. "Is that so!" the voice repeated, and then the door opened.

She filled the frame in its height and width. The boldest green in the chromatic scale, borrowed for glistening silk, blinded the eye. A defiant plume of magnificent length and volume swept down from the largest hat seen east of the Mississippi River since the year of the Big Wind. Her expansive smile and forthright words of welcome brought an atmosphere of splendid heartiness into the room.

"Baby," she bellowed, and the Doc saw that her gaze was directed at the Biff, "come to mummy!"

The words choked off a petrifying rebuke he was aiming to hurl. He stepped back just in time to escape the Battling Biff's bound across the room, and witnessed, with amazement, the clash of this green force and the challenger for the title.

"Mummy! Mummy!"

They were in each other's arms, clinched, it seemed, in bands of steel, and were swaying from side to side in an ecstasy of joy, while from their midst came tremendous "Well, well, well's!" in the same extra-size contralto. The noise was Homeric.

The Doc turned, bewildered, to Cora. She was smiling sympathetically at mother and babe.

Then, after minutes of affection, they drew apart, and the Battling Biff, flushed and happy, stepped aside to permit Cora to receive a cordial smack, large, loud and sincere, on the cheek.

"Cora!" she roared.

The girl separated herself and smiled at the Honest but astounded Doc.

"Mrs. Dugan," she said, "this is Mr. Weaver—Doc Weaver, Tommy's manager."

"Well! Well! Well!" the introduction was acknowledged. "Old-timer, I'm certainly glad to meetcha! Put 'er there!"

The Honest Doc mumbled and thrust out his hand. It was seized and crushed in the most genuine grip he had known since he had shaken hands with Strangler Lewis.

"Hopped a rattler," she boomed on, "as soon as I could. Ringmaster kicked, but mummy told him where to get off. Baby was calling and mummy heard! Nothing else to do, eh, Doc?"

The Doc mumbled again. He was wondering groggily if he were seeing things straight. He felt weak, disillusioned. But Mrs. Dugan was oblivious of his woolgathering. She had turned again to Cora and was wanting to know if there was another room to the dump and where could she hang her hat. Cora led her to the room the Biff had added to his suite for her. Doc waited until she was out of earshot. Then: "Y'ol' lady, eh?" he conjectured superfluously, and the beaming Biff nodded.

"Yeh," he replied, "and there ain't a better strong-jawed lady in the whole circus business." Pride rang in his voice. "You know what I seen her do, Doc? I seen her take a horseshoe in her mout' one day, and just using one hand and her teeth, straighten it out! I seen her pull ten-penny nails wit' her teeth. Yes, sir, and another time I seen her bite a chain, a steel chain, into two pieces just wit' her teeth." He shook his head proudly and thoughtfully. "Yep, that's mummy, Doc. The best feature Wilson Brothers Grander and More Gorgeous Circus ever had."

"Person'ly," the Doc commented reflectively, for the shock still held him to some extent, "if y'told me she could carry steel goiders in her mout' I wouldn't be surprised. If you told me she ate railroad spikes ——"

"She can't eat 'em, I don't reckon," the Biff spoke regretfully, "but she can dent 'em. I seen her once." He paused to think, and then added, "She can't carry goiders because her mout' ain't big enough. If it was a little bigger ——"

"I bet so too," the Doc agreed.

He was wondering then if Mrs. Dugan really was a wo-o-ord that meant a wo-o-o-orld to Biff, when a voice rose in the next room.

"And when he tries to tell me I couldn't come into the room without being announced, I said, 'Is that so!' and give him a little shove, and, Cora, you ought to seen that bell boy!"

Her laugh echoed through four stories and two wings of the Hotel Grandissimo, and the Biff smiled proudly.

"That's mummy!" he said. "She don't let any of 'em get away wit' rough stuff."

II

DURING the two days that intervened before the big fight Mrs. Dugan made herself at home in the Grandissimo. How she did this, though, served to make the brainiest fight manager in the history of pugilism somewhat uneasy and depressed. It did not fit itself into the good old psychological situation he had counted on building up. According to this plan, the mother heart, with its face glowing with pride, was to sit quietly at the ringside, while the warrior son exceeded his own prowess in exhibition for her—a picture that had, before Mrs. Dugan's arrival, almost drawn tears to the Honest Doc's eyes.

But the incidents of the two days crushed this ideal setting. As nearly as he could judge from the whoops and bellows about the Biff's suite, the mother heart had been spending her time doing good deeds for the hotel people.

"Wow!" he heard once. "Some time, baby! Mummy's been down in the alley helping the boys shove a coal truck out of the mud! Baby, mummy's got her dress soiled!"

She had, single-handed, loosened a jammed freight elevator and torn from its hinges a door that an absent-minded guest had left locked. And two hours before the Battling Biff Dugan retinue set out for the Garden for the fight, she had enthralled the head furnace man by wrapping one of his large pokers around her wrist.

"I told him," she reported to her son, "that I could just as easy wrap it around his neck. Eh, baby?"

In no way, by looks, by actions or by sound, did she fit into the psychological scene; and the Doc, as he followed the Biff down an aisle of the Garden to the ring, was in no high spirits. A raven wing of doubt had brushed his thoughts and something ominous of trouble was in the air.

The Battling Biff, his roughly pleasant face a large, toothy smile, was greeted with ten thousand cheers and catcalls—the challenger's welcome. He waved amiable greetings to the crowd and shook hands with a score of vaguely officious men who thronged the ring, attending to such highly important duties as peering significantly into empty water buckets.

Doc Weaver, seeing that it was to be a part of his duties, escorted the purple silk of Mrs. Dugan to the seat reserved for her at the ringside, and she thanked him in a voice that carried no further than Section Z.

"Tell baby," she called after him as he retreated, "that mummy wants to see him knock this bird for a loop, eh, Doc?"

The Doc whispered his final words in the challenger's ear.

"I seen 'im when he weighed in, see? An' he's a nice set-up boy; but, kid, he ain't got a t'ing, see? An', say, Biff, he says he knows you."

"Knows me!" The Biff was surprised. "He's cuckoo. I never seen him in my life! I never even seen a pitcher of him. Where does he ever know me?"

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"Baby," She Announced, "Mummy's Been Insulted!"

Three Famous Theater Women and Their Sacrifice for Art

By THODA CROFT

PERHAPS a sacrifice for art sounds theatrical. If the stage lures a talented woman she naturally feels that the self-denial exacted in achieving her goal is of no great consequence in her life. But once stardom is realized, her perspective undergoes a radical lengthening; and with the limelight full upon her she is confronted by the doubly difficult job of remaining in the public eye. So ephemeral is stage success that, although she may today create the smashing sensation of the season and be playing her three-hundred-and-eighty-fifth performance in Broadway's leading theater, two seasons hence, if she does not sustain her vogue, her name is nothing more than a pleasant memory; and in three or four seasons she is forgotten except by a few well-posted dramatic critics who occasionally drag her into their columns for the sake of erudite comparison!

If she would continue to be a famous stage star, once having established her artistic reputation, she is faced with the necessity of topping her every play with one that is better and more successful than any she has ever done before. Unfortunately, in creating a part the actress, unlike the sculptor, poet, author or musician, does not build an imperishable work of art except as it lives in the memories of those who have seen it; so she must keep on incessantly, building anew every day. So taxing are the demands of this perpetual rebuilding, it is imperative that practically everything else not vitally pertaining to her career be pushed out of her life.

Home associations, real friendships, rearing of children and other significant features of family life have very little place in the experience of the famous theater woman who would remain in the spotlight of success.

The young star who is arriving on Broadway finds nothing irksome about the concentration she must give to her work. But the star who has made a name for herself and becomes a fixture in the theatrical firmament very quickly wearies of the cheating game. For, after all, the stage woman is no different from any other woman. She has Everywoman's maternal instinct for a home and children; she has the love instinct for a husband's devotion, and the play instinct for social diversions. In the matter of friends, it is almost impossible for the stage artist to have sincere relationships because the so-called friends who crowd around her are so often attracted by the luster of her name. They may be lion hunters; they may want to go on the stage; they may have designs on her pocketbook. At all times theatrical celebrities come in contact with these motivated friendships.

PHOTO. BY MAURICE GOLDBERG

Mrs. Fiske

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Madame Eleonora Duse

PHOTO. FROM CHARLES C. AITZMANN, N. Y. C.

Margaret Anglin in The Great Divide

Of course, in the very beginning the star is not aware of the defrauding aspects of her career; but when the electric lights emblazoning her name have lost their thrill, the newspaper reviews of her performances become stale and monotonous, the crowds who applaud, who rush backstage with extravagant words of admiration and who shower flowers and gifts—when these no longer signify a new sense of triumph, then is the time that she has begun to make the sacrifice for her art, and the longing comes for some homely, ordinary associations; things that cannot be had just for the asking—those precious, abstract things that are the outgrowth of the very simple sweetnesses of everyday life. Secretly she begins to think of a day when the demands of work will slacken. She consoles herself with the thought that after a little while she will have these happinesses that have been crowded out. But tragically enough, when that time comes, it is too late to reach back and catch them again!

Six years in the theater, in constant and intimate association with prominent people of the stage—acting in the capacity of business manager and personal and press representative for theatrical stars—has given me a close-up picture of three famous theater women, who in meeting the rapacity of stage success have stripped their lives of many of the richer experiences of living. To my mind comes, first of all, the foremost actress on the American stage. She has had a career that reaches brilliantly over half a century in the theater. But the sacrifices she has heaped on the altar of her art are revealed in the story of her daily loneliness. Secondly comes our great classic actress. Although she tries to conceal her compromise with life, her perpetual restlessness betrays the disquiet of her heart and its fitful searching for a lost happiness that has been cruelly snatched away. The fame of the third is not confined to America. She held supreme rank in Europe. Her name was known all over the world. But it was publicly recognized, even before her recent death, that her life was grievously sad.

The Lonely Woman

THE little woman in the blue coat, wearing the long blue veils pulled down over her hat and walking in the deserted corridor with a book in her hand, occasionally humming to herself, is very lonely. She is Minnie Maddern Fiske. The book she carries is an Ibsen play. She is going over the lines to keep them fresh in her mind for the coming season, when she plans a series of important revivals.

It is a maddeningly glorious summer day and she would much rather be out in a garden all of her own, watching children play, but she must study lines for another hour; then at three o'clock she must have her dinner; at four o'clock she must go to the theater and see an understudy rehearsal. Then she must rest in her darkened dressing room until it is time for the performance.

It is a pity she can't spare time to go out in the garden; and it is an even greater pity that Mrs. Fiske has no garden all her own. But her home is the hotel and the theater where she happens to be. She has a beautiful summer place in the Adirondacks, but her stage work gives her only time to spend a week or two in it out of every year.

At the theater every night, after she has rested on her dressing-room couch, she must begin to dress for the performance. At 8:30 the curtain goes up. The play lasts until eleven, and then hosts of admirers come swarming backstage to tell her how much they have enjoyed the play. Many of them beg her to come out for supper. But Mrs. Fiske never goes out after the theater. She must guard her energy for the next performance; particularly if it is a matinée day with a double drain on her strength. So her friends say good night and go off to their supper parties; and a little later Mrs. Fiske, wrapped in her blue coat and veils, leaves the theater with her maid, and returns to her hotel. She stops for a simple supper on the way. But no one in the restaurant recognizes her. They are people who suppose that stars have champagne and lobster every night after the show. Occasionally a waitress, taking her order, looks up for a startled moment, vaguely trying to remember where in the world she has heard the crisp magic of the Fiske voice. But the poor girl fails to associate her gallery seat at the matinée with the staccato order of a bowl of milk, graham crackers and buckwheat cakes!

Mrs. Fiske is very youthful. Mme. Duse, who was only a few years older than Mrs. Fiske, was a very old woman with a wrinkled, wrinkled face, white hair and a frail feeble body. But Mrs. Fiske's face is smooth and lovely; her eyes are alive and sparkling—violet eyes; fair skin, beautifully rounded arms and neck that show no trace of age; and a small figure. One would suppose she had found the mythical fountain sought by Ponce de Leon. Yet Mrs. Fiske's youth has not been retained by artificial means, such as facial surgery and the like. It is simply the result of saving herself for her work. Nothing is permitted to interfere with Mrs. Fiske's sacred hours of rest. Her art comes first, and to give complete expression to it her health is a primary consideration.

Mrs. Fiske's day is mapped out with precision. She never deviates from its inexorable routine of work, rest, a little exercise, more work, exercise, rest. She will not even permit herself to take anything into her consciousness that

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The Business of Portrait Painting

By KATHERINE SPROEHNLE

"HOW do you feel when you are painting a portrait?" I asked Zuloaga.

"Feel?" he repeated gloomily. "I feel just sick—sick."

It was a winter afternoon late in January at the recent exhibition of the great Spanish painter's work in New York. That day, by the actual click of the little counting machine, 5186 people had tramped over the thick gray carpet of the gallery, massed together in the center of the rooms to get distance for the vivid paintings, and surged apart for closer admiration. The world had been there during the afternoon—a princess, a brightly plumaged countrywoman of the painter's, with the traditional lace mantilla, a short useful banker, a musical-comedy star, richly inconspicuous society women, painters, university students, a threadbare stenographer, a scrubbed teamster-looking man, a Spanish waiter from the Ritz and an eager boy with a dog.

Naturally, it was fun, although acclaim and crowds are no novelty for Don Ignacio Zuloaga, acknowledged the greatest living Spanish painter and one of the greatest painters of the day. Certainly it was a joy to be at the top of a profession when the memories of bitter years of struggle in Paris for any recognition at all are still keen, when certain streets in Paris still make one shudder at the thought of how hungry one has once been in them. Yet while the difficulties of getting a start are far behind, the difficulties of carrying on his profession, which it seems perfectly fair to call his business, are still very much present.

The road of portrait painting, which runs so prominently through the map of Zuloaga's life, is a hard one to follow. For him, as for other painters, there are many *nuances* aside from the technical ones. Portrait painting has become a great international industry. More and more people are having themselves done in oil, pastel, charcoal or pencil, by lesser or by greater artists, according to their pocketbooks. Anonymous portraits have become a feature of advertising, the dramatic pages of newspapers are filled with sketches from the life, and private houses are increasingly decorated with pictures of their inhabitants.

It is particularly these last—the private portrait for the portrait's sake—that this article is interested in, and it is in this branch of the business that the customer is most difficult to please. A portrait is commonly expected to do everything for a sitter that Nature hasn't been able to do, and the task of the painter is correspondingly trying. Even the greatest of the artists have to cope with dissatisfaction and disappointment and temperament in their sitters. More than the beauty of art at its purest must be considered, and it is for this reason that painting a portrait makes even the great Zuloaga "just sick—sick."

And Zuloaga is in the enviable position of being able to follow his own thinking. He paints what he wants and will accept commissions only from the people who interest him most. As a result of his exhibition at the Reinhardt Galleries in New York, which ended the sixth of February, he was flooded with pleas to be painted. Since the market price for a Zuloaga portrait is fifteen thousand dollars, a pleader is not to be turned down too lightly, yet Zuloaga accepted but a very few of the commissions offered.

What is a Portrait?

ONE smartly beautiful young woman asked Zuloaga's representative if the master would paint her daughter.

"How old is your daughter?"

"Two and a half."

"Do you know the price of a portrait?" the representative asked.

"Fifteen thousand dollars, isn't it?" replied the mother casually. "That's perfectly all right."

Zuloaga refused most politely.

"Why should I paint a child that age," he said later—"a child whose character has not developed, who in a year will be entirely different? It wouldn't interest me."

He has the advantage of being great enough to paint his own interpretation of a person.

"I paint for myself," he told me that winter afternoon. "I paint a picture. If the person doesn't like it I say, 'It is not worth discussing. You don't like it; I'll keep it.' I've made a picture, and that is what I like to do—make pictures. To me a portrait is a picture with someone in it. For an exact likeness, there is the photograph. For me to work forty years to become a photographer, that isn't much. People change, and if you have an exact likeness at one certain time, a few years later you have nothing. It should be a good picture, and it is character, not likeness, that matters."

So he paints whom he wishes in the manner he wishes, and that manner has invariably something of Spain in it; either the subject, no matter how American she is, wears a Spanish costume or she stands against a background of Spanish hills or houses. "But naturally," he explained, "I am Spanish and I like the feeling of Spain. America moves too fast," he said, and he would rather work in the dreaming town of Zumaya, which has long been his home.

COURTESY OF M. KNOEDLER & CO., NEW YORK

Mme. Kovanko, From an Original by Savely Sorin

Someone asked him whether he would rather paint women than men, for there are ten women to one man at his exhibition.

"Well, the same; but"—he smiled a charming Spanish smile—"women are nicer."

"And as a business, what do you think of portrait painting?"

"Ah," he said, "it is a good business to be in when I can do what interests me. If I had to paint a portrait because I must, if I had to take all orders, I would become just like a maker of biscuits."

There are very few portrait painters, however, who can afford to paint exactly where they choose. This business, like any other, demands compromises along the path to success. The painter must take the beautiful with the plain, the fascinating with the dull. Perhaps it is for this reason that so many of them like to inject their own reactions into a portrait and make even the most uncolorful sitter reflect their own powerful personality.

So when Boris Grigoriev, the impressionistic Russian painter announces that the faces of the whole world are equally interesting to him and in the next breath exclaims in French, "*Je suis maître*, Boris Grigoriev," it is easy to see that he finds more in a sitter than meets the eye or the mirror. This is, of course, sometimes surprising to the sitter; but Grigoriev says "Resemblance is nothing and art is everything," and goes ahead.

He painted one portrait of a well-known New York matron. It was hung in her library, and after about a month she telephoned him to come over. "I don't like the left eye," she said, "and neither does my husband. My butler saw it and said he wouldn't have recognized me. Will you please change it?"

The painter went over and looked at it carefully. It was hard, this part of the business, when one must please everybody. But -

"I'm very sorry," said he. "I can't change it. That's the way I saw you and still see you. It would be dishonest for me to change it now."

Mrs. Cornelius Tangemann of New York, From the Original by Artur Halmi

A Painter's Adventures

GRIGORIEV earned the right to stick to his convictions, for even in more tumultuous and dangerous days he was faithful to them. When the soviets got control of Russia they sent for him and told him to paint out the pictures of the Czar on the walls of the palace and paint in their place portraits of the Bolshevist leaders. Now Grigoriev was willing enough to paint out the Czars, for he is a revolutionist, but painting in Bolshevists was something neither his political nor his artistic sensibilities could bear. To postpone the issue he told the soviets that he would like to go to Paris to learn a little more about painting first. Permission to do this would only be granted, it was said, if he would leave his wife and four-year-old son as hostages. This was too much. He arranged with a friendly fisherman to take him and his wife and child across the Bay of Finland in a small boat. A searchlight picked them out through the black night and a shot went through the sail, but they finally landed, and at last got to Paris. Grigoriev has never been back.

The disappointment and dissatisfaction of the sitter when the portrait is finished is one of the most serious quandaries for the portrait painter. It must be understood that this does not mean doubt of the intrinsic artistic merit of the picture—rather, discontent with certain details. John Singer Sargent himself has defined a portrait as "A picture of somebody with something the matter with the mouth." Everyone, it seems, comes back to get the mouth fixed just a little.

(Continued on Page 170)

MISS DIRECTED

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Sicily Circulated Around the Midnight Lot With All the Industry of a Wasp at a Picnic—and With About as Great Popularity

ORIFICE R. LATIMER, ponderous president of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., smiled serenely as he massaged the palms of his pudgy hands.

"Director Clump," he said to the dynamic little man opposite, "us has got the world by the tail on a downhill pull."

Cæsar did not answer immediately.

"We-e-ell," he admitted at length, "it does sort of look thataway."

"Don't just look. It is. Ain't us a'ready made a sensation with our two-reel cullud pitchers, an' ain't we showin' in a hund'od an' fifty-seven fust-run houses all over the country, an' ain't we got a contrac' fo' two extra years at twenty-six pitchers a yeah, an' ain't ev'body pullin' together an' bein' happy an' lovin' each other to death? Strikes me that peace, prosperity an' contentment is the only things this studjo ain't got nothin' else but."

"Uh-huh," agreed Clump dubiously, "it suttinly does seem so."

An expression of supreme irritation crossed the presidential countenance.

"Bad mouf what you puts on things, Cæsar. Tell me one mo' thing which could be gooder than what it is."

"There ain't none. Tha's what makes me auspicious. You see, president, things ain't been breakin' right."

"What's that you says with yo' mouf?"

"They ain't been breakin' right. Yestiddy I walked right plumb under a ladder an' las' night a couple black cats tripped over my foots. Now I ain't superstitious or nothin' like that, but when happenings is all good an' signs is all bad ——"

"Fumadiddles!" Latimer snorted his disgust. "I reckon was you residin' in heaven playin' a gol' harp an' eatin' ambrosium you'd be worryin' 'cause you didn't have no raincoat in case a thunderstorm come up. What you ain't got in yo' haid is no brains, an' ——"

There was a tap on the door, which opened immediately thereafter to admit a slender, light-brown young lady.

"Somebody to see Director Clump," announced President Latimer's secretary.

"Name which?"

"She woul'n't give her name. Says to tell you she craves to see you, an' see you quick."

The door closed gently. Clump looked at Latimer and Latimer looked at Clump. The director's expression was an admixture of fear and triumph.

"I—I got a hunch," he proclaimed anxiously.

Latimer spoke in sepulchral tones.

"J. Cæsar," he inquired, "you ain't gone an' gotten yo'se'f involved with no woman, has you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Oh, lawsy! Since when?"

"Six yeahs ago," came the unhappy confession. "An' I is scared this is her."

"Y-you reckon she aims to make trouble?"

"I don't reckon nothin' about it. I knows. An' her aim is awful good." He paced the office, hands clasped earnestly behind his back, brow furrowed with horizontal lines of worry. "Now why coul'n't she stay up in Louisville anyway? What brung her down heah to mess up my work?"

"You know who she is, Cæsar?"

"Bets a dollar to a thin dime I does."

Latimer leaned forward earnestly.

"Who?"

The director's voice crackled across the room.

"Who you reckon?" he snapped. "Unless I is all wrong, this lady's name is Mrs. J. Cæsar Clump!"

In substantiation of his dire prophecy the door was flung violently open and Mrs. Clump burst into the room. For an instant she stood regarding the two men, then flung herself violently into the arms of her mate.

"Cæsar!"

"Sicily!"

Latimer eyed the tableau reflectively, and not without some approval. Sicily Clump was not at all hard on the optics. She was small and slender, and garbed in the latest and most prominent fashion. Her coatee was of squirrel and her pumps of blond satin. She wore a pert little toque of some gleamy material and her naturally fine complexion was made more so by a liberal and artistic application of lavender-brown complexion powder.

Latimer's first thought was that Clump was a gentleman of underkeen perception in rebelling against the arrival of such a pulchritudinous wife. Nor did her outburst after being introduced to him cause any amendment of his opinion.

"Orifice R. Latimer! Well, I do declare! Isn't it wonderful shakin' han's with a real president—an' just like any other man too! Mistuh Latimer, I suttinly does crave to congratulate you on how much success you has gotten with this heah pitcher company, an' I is so proud to know my husban' is wukkin' with such a genius. He never used to be wuth so much."

"Now listen, Sicily ——"

"Well, you wasn't an' you know it; always jumpin' fum one job to another, an' never stickin' no place long enough to git nowhere."

"I guess I always looked after you pretty good."

"Guess you did don't mean nothin'. Reckon there's many a time us wouldn't of et if I hadn't been a swell actress which could play the Chicago cabarets any time I wanted."

Orifice R. Latimer, vastly impressed, leaned forward.

"You is an actress, Mrs. Clump?"

"You suttinly expressed it right, big boy. Actin' is the fondest thing I is of. Which is how come I to visit Bumminham."

"You ain't stayin' long, is you, honey?" There appeared to be a vast anxiety in the husbandly query.

"Not so very. Couple yeahs mebbe."

"Oh, gosh!"

"Now listen at me, Cæsar, if you ain't glad ——"

"Co'se I is glad, Sicily. But I guess I got a right to oh-gosh if I want to." He threw an unhappy glance at his

president. "What I told you 'bout them cats an' that ladder, huh?"

Mr. Latimer emitted a loud chuckle.

"Reckon you got yo' signs all mixed up. A swell-lookin' gal like Mrs. Clump is always welcome aroun' heah."

"Boy, you shuah do greet trouble!"

"An' I want you to understand, Mrs. Clump, that any time ——"

"Oh, tha's all right, Mistuh Latimer. I plans to stick around the studjo a good deal an' sort of he'p you out. 'Smatter of fac', I think one thing which is wrong with yo' pitchers is that you needs a good leadin' woman."

Premonition smote J. Cæsar Clump, but the president blundered heavily.

"Reckon you ain't so far wrong at that, Mrs. Clump. Us has got two swell gemmun stars an' a fine juvenile, but we is kind of weak on wimmin."

Sicily beamed.

"Also," she vouchsafed, "yo' technic ain't so swell."

"Ain't it?" Latimer was rather at sea. "I guess you ought to know, bein' an actress yo'se'f. An' now, Mrs. Clump, Ise sort of busy, so I sugges's that you make yo'se'f at home on the lot an' sort of browse aroun' an' see what's what. An' anytime you sees how things can be improved an' craves to git suggestive, just come aroun'."

Mrs. Clump agreed and departed blithely for a tour of the lot. Director Clump collapsed weakly in a chair and passed a perspiring hand across an aching forehead.

"Chief," he announced, "you has suttinly started somethin' you cain't stop."

Latimer grinned.

"You says words, Cæsar, but they don't mean nothin'. Yo' wife is gwine prove a very vallible adjunk to the Midnight, which we needs as many of 'em as we can git."

"An' when you got her, you shuah got a dozen. Time that woman finishes tellin' you how wrong you is, an' how right you would be if you was diff'ent, you is gwine be applying pussonal fo' admission to the lunatic asylum."

"Shuh! You takes her too se'ious."

"So would you if you'd been ma'ied to her fo' six yeahs."

Cæsar staggered miserably out after his wife. He found that already she had taken Latimer's invitation far too literally. She was making herself at home and doing it with a vengeance. At the particular moment that J. Cæsar came upon her she was introducing herself to Opus Randall and explaining to that portly and ordinarily genial comedian his manifold shortcomings. He was staring at her in dumfounded amazement

"Y-y-yas-sum; but how come you to know so much?"

"I is a professional my own se'f, an' I reckon I know somethin'."

"Yas-sum; but what?"

"I know that you ain't much of an actor, Mistuh Randall. You screens rotten an' always you jumps aroun' too much an' makes too many monkey faces."

"S'pose," suggested Opus coldly—"s'pose you tells yo' husban' that. It's him which direc's me."

That was the beginning. Before the day's labor was done, the workers on the Midnight lot knew that something was certain to happen. It wasn't that Mrs. Clump was lacking in personality, but rather that she considered it incumbent upon her to impress all and sundry with her importance and ability. Nor did she shirk the self-imposed task. Her comment was caustic, and no less so because she was usually more than half right. It was her manner which aroused the bitter hostility of those with whom she came in contact. From their first meeting, Opus Randall despised her; and after a single session with Welford Potts, Mr. Randall's co-star, that gentleman found himself allied for once with the portly sharer of his stellar glories.

Their first evening together, J. Cæsar repressed a desire to express himself pointedly. But he did skirt the subject which was frightening him.

"Honey gal," he said, "yuh shuah seemed to make a hit with President Latimer today."

She dimpled attractively.

"I reckon he knows a good-lookin' gal when he sees one."

"He suttinly do. But of co'se you understan' that he was mos'ly bein' sweet to you 'cause you is my wife."

"Meanin' what, li'l' man?"

"Meanin' that you hadn't ought to take what he said too litterly."

"'Bout which?"

"'Bout you hangin' roun' the lot all the time. Us is a busy crowd down yonder, an' I reckon there ain't nobody cravin' to have a stranger aroun' all the time. Even out in Hollywood they don't 'low nothin' like that."

"Bumminham ain't Hollywood, an' I reckon if Mistuh Latimer don't yearn to have me on the lot, he can say so his own se'f."

J. Cæsar Clump became silent while the silencing was yet good. But two nights later, when he himself had sensed the electric unrest on the lot, he approached the rather delicate situation from a different angle.

"Like Bumminham, honey?"

"Crazy 'bout it."

"It ain't no big town like you has been used to."

"But it's homy an' friendly. I 'mounts to somethin' heah."

"I'll say you does! As my wife ——"

"No-suh! I 'mounts to somethin' as myse'f, an' Ise gwine become a heap mo' impawtant. Folks down to the studjo is just commencin' to understan' how good I'm doin' 'em, an' ——"

"Yeh; but, sugarfoot, you hadn't ought to be buttin' in all the time. We was gittin' along pretty fair befo' you come."

"Shuah you was. But you is gwine git along a heap better fum now hencefor'd."

The days which followed indicated one thing clearly: Whatever Sicily may have lacked in tact she more than atoned in willingness. She circulated around the Midnight lot with all the industry of a wasp at a picnic—and with about as great popularity. Her tongue never ceased functioning and its sting became more venomous.

The immediate effect of her interest in the efforts of all members of the organization was to spread dissatisfaction where before only peace and tranquillity had existed. Before her advent the organization had been doing double duty, thanks to the fraternal feeling which pervaded the lot; but now all that was changed. There was an air of suppressed but bitter resentment, and it was directed against Director Clump. And therein lay the real injury.

J. Cæsar Clump was the one really indispensable person on the pay roll of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Starting out with the company when it possessed nothing and owed twice as much, he had caused dividends to grow on barren soil. He knew his trade, was a natural showman and a genius for comedy hokum; and he was an indefatigable worker and a stickler for detail. The results of his early efforts had been immediate and gratifying. Today Midnight pictures were being shown in more than one hundred and fifty first-class, first-run moving-picture houses throughout the country, and the firm's output had been contracted for two years in advance.

The mainspring of this success was J. Cæsar Clump. His was the power absolute. Members of the company looked

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There Was a Distinct Absence of Levity in the Group. They Concentrated Upon the Problem With Headachy Intensity

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

Gilbert Channay Takes the Air

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MAJOR EGERTON WARLING, D.S.O., governor of one of his majesty's prisons situated in the vicinity of London, was not altogether at his ease in this somewhat singular farewell interview to which he was committed. He was a youngish man who had not held the appointment very long, and he could still remember the days when the name of the departing visitor who had just been brought in for his final benediction had been one to conjure with in highly desirable circles. He stood with his hands thrust into the pockets of his dressing gown and sought for words which might not offend.

"We have acceded to your request, as you see, Channay," he began. "One o'clock in the morning is an extraordinary hour for us to dismiss—er—a prisoner who has served his time; but from what I can hear, your request is not altogether unreasonable. You want to escape annoyance from your past associates, I gather."

Gilbert Channay smiled very faintly. He was a man of only slightly more than medium height, inclined to be slim, but with the carriage and broad shoulders of an athlete. His features were good, but his complexion had suffered from several years of confinement and unnatural living. There were pleasant little lines about his eyes and the corners of his mouth, in spite of the hardening of the latter during the grim days of a routine-driven life. He was well dressed in clothes cut obviously by a good tailor, but now become a little large for him. He was wearing gloves as though to conceal his hands, and he carried a Homburg hat.

"That was rather the idea, sir," he admitted.

"You can drop the sir now, Channay," the governor remarked. "What I want to say to you is this: If you would care for police protection for the first stage of your journey, it could be arranged."

Channay shook his head meditatively.

"No one knows that I am leaving at this hour, I suppose," he asked.

"Not a soul," was the confident reply.

"In that case I'd rather be without it," he decided. "When I reach my destination—well, I shall be ready for what may happen. Good of you to arrange this for me, Warling, and to get out of your bed at this hour of the morning to see me off. There's nothing else to discuss, I suppose."

"A word of advice wouldn't be acceptable, eh?" the governor inquired, a little diffidently.

"It is, I believe, usual under the circumstances," Channay conceded, with a faint smile. "Are you going to suggest that I try to earn an honest living?"

Major Warling lit a cigarette. His slight movement in striking a match disclosed the fact that he was wearing his pajamas.

"Sorry I can't offer you one yet, Channay," he regretted, "but take a handful, if you will, to smoke in the car. What I should like to say to you is this: I have always looked upon you as a hardly treated man. You were certainly the brains of the syndicate which bore your name; but although you signed the balance sheets of the Siamese Corporation, I have never felt satisfied that it was you who alone were responsible for the dishonest side of the affair—if it was dishonest.

"That's *en passant*," he went on, blowing out his match. "Listen to me now for a moment. I've got it at the back of my head that your arrest was brought about by a kind of conspiracy amongst the others, who meant to profit by your absence, and that you've been laying it up against them all these years. Am I right?"

"Most Crimes are Committed Without Due Forethought," Channay Pointed Out. "The Murderer is Generally in a Passion and Loses His Wits. It Will Not be Like That With Me"

Gilbert Channay shrugged his shoulders slightly. He made no reply whatever. After a moment or two the other continued:

"Well, you're not bound to commit yourself, of course. I'm going to give you a word of advice, because you must remember that the whole of a great prison like this is a kind of whispering gallery. One hears everything. There's a sort of idea about that you're going back into the world with the fixed intention of getting level with some of these fellows who were responsible for your—er—misfortune. Kind of vendetta, you know, only it's one against a gang. I should drop that if I were you. This place ain't much catch for a man brought up as you were; but believe me, Dartmoor's worse; and there are worse things than Dartmoor," the governor added meaningly.

Channay smiled again; a smile of a different order this time. Of the two men, he seemed by far the more at his ease.

"There's one of that pack of vermin," he confided, "whom I shall certainly kill if I have the opportunity, the first time I meet him. To risk my life against his, however, would be such a ridiculously one-sided bargain that I think I can promise you I shall go about my business in such a fashion that no one will ever be able to fasten the guilt upon me."

"They all think that," was the grave rejoinder.

"That is because most crimes are committed without due forethought," Channay pointed out. "The murderer is generally in a passion and loses his wits. It will not be like that with me. In any case, in return for your interest, I will promise you this: I shall never again see the inside of a criminal prison, nor shall I ever risk the other eventuality at which you delicately hinted."

"Of course," Major Warling continued, "I am young at this prison job yet; but I do know that in here men brood and brood and brood until everything seems out of proportion. Give yourself a chance, Channay. You're a youngish man. Enjoy yourself. Even if you find England difficult, there are plenty of other countries. Give yourself a chance before you chuck up the whole thing just for an idea. You did devilish well at philosophy, I remember, when you were at Magdalen. Get back to the old aphorisms and cultivate 'em. There are no weeds worse than the wrong ideas, and I am afraid this is a foul place for developing them. What about it, eh?"

"Is this my little lecture?" the departing prisoner asked pleasantly.

"It's about all I have to say, except to wish you good luck."

"It's good of you, at any rate, to get up out of your bed to see the last of me, and not altogether to forget old times," Channay declared. "As for your advice—well, I will bear it in mind."

"The taxicab is waiting outside, as you asked," the governor announced. "The chauffeur has orders to take you to the garage, where you will change into the car. If you would like to have a plain-clothes man on the box with you, for the first stage of your journey, at any rate, you can have him."

"I will be alone, thanks," was the firm reply.

"Before you leave," Warling concluded, "I have given permission for a fellow downstairs to have a word with you—used to be in the force, but quit when he came into a little money. He's got something to say to you, and he's a harmless fellow anyway. . . . Good-by, old chap. Good luck to you."

Major Warling held out his hand. His guest hesitated.

"Don't be an ass!" the former begged. "It's a quaint sort of position, ours; but after all, you don't think I'm going to forget that it was you who gave me my cap when we were youngsters, and my colors later on. You've come a cropper for a bit, but there was nothing mean about your show anyway, and you've paid for it. Shake hands, Channay, and start again. Don't you remember that famous occasion when you made a duck in your first innings for the Gentlemen, and a hundred and thirty-three, and won the match in the second?"

Gilbert Channay held out his hand. His voice and whole manner had softened. The years seemed to have fallen away.

"You have a good memory and you're a good fellow, Warling," he said. "Good-by."

For the last time Gilbert Channay passed along those empty corridors and down the stairs toward the entrance hall. The warder who was escorting him pushed open the door of a waiting room.

"Someone in here to see you," he announced. "I'll stay outside."

Channay, inclined to be impatient, glanced almost irritably at the visitor, who was standing ready to receive him. He was certainly not an impressive-looking person. He was plainly dressed in ready-made clothes, and such errors in taste as it was possible for a man to commit in the details of his toilet he seemed to have embraced gladly. His hair was ginger-colored, his eyebrows sandy. His smile of

welcome, which was meant to be ingratiating, disclosed rows of ill-formed teeth.

"You want to speak to me?" Gilbert Channay said shortly. "As you may imagine, I am rather in a hurry."

"My name is Fogg," the other confided—"Martin Fogg. I was in the force for some years—junior detective officer. I took an interest in your case. Have you heard from any of those friends of yours lately—you know who I mean the men who sold you, and then found themselves in the wrong boat?"

"One hears nothing in here," was the brusque rejoinder. "You seem to have studied my affairs."

"I have," the other admitted eagerly. "They are interesting. Isham is in England he is a lord now—and Sinclair Coles. They are pretty desperate: not a bob between them, and debts—up to their necks! They're counting the seconds until they can get at you."

"They are not the men in whom I am most interested," Channay said calmly.

"They are the men who are on the spot," the other reminded him, taking out a blue silk handkerchief and dabbing his forehead with it. "They expected to divide about a hundred thousand pounds when you were sentenced, and so far I don t believe they have touched a bob. The others may be more dangerous, but there's vice enough in those two and they're bang up against it."

Channay nodded.

"I expect they'll do what they can," he agreed. "It wasn't for nothing, you know, that I asked to be let out at one o'clock in the morning. I'm a few days before my time, you see, too. Somewhere about next Thursday, I imagine, there'll be a reception committee outside."

"I'm not so sure about the present moment," Martin Fogg declared bluntly. "I don't want to ask where you're going, but I'd like a front seat on your car. I'm armed and I'm semiofficial, you know. You might find me useful. They ain't easy men to deal with, those two, and they're desperate."

"Is that all?" Channay inquired.

Martin Fogg, who had seated himself upon a deal table in the center of the room, swung his leg backward and forward and watched the tip of his shoe meditatively.

"You don't want my help then?" he asked.

Channay shook his head.

"I'll look after myself, thanks," he decided.

"Look here, do you mean to divvy up with them?" the ex-detective persisted.

"A little inquisitive, aren't you?" Channay remarked coldly. "Still, since you ask me—no. I applied for the shares in my own name, they were allotted to me in my own name, and under the circumstances I mean to stick to them."

"Then let me tell you this," Martin Fogg continued earnestly: "If you really mean that you don't intend to part, they'll have you. You can't tackle that gang alone. Take my advice. Either make terms with them or leave the country. There are one or two of them might not have the pluck to get on the wrong side of the law, but neither Sayers nor Drood would stick at anything."

Channay shook his head.

"These men," he said, "have been my associates. They have behaved like curs. They deserve punishment, and some of them are going to get it."

"You're making a great mistake in trying to tackle this job alone," the ex-detective urged. "Look here, sir, I'm not a poor man. I don't want your money ——"

"Nor do I want help," Channay interrupted. "I listened to advice once, took a risk, and you see what happened to me! I'll take the sequel on alone."

"Let me travel with you tonight," Martin Fogg begged; "just tonight."

Channay's refusal was curt and decided.

"There was never a time when I needed more to be alone," he declared.

"I shouldn't intrude," the other persisted. "I'd sit with the chauffeur and as soon as you'd reached your destination I'd slip away. But just tonight. I'll swear "

Mr. Martin Fogg broke off in his speech. Once more he mopped his forehead with his bright blue silk handkerchief, and looked disconsolately toward the door through which Gilbert Channay had passed, slamming it behind him.

Another short walk through echoing corridors, the rolling back of the heavy doors, a breath of semifresh air in the square courtyard, a moment's delay in the porter's lodge, and then the portentous opening of the massive gates. Gilbert Channay stood for a moment upon the pavement, and though outwardly his self-possession had never faltered, he was conscious of feeling a little dazed. Before him stretched a wide thoroughfare, leading east and west to open worlds. There were other branching streets in the distance, a vista of roofs, an unbroken outline of sky, an indubitable though darkened earth beneath his feet, across which people might wander strangely at will. He pulled himself together with an effort. The emotion of freedom had been stronger than he had imagined. A few feet away a taxicab was standing with lamps burning and engine throbbing. The man who had been polishing the glasses moved aside and threw open the door.

"To Adams' Garage," Channay directed, stepping in.

From either window, as the driver mounted to his seat, Channay looked up and down the broad thoroughfare. The night was cloudy, but the lamps hung from the electric standards were brilliant, their lights reflected in patches upon the pavements moist with rain. There was apparently not a soul in sight. The byways through which they presently passed also were deserted. In less than ten minutes they drew up outside a large garage whose great front stretched black and empty. There was a single light burning from somewhere in the rear, and at the sound of the throbbing of the taxicab the headlights flashed out from a powerful car already halfway across the portals. Channay paid his taxicab and advanced to meet the chauffeur, who had appeared from the gloom behind.

"You know where to go?" he inquired.

For answer the man opened the door.

"Quite well, sir."

"And you know the road?"

"Every inch of it."

"At what time shall we reach Norwich?"

The man considered.

"At about seven o'clock, sir."

"We will stop there for breakfast," Channay directed.

They were off once more: this time with smooth gliding motion, very different from the jolting of the taxicab. With fingers which shook a little, Gilbert Channay took one of the cigarettes which the governor had thrust upon him, sniffed at the tobacco and paused for fully a minute before lighting it. Then, with momentous deliberation, he struck a match from the well-filled stand in the fittings of the car, lit it and commenced slowly to inhale. Almost for the first time his face wholly relaxed. He held the cigarette away and looked at it, then smoked on: rapturously at first, afterward with a slight feeling of distaste, almost of disappointment, reveling every now and then in the fragrance of the tobacco, but enjoying his actual inhalations fitfully. Presently he let down both windows and looked out from side to side curiously. They were in better lighted and more familiar thoroughfares now. With a little catch of his breath, he recognized St. James's Street, and a moment later he was craning his neck to look down Piccadilly.

He smiled as he passed his hosier's shop in Bond Street, but felt, perhaps, the complete thrill of coming back after they had crossed Oxford Street and the Marylebone Road and swung to the right, skirting Lord's. His sense of proportion tottered. The drama of his immediate past had lost its significance. The supreme moment of his life seemed after all to have been spent in the center of that sweep of sun-baked turf, when he had paused, breathless for a moment, to lean upon his bat, and listened to the acclaiming roars from that mistily seen circle of thickly packed humanity. It was all so silent now in the darkness, and the wall which he was passing seemed somehow menacing.

Channay leaned back in his corner and closed his eyes. When he opened them again there was a fresh experience in which to revel. He had escaped at last from the wide-flung wilderness of brick and stone. There were hedges on either side, a perfume of dried grass, once a wonderful waft of odor from a beflowered cottage garden. The air was different now. The twinkling lights on either side receded and diminished. The speed of the car increased. Once more he closed his eyes, and this time he slept.

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"If I Still Allowed Myself the Luxury of Feeling," She Said, "Don't You Imagine That I Should be Stark, Starving Mad Not to Prefer a Man Like Gilbert Channay to Either of You?"

SALVAGING THE OYSTER

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

Oyster Boats Rob Beside the Wharves From Cape Cod to Texas

WE ARE oyster eaters by inheritance. The oyster has been the game and goat of the human race since the neolithic age. We were eating oysters, ancestrally, when the stone hatchet cracked its first bivalve at a kitchen-midden shore dinner in prehistoric Denmark.

Denuded of its protecting shell, without a vertebra to its name, the oyster continues to be the backbone of millions of church suppers, the pièce de résistance of thousands of hotel menus, the stellar feature of myriads of lunch counters, the most succulent item of countless family feasts.

Whether we have it in pies, patties, scallops, stews or as Nature made it, we love the oyster. The world may be our oyster, yet without our oyster the world would be a dull and aching void. But unless something is done about it pretty soon we shall be sent oysterless to bed, for human beings and denizens of the deep are making short shrift of our favorite bivalve.

During the past twenty years wholesale harvesting inspired by landlubber demand, coupled with attacks from its natural enemies, has threatened its extermination. We ate, during 1924, $25,000,000 worth of oysters, wholesale prices; but that was only half a normal crop. The poor fish persists, but it is fighting a losing fight. So, ere it is too late, let us hearken to the plaint of the oyster.

Not counting the pearls, of which more later, oysters are more valuable and important as a food product than any other item listed under "fisheries."

Long before the Indian aborigines learned that they were merely holding this land of the free and home of the brave until the superior white man should come and take it away from them, they plundered the oyster beds of the Atlantic Coast and left vast shell heaps as mementos of a carefree past.

An Oyster's Babyhood

A HUNDRED years ago the settlers on our Eastern seaboard got their oysters by raking them in at low tide or whenever the spirit moved them. Up to 1870 nearly all our oysters came directly from natural beds to the consumer's table. Today 50 per cent of our oyster output is sowed, cultivated and harvested on submarine oyster farms, much as the oyster plant, or salsify, is cultivated and harvested on land, and the average oyster that slips succulently down your throat has led a hectic life. It may be calm by Nature and calm of countenance, but if it gave tongue to its life history it could a tale unfold. There's Henry Bluepoint, for example.

To begin with, Henry Bluepoint arrives as one of 20,000,000 sons and daughters at, let us say, Great South Bay, Long Island. Henry and his 19,999,999 brothers and sisters, simultaneously introduced to the battle of life, are known collectively as spat.

Of glassy transparency and each about one-four-hundredth of an inch long, they float near the surface a few weeks, travel four or five miles from their birthplace, turn dark brown, attain a length of one-ninetieth of an inch, sink to the bottom, affix themselves to stones, shells, twigs or other mud-free objects and thus accomplish what is known to the oyster world as a fall of spat. That is, the survivors do, for the original 20,000,000 are reduced by this time to about 100,000 infant oysters.

A Pile of Oyster Shells, to be Used Later as Cultch, Road Dressing or Chicken Feed

The survivors begin to open and shut their maturing shells, inhaling and exhaling the water from which they extract air and absorb microscopic plant and animal food. Life, it would seem, is a simple thing to them. If they are unusually lucky, they have settled down in some whirl of water on a nice clean bed of sand and shells which has been religiously scraped and harrowed for them by some oyster farmer, who has leased ten or twenty acres where he believes a fall of spat is most likely to occur.

Enemies

AT ANY rate, Henry Bluepoint and other young oysters, having found a home, go to feeding. At the end of the second year Henry is about two inches long—if the starfish, borers or mussels haven't got him.

There's many a tragedy of the sea as yet unwritten. Any oyster, perhaps the very Henry Bluepoint you are eating, could tell you, if tongue were given him, how one afternoon he awoke from a restful nap, to see a thousand villainous starfish rolling along with the tide, in a great ball, until when directly over Henry's head the ball had broken into its component parts and each starfish had sunk to the oyster bed and hugged its oyster until the suffocated victim had opened its shell and the everted starfish's stomach had done the rest.

And Henry Bluepoint could also tell you how many of his surviving neighbors were attacked by an army of conch-like borers which rode into the bed atop some horseshoe crabs, until each demon of the sea, no bigger than a pencil end, dropped lightly on some bivalve's back and bored into that unhappy oyster's heart. He could also tell you how the parasitical mussels suffocate the oysters almost as effectively as do the starfish.

Oystermen and oysters are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. If borers infest a bed there is nothing to do but transplant the oysters. If mussels become too numerous, the oysters must be taken up individually and each mussel painfully picked off. If starfish invade the bed the oysterman goes after them, usually about once a month. From his sail or motor boat he lowers a cotton mop to the bottom. The cotton catches in the starfish's spines, and the mop and starfish are hauled on board and dropped into boiling water. Merely tearing a live starfish asunder and dropping it overboard multiplies the amount of original sin, for each of the five or six starfish's arms becomes a fully functioning starfish.

So, because of these and other plagues, such as chemicals from a shore factory, bilge water from oil-burning boats, too salt or too fresh

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RIPPLES AND RAINBOWS

By WALTER DE LEON

Operating Stage Lights

IT MAY be stated without fear of contradiction from the Stage Hands' Union that there is no phenomenon, no sight, sound or operation of industrial, commercial, professional or double life that cannot be duplicated and reproduced upon the stage of a modern theater. Your up-to-date stage carpenter, electrician and property man, if given sufficient time, money and encouragement, will ultimately produce practically any effect that can be desired. Effect, in theatrical parlance, means any feature of the performance which is obtained through mechanical means, from a row of ash cans galloping downhill—off stage—to the arching rainbow that follows a third-act April shower.

When you saw a play in which showers were heard pattering sadly or madly down upon the roof, did you know that in all probability those raindrops were dried peas?

Rainmaking

THE rain machine is one of the oldest of props. A wooden drum two feet in diameter and eighteen inches wide, lined with tin or sheet iron, is set in a frame and equipped with a handle to revolve it on its own axis. Several handfuls of hard, dried, wrinkled peas are tossed into the interior of this drum. Naturally they roll and cluster at the bottom of the drum. As it is revolved, gravity continues to roll the little peas toward the lowest point. The faster the drum is rotated, the further, harder, faster and noisier the little peas tumble about, and the sound that results from their contact with the metal lining is the most perfect yet devised for reproducing the rustle and pelting of falling rain.

The intensity of off-stage precipitation is directly proportional to the speed at which the peas are agitated. For a real hard rain—falling on a tin roof, for example—small shot are used instead of dehydrated vegetables.

Thunder to precede and accompany the rain is produced by an aptly named implement called a thunder sheet. Of sheet iron, two to three feet in width and six to nine in length, it has a handle on the bottom. When hanging suspended, vigorous and varied shakings of this metal sheet give off all the various and vigorous rumblings, crashes and rollings of celestial thunder.

In the unenlightened eras before electricity was harnessed to a stage switchboard, lightning was sometimes produced by blowing powdered resin through a flame. So ruinous to mustaches and eyebrows was this method that stage hands welcomed the advent of illuminating gas, which they could flash behind zigzag rents in a cloth curtain whenever the exigencies of the drama demanded lightning. Today there are any number of ways for drawing lightning on a stage for audiences to see.

A Thunder Sheet

Because many other effects besides lightning are obtained by the use of stereopticon and sciopticon projections, a brief, nontechnical description of the latter-mentioned machine may be in order. To the sciopticon the stage owes some of its loveliest, most pleasing and stirring effects.

To the front of an ordinary spot lamp is affixed a condensing lens which throws the rays of the lamp through an opening in a round metal casing also affixed to the front of the lamp. This casing is about twenty-two inches in diameter and two inches wide, or thick. Inside the casing, regulated by a clockwork arrangement, there is a circular revolving disk made of mica. Now the desired effect—moving clouds, showers of rain or rose leaves, the aurora borealis or a bird's-eye view of Vesuvius in a vicious mood—the desired scene or picture is painted in oil colors around the area of the mica disk. As these panoramic pictures are revolved, the spotlight shines through the segment immediately in front of the opening and projects the colors and pictures upon the screen or gauze curtain upon which the lamp is focused. Sometimes, if the scene be the surf breaking on the beach, or the moonlit ripples of a river, or leaping flames, the effect is heightened by inserting a rippled glass in front of the condensing lens, thus rippling and twisting the rays of light on the screen.

Prompters Under the Footlights Give Signals for Noises and Lighting Effects

A Race

THERE was a stirring effect in the auto-race scene in the Vanderbilt Cup which required two disks in a sciopticon. The scene represented a portion of the actual race. The autos themselves worked on treadmills. It was the treadmills that moved, not the autos.

But in order to keep the autos in sight of the audience, the treadmills necessarily could not be hauled across the stage in a hurry. So, in order to get the effect of the cars racing over the countryside at a hundred-mile gait, it was obviously necessary to

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DEAD BIRDS

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

VIII

FOR several moments nobody spoke. Then Dodge gave a short, bitter laugh.

"Well, at least, John, it's taken my mind off Barclay's gambling debt a little."

The bishop turned to him. "Do you know, Sherrill, I've a pretty strong hunch that Smith-Curran himself advanced that money? He would if he had the money, and possibly he had. His daughter's jewels are genuine, I'm sure."

"Why not?" Marsh said. "With Barclay's receipt he wouldn't have stood to lose, even if Barclay did commit suicide, which I think is all bunk."

"So do I," the bishop agreed. "Think of the hold it would give him on the boy, and if he is the arch criminal I suspect him of being he'd be quite capable of such a coup, both in design and execution."

Dodge nodded.

"He might even have twisted it in such a way as to incriminate Barclay, as a parricide."

The bishop rose and laid his hand on the bowed shoulder of his old friend.

"Don't take it so hard, Sherrill. We all know that Barclay never dreamed of anything so ghastly. The boy's as clean as a hound's tooth."

"It's merely the idea, John. What a world! What ought I to do?"

"You've done it. Barclay will have your cable by now. Your paternal forgiveness and solicitude have triumphed over this delegate from hell. The question now is, What course are we to take in his direction?"

"I'm in your hands. By Christopher, John, I'll never laugh at you for an opera-bouffe detective again!"

"Let's hope you may, dear boy. That's less harrowing than this." He looked at Marsh. "What course of action would you advise, McQuentin?"

"None," Marsh answered shortly. "No criminal action, I mean."

"What!" The bishop's voice was sharp. "Do I understand you to say that no criminal action be taken against this desperado, this potential assassin?"

"Well, what is there to take?"

The bishop stared at him blankly.

The gusto of deduction together with his eloquence had rather drawn the focus of his mind away from the final issue. He got it now.

"My word, but I believe you're right."

Marsh nodded.

"Since the crumbs left by the birds have been gathered up by Iona and the birds probably destroyed, what evidence is left? And if Smith-Curran has actually loaned Barclay the money to square himself, it would look like a pretty dirty trick to turn round and accuse him of an attempt at murder for which there is no proof." He looked from one to the other of the older men. "But the deuce of it is that this attempt having failed through what looks like a providential intervention, Mr. Dodge may still be in danger of his life."

The bishop nodded.

"I've thought of that. Look here, Sherrill, you go out aboard the yacht and stay there until I get rid of these fiends."

"I'm hanged if I will, John! What d'ye think I am? I may get upset about Barclay, but so far I've never lost any sleep over my own health forecast."

"I know; not even when they tried to blow you up in Washington when you were chairman of the Committee on National Defense. You even refused to have a guard. But that was war. This is quite another kettle of cold-blooded fish. Remember you owe something to your family, so don't be foolhardy."

"Oh, Bishop Starr, What About Mr. Dodge? Is He So Badly Hurt?"

Marsh interrupted to ask, "You said that Iona told you she went into your room last night to persuade her father to postpone his talk with you for another time and place. Did she volunteer that?"

"No, I told her point-blank that I believed she had paid me a call, and asked her why."

"Did she seem embarrassed?"

"Not particularly."

"Just what are you driving at, Marsh?" the bishop asked.

"Just this, sir; I don't believe Iona knew anything about this attempt." The bishop frowned.

"Oh, don't you? Why not?"

"Call it a hunch, an instinct."

"Not gratitude?"

"No, sir. That might shape up later. Just now I want to get the straight of it; true it up, like a boat. I don't believe she suspected any attempt to murder Mr. Dodge until I told Cicely and her about the starlings. Then I think she stood there listening under the window, pretending to look for four-leaf clovers. It was still that side of the house, and she could have heard clearly our voices, then McGinty's denial of having spread poison. That gave her the idea. When she went into Mr. Dodge's room the night before she might have found her father by the head of the bed, beside the night table, and wondered what he was doing there. But once she did suspect, naturally she would try to cover his tracks."

"Well, I hope you may be right," said the bishop, looking unconvinced.

"I'm inclined to agree with Marsh," Dodge said wearily. "Her father impressed me as a good deal of a ruffian from the start, a swanking swashbuckler. He's more of a bandit than poisoner, as a practice, I should say. Told me he served through the Russo-Japanese War with the Russians, being out of the British Army then. He was also with the Russians at Tientain. That makes the Great War and three others he's served through. What price a human life to a man like that—a mercenary? Come, I'm all in, dead beat, fagged to a frazzle. Let's adjourn court until tomorrow."

"You go out aboard, Sherrill."

"John, if it weren't for your cloth, I'd tell you to go where bishops are badly needed."

"Then Marsh and I will do a sentry go."

"Oh, well, if you're going to worry—go snap on the launch signal, will you, Marsh? The button over the doorbell under the marquee. I want to finish my cigar."

"Good lad," said the bishop. "Then I'll say good night and God bless you."

He rose, with Marsh, and they made their way through the billiard and dining rooms to the big hall, where the bishop paused at the foot of the stairs.

"I shall take this to my friend the district attorney of New York before we go any further, Marsh. It's out of his jurisdiction, but he can advise us. You will see Sherrill into the boat?"

"Yes, of course, sir."

The bishop glanced up the widely spaced shaft of the stairway and lowered his voice.

"In the absence of all tangible proof against this man, as you were so quick to perceive, we must proceed with caution. What a pity the analysis was not exhaustive. If Sherrill had only put me in possession of all the facts before he left for town!" He gave Marsh a look that was keen to sharpness. "When, may I ask, were your own suspicions first aroused?"

"I can't say precisely. I think the first vague glimmer came just after breakfast when I walked out onto the lawn with Cicely and saw that there was no clover where Iona had been standing, close under the window where the starlings were."

"You should have tried immediately to communicate with Sherrill."

"He'd gone by that time, and I had no idea where to catch him. Besides, my suspicions were too vague. I began to wonder if she hadn't been eavesdropping, and if so what was the reason for her wanting to."

"I see. Your mind works slowly but logically. My own mental processes are apt to be simultaneous, from all sides, fourth dimensional, as one might say."

Marsh nodded.

"I don't think my suspicions really crystallized until Mr. Dodge told me that the analysis was negative. With the cutworm poison eliminated, there had to be something to explain what killed those birds. I examined their bodies carefully and there wasn't a mark on them; not even a skin bruise or broken bone or traumatic injury of the slightest sort. Mr. Dodge and I both noticed, though, that they seemed very quick to stiffen."

"Such small creatures would," said the bishop. "In my youth I was keen for what I then considered to be sport,

She Stared for a Moment at Marsh as He Stood There With Iona

bird shooting. I remember that a shot quail used to stiffen within a few minutes, even in the pocket of my shooting coat on a warm day."

"Yes, it had to be poison. There was nothing else to account for it that I could think of. So I began to try to piece it out. I remembered that Mr. Dodge had broken up his jam sandwich and tossed the pieces out to the birds, and that started me to wondering if there could be anything about that to destroy the birds. Then I thought of what he had told me of his being sure that Iona had been in his room just before he entered it."

"Precisely my own course of deduction. What then?"

"Well, it was vague and struck me as too far-fetched, but I thought to myself, 'What if these people are clever crooks who have managed to get close to Barclay? What if for some reason I've no means of guessing at they might have wanted to dope Mr. Dodge so that there would be no danger of his waking while they make a search of his room, his pocketbook and desk drawers?' It occurred to me that a sufficient quantity of some strong hypnotic drug in a small jam sandwich to dope a big man might be enough to kill a small bird outright. That was all I could think of."

"A reasonable theory, though it did not occur to me. I perceived immediately a more sinister design."

"I didn't get that far," Marsh said, "possibly because I hadn't learned the facts about Barclay. In fact, it was your comprehensive summing up that cleared the mystery for me. When I asked Mr. Dodge if the chemist had analyzed for anything besides arsenic and strychnine, I was thinking of opium or hashish or something of that sort, not prussic acid."

"I see. But you agree with me now?"

"I'm obliged to, sir. Your points are convincing. Besides, for one thing, I don't believe that wild birds would keep on eating enough of anything containing a vegetable drug to kill them."

"Nor do I. But a prussic or hydrocyanic principle would be disguised by the peach flavor, which is identical. And it would not need but a peck or two. Iona gathered the remaining crumbs. All the same, it might be worth while to take an electric torch and search the lawn right now."

"That's occurred to me, sir. Suppose we wait, though, until Mr. Dodge goes off aboard. There, I'm batty. He told me to snap on the launch signal."

Marsh turned away. He had taken but a single step toward the main entrance to the house when all of the lights were suddenly extinguished, plunging the place in total darkness.

"What's this? What—is—this?" hissed the bishop.

Marsh clapped his hand to his pocket, but no match box was therein. His collapse in the water had decided him to stop smoking for a week at least, and being resolute in such matters he had left cigarette case and matches on his dresser. He stood for an instant listening intently.

The bishop's vibrant voice called, not loudly and with a tremor in its note, "Sherrill! I say, Sherrill!"

There was no answer. There came from the location of the lair, on the extreme opposite side of the house, a faint slam, as of one of the French windows swung to. Marsh plunged in that direction through the absolute dark, collided with a piece of furniture and sprawled across it. He recovered himself and groped on like a man struck blind in a moment of crisis.

"Sherrill! Sherrill!"

The bishop's voice was low, sibilant and penetrating. Even in his fearful stress of mind he forbore making an outcry to alarm the household before he and Marsh could determine what had happened and what procedure to follow. A nonsmoker and in a house of that ultra-modern sort, he also was unprovided with means for striking a light.

Marsh reached the portières of the dining room, coasted along its wall, fending himself off various objects, gained the billiard table, which he circumnavigated to reach the half-drawn portières of the lair. Plunging forward, he fetched up against the big table desk and pawed frantically over it, hoping to find a match box. What price the expediency of modern invention with an electric-lighting system so infallible that even standing lights of kerosene against just such a situation had finally been discontinued?

Then his blind and frantic efforts met with a check. His fumbling hand encountered something wet and greasy on the rim of the desk. An ancient instinct told him what it was even before he had obeyed one as deeply implanted, to scent his hand. The same primitive prescience told him the true character of this glairy stuff.

It was fresh-spilled blood.

■■

THERE was no lack of courage in the bishop's cosmos, but the orderly system of his nature was for the moment confused as much by the utter absence of light as by the appalling character at what he was certain must have happened—the assassination of his dearest friend

The next moment found him lurching his blind way toward the lair. The darkness was impenetrable, for not only had the fine day concluded with a heavy murk drawn across the sky, this thickening as the night wore on, but the windows of the ground floor were all of the long French sort, with sheet-iron *volets* that were closed and bolted by the butler before his retiring. A precaution against burglars, as there had been an epidemic of housebreaking at about the time the house was built, this still occurring sporadically.

Now, as the bishop groped his way along, much as Marsh had done, he wondered that nobody had apparently discovered the extinction of the lights. One would have thought that some person of the many guests and servants might still have been up, if not stirring. But it was a well-ordered household and a considerable period of time had elapsed since the last one had retired. An hour, perhaps, as the consultation in the lair had been deliberate, consumed far more time than required for a description of it. Also it had been physically rather a fatiguing day, and the first sleep of night is apt with persons of normal health to be the most profound.

The bishop was skirting the billiard table when Marsh's voice in the hoarse agonized whisper of horror in the dark came from the lair.

"I say, bishop, can't you get a light somewhere?"

"Has he been murdered?"

"I'm afraid so. I can't find him. Ah, here they are!"

At last Marsh's hand had fallen on the matches. He struck a light, then glanced quickly on all sides, at the chairs, the floor with its precious rugs. The match flared to its end and he lighted another from it.

The bishop joined him. Their swift examination of the limited premises failed to reveal the body of Dodge. Marsh displayed his blood-smeared hand.

"It was on the desk; just a few drops. He's been stabbed through the heart, then carried off."

"Try the telephone. Get the police if you can."

"No use. I've tried. Wire's cut, with the lighting one."

"Then hurry to the garage and wake up the chauffeur. Better not rouse the household just yet. I want to find out if he's in his room—Smith-Curran. You run to the garage

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"Oh, Marsh, You'll Suppress That—Throw It in the Sea? He Didn't Do It! He Didn't! I Know He Didn't!"

DOES FRANCE INTEND TO PAY?

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

FOR the past six years statesmen of the Allies have been sitting up nights trying to devise means by which the United States might be persuaded to pay for the war. They are still at it.

Before the war Europe was creditor to the world. Even the United States sent annually hundreds of millions of dollars across the Atlantic. Now Europe owes the United States the tidy sum of twelve billion dollars. The shift came so quickly that Europe is still suffering from chagrin and has not yet been able gracefully to grasp and accept the situation.

England is almost as great a creditor nation as the United States, with the vital difference that about half the sum due to her she in turn owes to us. Nevertheless England, with her long and honorable record as a business nation, with her still tremendous wealth, and always an upholder of the sanctity of honestly contracted debts, has recovered, partially at least, from the debtors' hysteria that still besets the European continent. She has made an adjustment of what she owes. This now leaves France as our largest debtor.

France now owes the United States, in round numbers, four billion dollars. Does France intend to pay?

A New Music Hall on the Montmartre, Paris

Propaganda Against Repayment

THAT, at first thought, might seem an unfair question, striking at the good faith of a true friend and ally who without doubt made a tremendous sacrifice toward winning the war. Admittedly it is an unpleasant question. It somehow reminds one of a contest over a will. What a pity it ever had to be. Are the flowers faded, and are the two great republics of the world about to dispute the heritage of victory?

The question, however, does not originate in the United States. France first asked it of herself—in whispers; but now with raised voice. In no discussion to come can it be honestly stated that the United States has harassed or embarrassed France by pressing her for settlement. The United States has waited patiently and generously for all her debtors to take stock of their resources and to make their own advances in their own time. But when, after all these years of peace, the United States is pictured more aggressively than ever as Shylock demanding the pound of flesh, it seems natural that the question should now reecho on our side of the ocean We may be excused our curiosity as to whether indeed, in the long run, we are to pay for the war.

France does not now intend to pay her debt to the United States, as it stands. There may be many official and unofficial pronouncements to the contrary, but the state of public opinion in France is now such, it may be safely asserted, that no serious effort will be made toward a real settlement for a long time. On the other hand, she has not the slightest intention of repudiating the debt, or any part of it. France has no idea of undermining the entire fabric of international good faith by any such play as that. The French, when they are not now busy condemning us because they owe us, both hope and pray that the United States will accept their postwar and highly moral thesis—namely, that the war was a common effort and that the war debts should therefore be forgiven and forgotten.

During the war we might have suspected that France needed our money in order to escape defeat, in order to avoid paying a large sum to the Germans, and incidentally to get back Alsace-Lorraine. But now we find that this is not entirely correct. France borrowed much of this money in order to save civilization And so from the day of the Armistice an active and subtle campaign has been waged, not only in France but in all debtor nations, educating public opinion to the idea that the war debt, especially to the United States, as largest creditor, could not and should not be paid. It has been artfully done. Although the total has been questioned, never for a second has the debt been denied. But the fact that if the Allied nations did not owe us today they might be paying the Germans has been entirely forgotten.

A View of Verdun Today

Pledges

UNDER the Treaty of Versailles, the problems of reparations and interallied debts have nothing to do with each other. France is signatory to this treaty, even though the United States is not, and therefore has accepted the principle of separating these two subjects, vis-à-vis her allies. Immediately after the treaty the matter of debt paying was not a burning issue. It was understood that all nations needed time to get their breath. Then began the junketing of the Supreme Council of Allies from one Continental watering place to another, trying to make up its mind to talk firsthand with the Germans about reparations. It was not until the time of Poincaré that the whispers concerning nonpayment became more audible. Poincaré, while French premier, inaugurated a custom, abandoned by his successor, of holding weekly audiences with the American press correspondents stationed in Paris. He answered all questions freely and honestly, and never once, even if the question was not raised, did he fail to mention the debt. He assured the correspondents, most whole-heartedly, that France intended to pay in full. It visibly pained him that there had been whispers to the contrary. The very thought that France would not pay was unthinkable. But the record of the Poincaré Administration was to seize the Ruhr, thus permitting any serious debt negotiations to await another day.

The world's interest centered upon the Ruhr, and then upon the workings of the Dawes Plan to secure the German indemnity. The question of the French debt did not come up until certain injudicious Frenchmen made injudicious speeches on the subject. Loucheur, a member of several cabinets, a man of great wealth and position, always an active candidate for the premiership, was the first to suggest openly that France does not intend to pay. Others followed, and the situation culminated, with the attention of the United States fully aroused, on January 21 of this year, when Louis Marin delivered from the Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies one of the most successful orations ever calculated to promote misunderstanding.

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THE TOP RUNG — By James J. Corbett

IF WE could only line up the champions of old in one company, and, facing this, another of the best men of today, I think we would at once be impressed with one great difference—the presence of color, picturesqueness, striking appearance in the first group, and the comparative lack of it in the second.

But the same might be said of other callings, I suppose, that are held in much greater esteem—the ministry, for example, and the stage. Clergymen, I am told, no longer pace the pulpit and exhort as they used to, nor do actors spout quite so much, or threaten the scenery with wild haymakers.

As we get further away from the days of the covered wagon and the crossroads general store and into those of the flivver and the village service stations, standardization seems to be the rule. I know well that this is true, for I have only to look at the streets of San Francisco, when I visit my boyhood home, and see the pedestrians, now all in clothes cut in one fashion where once all wore beards and coonskin caps, chewed Lone Star, and swore strange oaths, or to gaze out toward the Golden Gate, once bordered with a forest of masts, which have long since been felled.

That is one reason why, perhaps, the old boys are worthy of mention; not that prize fighting in itself is so admirable perhaps—though at its best it makes for courage, ambition, manhood and skill—but because these old-time champions are symbols of a picturesque era that has gone forever, like the placer miner, the one-glove fighter of the plains, or the old-time medicine-show man.

Tommy Gibbons, the American Pugilist, Enjoying Himself While Abroad

John L. in His Prime

AMONG all these old heroes there is none that so looms up out of the past for color and personality as old John L. I say this not because I myself met him once, for I do not think he was then at his best, but because in his day his name was such a household word, he threw such fear, not only into the hearts of the men he fought but into the imaginations of the most peaceable citizens, most of whom secretly longed to stand up to a man and handle their fists as stoutly as he.

Let me draw a picture of this old fighter for you—not for the old-timer, who will remember him vividly enough, but for the newer generation who have merely heard of him, and, at that, usually not even at secondhand.

In the first place, he had a glorious physique—a fighter's thick, bull-like neck, a massive deep chest, fine-muscled shoulders and good quarters, and a pair of fine driving arms. In his skin you could see that silky gloss and glowing pink a woman might envy, as the ads say, though he was hard all over. Add to this a fierce eye, wicked in battle, and a scowl far more ferocious than the boyish Dempsey's, and you have that picture—of one whom Nature made for a gladiator and champion of gladiators. No one ever better looked the part.

Nor must it be thought that he was sluggish, though he was called a slugger. For the term must not be understood as describing a man who, like Tom Sharkey, can do nothing but swing wild haymakers, but one who depends on natural gifts—brute strength and hitting ability, rather than any high degree of acquired science. This, however, does not rule out agility and a natural knack of doing things well. And Sullivan—at twenty-six, when he was slashing down the line—was light on his feet for a heavy man, could hit powerfully at either long or short range, knew something of feinting, could time and judge distance amazingly well, hand out uppercuts or any blow that the greatest of sluggers ever knew. In fact, he had a better all-round equipment than any man of the slugger type I have seen, and this statement takes due notice of the present champion, Jack Dempsey, who is no quicker than Sullivan was in his youth, does not hit quite so hard, and lacks something of his skill. But more of Jack later.

And Sullivan stayed at the top for so long a period, not alone through physical power but because he did all the things that make a man feared and at the same time popular. It was not so much that he was a natural showman; he liked the life. He knew just how to scowl, threaten, swagger; how to crush a man's fist on meeting him, to "throw the fear of God," as he expressed it, into a challenger; and how to bang a bar so that you felt the impact of that mighty fist against your own face instead of the mahogany He could intimidate one or a whole roomful of people, and yet at times displayed quite different and far less ugly tactics, for he could be bluff and hearty on occasion, and good-natured and generous as well. He was a "tough baby," and decidedly "hard-boiled," but likable, too; perhaps not so much in his relationships with individuals as in those with the crowd

Unrecorded Battles

AND he fought—remember that—all the time, any time, any man—barring perhaps Peter Jackson, against whom he drew the color line. You will not read of all his fights—nothing but a small percentage of them—in the record books you may consult, since most are not on file. And remember, too, that when he was young no one gave Sullivan a close race. In those years he was the only man in the picture. Before dissipation took such a hold of him he just wiped them off the earth; that was all there was to it. No one ever stayed with him; when they later did, it was because he was out of condition or fought under London prize-ring rules, which, as explained in a former article, furnished no true test. Even then, barring one draw, he conquered decisively in the end.

He was knocked down once—and but once in all his long career, I think, before his final defeat—and that by Charlie Mitchell, in the old Madison Square Garden, soon to be no more. In the very first round Mitchell, a very clever boxer and one of the most exasperating taunting beggars

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A Posed Photograph of Corbett and Jeffries

ELLA MAY'S GOLLIWOG

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Oh, I'll Find Work of Some Kind. Probably I'll Demonstrate Complexion Washes—in a Department Store"

THERE are three foes that perpetually threaten humanity—death, hunger and fat. Not all of us fall a prey to the advances of the last named, but in the common lot every one of us is sharpened and shaped by the pressure of the first two. And there are some individuals, driven by temperament, to whom the first-mentioned comes twice; who in achieving a normal span of years drink the hemlock of obliteration in two installments—whereof the first draught is by all odds the bitterest.

Take, for illustration, the fable Collins, of the Beechmore Club, loves to tell: There was an eminent jurist living in his city once, who had served with great distinction on the bench; good-looking, cultivated, affable, wealthy, honored. But the secret sources of all his personal pride were fed by the fact that all his life he had had great charm for women. Naturally as he advanced into the fifties there was some diminution of reaction here, but in the main he was enjoying, he believed, a very good Indian summer.

Collins, at any rate, claiming he formed the habit of walking with Judge Newcomb the four blocks to his office each morning, states that he was presently aware that every day at the same corner they met a very pretty young stenographer, and that when they saw her coming the judge always preened himself like a pigeon, putting out his chest and settling his face as though he were at the photographer's. His bow was like a Chesterfield's, his hat swept off almost to the pavement.

The young girl always nodded most cordially. Indeed, she sometimes blushed a little—with that unmistakable admiring gleam that connotes feminine awareness of all that is masculine, heroic, gallant.

"Who's your little friend?" Collins asked.

But Judge Newcomb had no idea.

"Don't know her name. We merely bow as we pass—because we do pass here. We've done it for two years. I never spoke a word to her."

Nor did he care to. But he watched every morning for that little quickened sign of feminine coquetry that started his day aright and told him what a fellow he was.

One morning as they approached the girl a young fellow—this year's model, sportily dressed, with yellow hair, some pimples—Collins relates—a striped hatband and loose Prince-of-Walesy pants—came abreast of them at the same time. Judge Newcomb was all ready, all preened, with his hand going up to his hat. The girl never saw him! She craned like Lot's wife after that young fellow.

Judge Newcomb gave her every chance; he almost wrung his neck waiting for her eye. He got it at last. It was like cold oatmeal.

"The second day it happened again," says Collins, "and the third, but never after that. At four o'clock on the third day that unhappy man went down and threw himself into the river. For what were honors or riches to him, once he lay dead in women's eyes? What was there left to live for?"

And that's the question that Ella May Emmett, the famous child impersonator of the Gissing Lyceum circuit—and the secret soul-sister of Collins' imaginary judge—asked herself a hundred times in those dark hours when she fought the approach of her first death; when with weapons of Goldine, and an array out of our sixteen hundred marketed face creams—with banting, steam baths, rabbit's foot, clay, rubber girdles, wrinkle patches, and her best efforts to suppress Ellen, she gave siege to the adversary; when she went through the blackest period of her life—that leading up to, and including, the appearance of the golliwog. Which was to change the course of her days.

For Ella May's was an extra hard fight. She had—chiefest asset of her profession—what is known as a baby face. And time and that first bitter cooling in the eye—of audiences and men—are hardest of all on the baby-faced.

Not that she hadn't a good nerve, almost a man's grit back of that soft round outline. Hunger had shaped her. It had put her on the lyceum stage in the first place. And it—a desire for independence—kept her there long after she was sick and tired. Fat she had always fought. Her figure, at first full—at most, comfortable—early became formidable. On the whole, the three of them—death, hunger, fat—made Ella May step a busy tune.

II

YOU can almost guess the date of her birth from her given name. It was back in the seventies, in an age so innocent it knew neither bright-cover magazines, telephones, motor cars, airplanes, radio, vitamines nor one-piece bathing suits. When there was, practically, a closed—winter—season on bathtubs; when men and women were gentlemen and ladies—the latter photographed with tiny muffs pressed to their cheeks behind flying gales of paper snow, the former with low-scalloped coiffure, and copious draperies of mustache and watch chain. Virtually the only amusements were Mr. Barnum and the bearded lady; stereopticon views; parlor theatricals—charades and Ingomar—and summer buggy driving for a view of the Dipper. Careers for women were nil. The legitimate stage—in many quarters—was not considered respectable.

I mention this last because as the sparks fly upward Ella May Emmett was a born imitator—with distinct Thespian proclivities. In another day and age she would have found a different outlet. Nevertheless, though the stage, regularly, did not occur to her—except as a remote visionary possibility—she quickly sifted to a place in the local publicity.

That she was a pretty baby, her photograph at two—taken in the altogether and a leghorn hat, with some discreet muslin daisies—will attest. People at once in getting up home theatricals, in need of an infant, began to borrow that pretty little Emmett girl. It was but a step from this, presently, to a public exhibition of her own natural gifts of mimicry and elocution—sweet piping-voiced songs and recitations and impersonations that melted the listener's heart. It was a gift that grew with time and culture, but Ella May had no actual contact with the world outside her own small town until 1888, when she was sixteen years of age. Then an aunt treated her to a week's stay at Cape May—and there before a miscellaneous group in a red velvet hotel parlor, clad in a homemade robe of white cheesecloth, she recited The Sacrifice of Iphigenia, and, in a child's short costume, did impersonations, nursery style.

There were two young men present. One of these was George Wirt Jewell, connected with the Gissing Lecture and Lyceum Bureau—a hopeful rival of the big organization. He was a stout ruddy young man in the early twenties, with mild doglike eyes. The other, very small, thin, dark and intense, was Harry Milliken Sims, an accountant from Philadelphia on a week's vacation at the shore.

George Wirt Jewell waylaid Ella May afterward on her way in to the ballroom.

"I think," he said in a low, moved voice, "that you're the purest-looking girl I ever set eyes on—and the prettiest."

It is true that Ella May looked—and was—both pure and pretty. No little screen favorite today can offer more alluring charm—allowing for time and type—than Ella May. Her figure—they called it a form then—was lovely. It was considerably fuller than a figure—curved and rather vase-shaped, with well-rounded hips and shoulders, a full feminine bosom, a naturally small waist, and a flock of tiny dimples in the backs of her soft hands and elbows. Dimples lurked in Ella May's cheeks too. She had the sweetest smile imaginable, and a little laugh as free and silvery as the note of a young robin. Her blue eyes were large and artless; her mouth, small, kissable and fresh; her face perfectly round and pink and white without a trace of rouge or powder. Her hair, long, thick, the color of corn, was worn in an enormous chignon at the back, and broke into a wreath of little gold rings about her temples. She sounds like Bertha M. Clay. She was actual fact. Across the barrier of her high rabbit's-ear sleeves the soul of George Wirt Jewell—looking through his doglike eyes—simply lay down and died in surrender.

But he didn't get anywhere in particular; because he was fat, and fat—for men—even in the eighties, was no more popular than today.

However, he did manage to tell her about his connection with the lyceum, to advise her as to her future, and suggest a trial engagement out in what we now call the sticks. It startled Ella May.

"You'd be a big success, I'm sure—with the program you have, refined, genteel and all that. With your ability and b-b-beauty," George's voice faltered, "you'd make a lot of money too. Better think it over. Perhaps later on—if you decide to try it ——"

She snubbed George Wirt Jewell the next day, in favor of Harry Milliken Sims, who beaued her consistently throughout her week of vacation and who, on their last evening together, taking her down to hear what the wild waves were saying, said a few things himself. Between the two—love and a career—what woman of Ella May's period could hesitate? She chose love, the offering laid at her feet by the Philadelphia accountant—out of that affinity, no doubt, lurking in the veins of the woman destined later to become large, for the small obscure-looking man, weeping a little as she accepted him, and clinging to Harry in her soft fresh young beauty.

And after a year she duly became his bride, coming down to Cape May the following summer at the mature age of seventeen for a month's honeymoon.

There was not so much honey. Harry Milliken Sims seen at close range was jealous, faultfinding, ailing and distinctly parsimonious. The marriage, however, lasted but a short time. Harry died the following November of lung fever.

But it had certain consequences. Ellen was born in June. Her arrival found Ella May in very straitened circumstances; and racking her brain for deliverance and the means of facing life for two, she remembered George Jewell.

"Do you think," she wrote him, "that a married woman who has known every disappointment, who has faced

sickness and poverty, who is the mother of a child she must support, who has tasted all the bitterness of life, would still stand a chance with lyceum audiences in the way you spoke of?"

George Wirt Jewell wrote and asked for an interview.

In spite of her sorrows Ella May came into his office looking like a bough of apple blossoms. There were the dimples, there were the big blue eyes, there were the little gold curls at her temples. George Wirt Jewell had never stopped loving her since he met her. He could have kissed the hem of her dress or her little shoe now. He placed a chair instead. He had grown a little stouter—so Ella May looked at the chair rather more than she did at George.

She wanted, she told him, to give him samples of her work—to see if it had suffered through disillusionment, maturity, the experiences of womanhood. She was now a woman of eighteen.

So she did some things for him. The Chariot Race from Ben Hur—her programs always opened with an intellectual number—some darky talk, the usual child stuff.

Back in the days of Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay there were no such words of encomium as knock-out, humdinger, wiz or wow, but whatever the equivalent then in vogue, George gave them freely to Ella May Emmett.

"We'll send you out in September over the Atlanta circuit. And I tell you what I just think you'll do. I just think you'll turn out to be our biggest number after while."

He was right and she did. Which both joyed and sorrowed George. It pleased him to add a success to the Gissing list, and to see Ella May enjoy the honors rightfully hers. But it set him back personally. As Ella May came forward and moved up into the two-hundred-dollar-a-night class, as her beauty burgeoned and bloomed, as her public grew and return dates were asked, how could a mere office manager, permanently obese, lay before her the passion she inspired in him—either in word or letter?

It would have been ridiculous, he felt, when Ella May came breezing into the home port, looking like a soap-wrapper poster in robins'-egg-blue cashmere trimmed with quillings, and an enormous hat and drooping feather to match. Men—men everywhere, not only in audiences but in personal contact—were giving Ella May their frankest admiration. She was a beautiful, victorious woman; what is more, a woman in public life, which lent a glamour to the provincial mind of the time. She was, moreover, a cold woman apparently—possibly Harry Milliken Sims had been curative—and this lent to a virtual scrambling for favor and approval; of which, however, Ella May made nothing.

Even in later years, when she got to bringing Ellen into the office carrying that huge Teddy bear, George Wirt Jewell forbore to speak. He was always composing epistles—in which he flung himself passionately at her feet—or again imagining himself delivering his sentiments orally with great felicity. But he never did the thing actually.

Who was he, after all? Just George, a fat friend, standing around, ready at need, comforting, helpful—like a waiting armchair. And who was Ella May—in three or four years—but Madame Emmett the celebrated impersonator, a leading star of the Gissing bureau—with a comfortably filling purse, good health, a beauty that was fairly luscious in its peachlike pink and white and gold, a host of admirers growing nightly, and a future that stretched away, dim, uncharted, indefinite—promising only lovely things.

III

IT IS only natural that her success should have fed Ella May's vanity and confidence to some extent. Not that it was of a kind that could compare formidably with the sort enjoyed by those divas and singers of legend whose horses were torn from the shafts, whose carriages were propelled through public highways by art-crazed young men in opera hats. But it was a good, sound success.

Those were the palmy days of the platform entertainer, when the best opera house of a small city was requisitioned for the event; when good hotels, good food were expected; when the entertainer was fêted and made much of; when important citizenry figured in the event—leading clergymen, lawyers, brilliant educators. It was a world of masculine contact chiefly—for the woman's club was not—and Ella May's shapely hand was clasped, her fine blue eyes looked into, by every variety of the best masculine culture. She learned to expect and enjoy the little susurrus of whispering that attended her passing through a hotel lobby. "Madame Emmett—the entertainer—isn't she beautiful!" More, she dressed the part. She had placed little Ellen in capable but hired hands. That took a lot of money—but she was making a lot of money. All that she had left she spent on herself.

In a period of very ugly feminine apparel—black shoes and stockings, dark stiff silks, and dun-colored wool dresses—Ella May went frankly French in her sartorial splendor. She affected pink satin corsets, lace sewn on all her underthings; frocks of a delicate hue and perishable stuff. She wore dangling pendants, sweeping trains, chains of beads, long waving feathers. Her general effect was bouffant and fluffy and, as her curves grew fuller each year, rather large. She looked very much, as time went on, like a full-blown, very ruffled pink peony.

George Wirt Jewell thought her the most blindingly beautiful thing; and her audiences shared his opinion. They waited, with a little skipping of the pulse through that interval of suspension and excitement before the program began—before there rushed out on the stage what appeared to be a large lace-frilled, golden-haired, baby-faced living doll, which, spreading its full white dimpled arms, offered the most enchanting smile, the most beguiling infantile pipings ever imagined. Ella May would have been less than human if she had not gilded the lily, if she had had courage and foresight enough to lay anything by for a rainy day. There wasn't a cloud in her sunny blue heaven, and you can't have rain without clouds.

One day, a little while after the Spanish War, George Wirt Jewell took her out and gave her a very splendid hotel dinner.

It was early winter and she was in at headquarters for a short spell. Whenever this happened George wined and dined her lavishly. Today she had on some new turquoise beads, a handsome sable boa and enough plumes for a funeral hearse. George Wirt Jewell did nothing but look at her. So did everyone else. It was when they were finishing

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The Girl Never Saw Him! She Craned Like Lot's Wife After That Young Fellow

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

Summer—By Joseph Hergesheimer

CHANCE, as much as anything, had led me to the writing of my books, for the most part, at inappropriate times of the year; it was usually in winter that I found myself engaged with a novel, although it was evident that spring and autumn were better seasons for such close and extended effort. It was usual, in April or October, to be pleasantly outdoors, and get away completely, at least physically, from pages and ink.

Windows were open then, and magical silver or gold currents of vitality swept through the room But in winter—sitting for long hours did nothing to stir the blood—I was shut into a space blurred, commonly, with the smoke of cigarettes and with spectacles which prevented me from seeing distinctly beyond the reach of my hand.

Summer

Summer would have been too hot. I did rewrite Cytherea through a summer, but it was in a house by the sea, loud with the cool sound of waves, and the difficulties of composition had been solved. No, I didn't want to write in July, in the false twilight of shades drawn against the heat and with a pen which might have been dipped in sweat. Then, really, I wanted to do as little as possible: I had been sun-struck in the past, golf, from the Fourth of July to Labor Day, was proscribed, and dancing in summer seemed even less inviting than in winter. The decline of summer resorts had occurred during my memory. The middle of the nineteenth century had been the great period for the classic hotels, the heroic era for Saratoga. About 1890 a movement to the country, to country houses of small or large pretensions, had begun, and—or among the people who constituted my world—the popularity of seasons at the mountains or shore sharply decreased. The automobile, I understood, had brought another change, and, with it, a new, or, rather an older, type of hotel—roadside inns for the passing hordes. That, however, I saw nothing of, for when it was hot I drove at night.

And then only by compulsion, for the lawn and gardens of the Dower House were, I thought, more entrancing than anything I'd find away. Particularly in moonlight—the foliage of the trees was very dense, and the patterns the moon cast on the sod were like a spread black Spanish lace. The silhouettes of the different leaves, naturally, were different—the maple from the willow, the ash from the apple tree back against the eastern sky. The rising full moon was often, for a minute or two, entangled in its thick twisted branches, when it had the appearance of a copper disk, a gong, hung on a farther branch. In August, when there was a low haze about the earth, it was redder than copper; but, higher up, it lost the crimson for a mere reflected incandescence. The moon, on the horizon, kept a loveliness of its own, but in the zenith it was no more than a source of light: its beauty it had lent to the world.

No one could have enjoyed that better than myself; yet, at the same time, I was bothered by the realization of how difficult it was to capture moonlight in fresh and shining phrases; everything conceivable had been written about it. When, in my books, characters walked out under the moon—certainly a most potent arrangement for them—I was prepared to stop for a long while, desperately searching my being for an allowable description. The depth and color of the night sky was specially intangible—a blue that had never been exactly stated; since, while there were countless terms for the reds, there were only a few for blue, perhaps not more than five, compound words were inevitable. I had written of the ashen-blue skies of evening, but that wasn't wholly satisfactory—however true it was in tone—because of the implied ashes. The effects of words were not confined to their definitions; their sounds and appearance, incalculable connections of sense, entered into what response, on a page, they obtained.

It was my necessity, with the characters of a novel moving from moonlight into shadow and emerging once more into the cold glowing radiance, to reproduce in the reader the precise emotion he would have had under the same conditions in the same condition and not simply as an onlooker. By no means easy! And so, for the rest, happy on my terrace, the problems of my all but practically impossible occupation would continue to follow me. Heat I didn't mind if it was tempered in night and there was no need for activity. The air was rich with a fecund and impalpable pollen, filled with scents heavier and more slowly uncoiling than the perfumes, quick and delicate, of spring. They passed separately, each borne on its own breath, with the roses and honeysuckle predominant. Their odors swept upward, accompanying the fireflies; the little greenish sparks, living and luminous, which showed first wanly in the grass and, with the progress of evening, vanished among the lower boughs of the trees. I was often entertained by the memory that, years ago, I had called them lightning bugs, an expression humorously and absolutely American, prosaically bare of any suggested beauty.

The Sunken Lawn

As the summer grew in intensity we stayed later on the terrace; I had a habit of returning there in pajamas, for several last cigarettes. That actually was night, not a continuation of the earlier and talkative moods of dinner, and the solitude of darkness was like a cloak. Then the moon was apt to be fragmentary, a cynical comment, far from pleasant, on the waxing and waning of existence; the calling of the owls had lost its familiar and reassuring note; the jagged diving of the bats re-created the oppressive influence of ages before man. The morning was different:

Dawn, in West Chester, was never hot, its vernal rose, crystal with dew, the east with clouds that might have been the petals of changing flowers, were bathed in a delicious and momentary coolness

When I was up so soon I let Hob and Marlow out the kitchen door, there was a short barking, and then I went through the house to the terrace and grass, where I brushed the cobwebs off the boxwood bushes. The spiders, at this, retreated deep into the box, I have no doubt surprised and cross at the sudden and arbitrary destruction of their careful weaving, upset by the recognition that they would catch no first flies. I instinctively disliked them and I had persuaded myself that their webs were bad for the boxwood. Hob usually followed me, sniffing the morning air, but Marlow disappeared behind the stable or went into the field about a buried bone.

Then Andrew arrived, smoking a pipe, and, before he changed his clothes, we would converse, perhaps about the eaten leaves of a rosebush; I'd show him the track of a mole or where a cutworm had brought down a larkspur. I enjoyed this immeasurably; I never, fortunately, lost a consciousness of the fact that I was standing in my own garden, that Andrew was my gardener; the destroying of the rose leaves, the tunneling of the sod and fallen larkspur, irritated me. But I'd recover in the vegetable garden, eating very large crimson raspberries The sun would then be up, the dew evaporating, Martha in the kitchen and William, with his white coat unbuttoned, sweeping the lower rooms before he shut the doors and windows, holding the coolness which the stone walls of the Dower House kept till dusk.

The house had been restored, but the gardens were new; no trace, except in the trees, remained of a past order. The old vegetable garden was inclosed in a whitewashed pale fence—with, before the days of gardeners, a paling missing here and there—and the grass lay in an unbroken slope down to the stable, a course obediently followed by the spring torrents; the rain would pour into the harness room and leave on the concrete floor a coating of mud which dried in segments curling at the edges like pieces of broken crockery. Dorothy had ranged some flowers against the stable wall, and there were hollyhocks on the front of the house, rosebushes about the lawn, but that was the extent of the ornamental planting. For two seasons we had strawberries; however, we neglected them, the berries grew smaller and then vanished, but a bed of mint persisted until it was rooted up, lost in improvement.

It wasn't necessary, for mint flourished along the lower bank of the lawn, where a stream of spring water brimmed in a rocky gutter. That was outside the hedge, and many people habitually came there for supplies of a pungent and refreshing herb. On summer nights, driven by a need for juleps, we'd light matches among the lush weeds, searching for that green indispensable ingredient. Another fence, of widely separated posts and a few strands of wire, divided the lawn from the field beyond, which I had bought; and a small raised plateau was exactly the size for croquet; a game for which I had a pictorial, a literary rather than literal, liking. In imagination I continually saw elegant creatures in hoopskirts, gentlemen somber except for their waistcoats, their whiskers, croqueting each other across the grass. I had heard that wire hoops with sockets for candles once obtained—candle flames nodding slightly in the faint air stirred by passing crinolines, and, twilight deepening, casting warm blurs over the hazards through which the balls must roll.

John Hemphill, newly back from the war in Europe, his face dark from gassings, played croquet superlatively well; when the games were finished all the silver engaged was invariably in his pocket. He had an unaffected liking for it and lingered over every shot; he sent opposed wooden balls with their gayly painted bands flying down the short sharp slopes and under distant bushes. It was, I supposed, so completely different from his late activity—to be filling the end of afternoon with croquet, and then proceed peacefully, safely, up the hill to West Chester and dinner! We would sit, in the wicker chairs I then owned, and listen idly to the impacts of the mallets, smoke idly,

The Main Terrace

and, the sun behind the low stone house, idly talk. There was no summerhouse then, the steep terrace to the lower lawn was in grass, and there we lounged on the steamer rugs which were now surrendered to the dogs. I wish I could remember who were with us, what we said—voices, things, we no longer heard; and only a few automobiles, before High Street was paved, went by. Across the road the small house on the golf course was occupied by a family with a great many children; on warm evenings they, too, were informally out; their voices reached us softly as ours must have reached them. The spring house, covered with the sod of the declivity it was set in, was further hidden by a tangle of vines and, in June, a blaze of orange-colored lilies; the lilies grew in clumps along the edge of my field, at once native and utterly strange from the other local flowers, tropical in form and savage brightness

For years the spring house had been dry, there was just a shallow trace, leading away from it, of what might once have been a stream, and it was used for the tanks and pipes by which the acetylene gas for the house was manufactured. It had succeeded the lamps, and now electricity had replaced both:

A lantern stood in the kitchen for short excursions into the dark, and with it Charlie had lighted his way to the stable, where, on the upper floor, he slept. That had long ago been discarded. Did we, I tried to recall, carry it farther than the lawn, but that detail had faded from memory. Lanterns were carried in country lanes, swinging to the slow progress of ruminative steps; but that habit, as well, had lapsed, swept away by the glare of automobile headlights.

Charlie's gardening I couldn't reconstruct—he had talked mostly about house painting—and William's, which had come later, had grown obscure in my mind; Andrew had all my present thought—but not because he believed it was useful. It was Andrew's opinion that he was self-sufficient, there was nothing he wouldn't pronounce upon or undertake. When the garden was being built he lost no chance to expose to me his opinion of the incompetence of what I had regarded as the most expert, and expensive, advice. He would speak to me privately, as it were from behind his hand, calling my attention to the fact that some plants wouldn't flourish in a shady place. It was nonsense, he never failed to add, with an honest German turn to his utterance. No one, no one we had ever viewed, came up to his requirements for sheer labor; indeed, he did work harder, longer, than anybody about him. He had been born into a time, a land, which demanded an effort, hours, now looked upon as mythical, and he was faithful to his beginnings. He told me more than once what royal gardens he had been trained in, but I continued to forget the name, the principality; however, it was a place of rigid, military, discipline; even the plants must have stood in stiff rows, always at attention.

His activity there, I was convinced, had been confined to the grass and the clipping of hedges; for, with me, he cut grass by preference, putting off all other duties until that was done. He kept the extensive hedge orderly to a leaf; but concerning the destruction of rosebushes he was in doubt. This I had to guess, for there was no hesitation in his answers to my questioning. It was a sort of bug, he declared; but its name, its exact sort, I couldn't win from him. He was mysterious about it. When I told him a thing directly, made a particular request, it usually appeared he was then on his way to do just that; he was either then engaged upon it or he would shake his head, making it clear without words that he knew the error of my suggestion. Sometimes he combined those two attitudes: he'd discourage me and, later, I would come across him vigorously prosecuting what, to me, he had deprecated.

Everyone at the Dower House, I thought, with the probable exceptions of Dorothy and myself, had a unique, an admirable and diverting, personality; William embroidering the bureau cover which had already occupied him for more than a year, Martha at the telephone or lending an emphasis to the clothes Dorothy had given her, and the restraint of Andrew's superiority as he listened to me, were notable

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Roses

A Ground for Divorcement

By OMA ALMONA DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IF BENFER HIPPEL had noticed which way the straws were blowing during his whirlwind courtship of Miss Cora Cratzhammer, he might have noticed also that Miss Cora was even then laying hold of all which came within reach of her small compact fist and garnering them into a neat heap. But Benfer was not the sort who ever saw straws; all he ever saw was the haycocks into which they eventually grew. And at this gusty period he was not even seeing haycocks, present or future; he was seeing only the uprush of Miss Cratzhammer's russet hair from the healthy pallor of her neck and the flecks, golden as the sun, which vibrated in the deep amber of her eyes.

Mr. Hippel had a nice judgment in the matter of russet and amber. Between his fifteenth and his twenty-second years he had sat upon most of the ceremonial front porches of both Buthouse and Yings Counties, studiously appraising the various color schemes which fluttered in attendance. In fact he had all but committed himself to a dashing red-and-black effect when he discovered to his dismay that all was not red that crimsoned. That is to say, having applied his chaste lips to the blushing cheek of one Tillie Starmbaugh, he was astonished to find that the blush both tasted and smelled of cinnamon. After a moment of intense cogitation upon this phenomenon, the canny Benfer led the dimpling Tillie to a strategic position beneath the hanging lamp, surveyed a spot of damp pallor in the midst of the roseate effect, surveyed also a festive saucer of red cinnamon drops upon the marble-topped stand, and soon thereafter edged toward the door, dazedly remarking that he had not fed his pig.

Mr. Hippel was by no means a fishy young man, yet he had certain attributes in common with rainbow trout both in appearance and nature. He had their large, observant eyes, their snub profile, their wariness and their swiftness in rushing for the bait when convinced that it is the real thing. For some time after he had been well-nigh hooked on a red cinnamon drop—jerked breathless, at least, by the experience—Benfer lay upon the bottom, so to speak, and slanted a suspicious glance at various colorful bits which dangled in his direction. Not once did he rise, however. It was not until he beheld the delectable pallor of Miss Cratzhammer, as real as the translucence of a ripe pear which it resembled, that Benfer, hungry from his long abstinence, made a swift, unerring rush upward.

Not that he seized and made off with her at the first gulp. She was held by a large, firm mechanism known as Jeremiah Cratzhammer. Jeremiah, in turn, was held by a small, firm mechanism known as the American dollar. Jeremiah raised loud lamentation when he beheld a rainbow youth striking, as he believed, at his own particular coin of the realm.

"Swang-fool dude!" rasped Mr. Cratzhammer, snatching at his scraggly, rust-hued beard. "A-settin' onto my front porch a-sizin' up my crops yet! And here's somepun else agin. How many porches ain't he set onto a'ready, the immoral softhead, a-makin' mush out of his mouth? Mark my words to this: Sooner you git such a one, sooner you ain't gittin' him neither. No, them kind never stays by one female; marriage from the preacher makes nothing with them. But this youse kin swaller: Youse ain't gittin' him, fur I ain't giving you the dare!"

Upright Upon the Edge of the Seat Perched the Stern Charioteer

Miss Cora may have swallowed the words; but if so, she spat them out immediately and with vigor; for though she did not have a scraggly beard, she had even then a scraggly tongue upon occasion. Long had she cast envious glances upon the porches palpitant with the elegance of the transient Benfer; fearfully had she noted his lengthy dalliance with the sprightly Tillie, toward whom she had a natural antipathy; and it had seemed nothing less than the mysterious ways of Providence that straight from the Starmbaugh porch he had made for her own. Miss Cora accordingly informed the gloomy prophet that if Benfer were casting glances upon any crops whatsoever, he was casting them upon her own, since, by the will of a plethoric uncle, she herself owned half the farm from which said crops grew; and that if his glances were of a calculating nature, that also was as it should be; for though Evangelical doctrine was the first duty of man, crop calculation was the second; and Benfer's calculation she proposed to wed, and that shortly. Selah.

Jeremiah, with some of the rust wrathfully razored off for the wedding, discovered underneath to his own surprise a grim sense of humor. Upon legal form explicit he designated as Miss Cora's half of the acreage thenceforward a swamp with the hill land adjoining. His daughter's shrill rejection was silenced, not by Jeremiah but by Benfer. Mr. Hippel insisted that his future wife sign the paper, stipulating only that as a bonus Jeremiah should endower her with his second-best spring wagon. Jeremiah's grin over this final proof of Benfer's deficiency wellnigh cracked the iron of his visage.

The bridegroom grinned also. He blithely placed his bride and his pig in the creaking bonus and drove to the abandoned log cabin at the edge of the swamp. He had a pretty brain for mechanics. He promptly drained the swamp, hoisted the water thus acquired to the hills, and in the course of a couple of years was merrily raising such crops upon both swamp and hills as twisted Jeremiah's grin into a grimace of stupefaction. By the end of nine years the log cabin had become a tool house and the comely Cora was looking proprietarily upon it and the lush fields in the erstwhile swamp from a frame house upon a knee of the hills.

"Proprietarily"—that was the word. For even the hard-working Benfer could not drain a swamp, install pumps and irrigating pipes and build a house with a pig, prolific as that obliging animal shortly proved to be. No; it had been Miss Cora Cratzhammer's straws, neatly garnered, which had provided the foundations for Benfer's golden haycocks; and this Mrs. Cora Hippel never forgot, her chief reminder being a rigid set of books, according to which Benfer was still considerably in her debt for the property which by all the conventions he himself should have owned at the time of their marriage. Moreover, she went on, in a faded sunbonnet, industriously looking for straws.

She was good to look upon, even in a faded sunbonnet. And this it was which caused the prideful Benfer to forgive the tones, increasingly dictatorial, which issued from the sunbonnet. This it was which almost made him forgive the fact that she allowed his sprightly neck but one dubious necktie a year. But what even the russet gold of her hair and the honey pallor of her cheeks could not make him entirely forgive was the fact that she steadfastly refused to substitute a more suitable equipage for the spring wagon, which from being second-best in Jeremiah Cratzhammer's barnyard had now become tenth worst in the county. The wagon was only a straw; but it had been one of the foundation straws; and such is the nature of straws that though they may tickle at first, after nine years they irritate, and if not removed may eventually cause soreness both of body and spirit.

"And it ain't like I was plaguin' youse fur one them auttamobiles," erupted Benfer one morning as he spatted grease upon the shrunken axles, "though the dear knows it wouldn't be nothing more than according, such crops as we are got. But no; I ain't raising my voice no higher than such a top buggy or whatever. Just someping—anything—where ain't soundin' like Gabriel was a-clattin' the heavens to aside when I go the road down."

Benfer himself was shocked over his unexpected flight into scriptural fantasy. He cocked a wary eye upward; but as the archangel with his avenging trump did not appear, let his gaze slowly fall upon the tool shed, where his spouse was thriftily manufacturing the winter's supply of ink from pokeberry juice. There was no sound from the pokeberry factory save a prolonged gasp.

Benfer clapped the last of the bowed-out wheels into position and rocketed to the door of the shed.

"It's all there but the cups yet," he announced in the calm of desperation. And as the sunbonnet twitched inquiringly—"Well, take a look if it ain't. That's what Feltbinder says, anyhow, when I come a-drivin' up onto them saucered-out wheels. 'Where's the cups at?' he says. 'Or was they slid off them upfisted saucers?' he says. You'd ought to have heard the laugh it give off the store porch. Look oncet! Ain't it nothing to you, I ast you, that we make a joke fur Buthouse County all? Yes, and if I have got to git to the Yings County Fair a-rattlin' onto that there, that will now give a laugh fur another county yet."

A Saffron Plume Whipped Backward From the Slanting Headgear of the One Occupant

"Youse ain't got need fur to worry ower Yings," vouchsafed his wife, "fur youse ain't gittin' there."

Benfer's prominent eyes all but slipped their sockets.

"Ain't gittin'?" he bubbled. "Ain't gittin' to Yings? Answer me oncet the reason fur why I ain't gittin' to Yings."

"Fur the reason you're a-goin' on the Flathead camp meeting." Mrs. Hippel faced about and pierced the palpitating Benfer with a penetrating stare. "If it's anybody where has need of conwerting theirselfs, it's them where slanders off the archangels to their faces. Gabriel and his trunk yet!"

Benfer writhed against the door, fluttering his elbows after the manner of an insect impaled.

"But I just come off of Oat Run rewiwal not two months back a'ready! Am I goin' all my life to git drug from one rewiwal to another like I had got a ring to my nose at?" And as Cora turned in tight-lipped silence to her task, he tore himself loose from the door with a howl of pain. "No! And that I ain't!" He dug his heels in the gravel and uttered the first dark warning of his married life: "Don't you go a-shovin' me no furder! I'm beginning to feel now dangerous on the insides. I got the right to say oncet where I'm a-goin'. I'm a Bible Christian," cried the heated Benfer; "but I'm a-gittin' too fulled up of rewiwals and I ain't stopping off from Yings fur no camp meeting."

He paused, breathless. Cora strained her juice. Then she commented in majestic calm: "A Bible Christian yet! A Bible Christian a-stretchin' to git hisself to a show of them ongodly auttamobiles! A Bible Christian itchin' fur the dare to set onto one them onscriptural wagons! Fur it's that where makes with you; and youse can't say me nothing otherwhich."

Benfer said her nothing otherwhich. His eyes widened over this unexpected penetration, then drifted to the far horizon in something of wistful desolation.

"There's Kutz settin'," Cora recalled him, nodding toward a figure on horseback who had halted at the barnyard gate. "If he's sayin' kin he buy the colt off us, give him no. The colt is needful fur to pack us to Flathead ower."

Still in absorption, Benfer turned slowly.

"Well, if I'm natured to feel fur wheels and such, I'm natured to feel fur 'em and I ain't goin' to carry a shamed face fur it neither. And I'm a-goin' to Yings till next

"Lord, Save Us Once!" Prayed Mrs. Hippel as She Clutched Wild-Eyed at the Stovepipe Which Hurtled From the Rear of the Rocketing Vehicle

Thursday a week. And furthersomemore"—he swung his arm truculently as he started toward the barnyard—"from this time furwards I'm a-goin' whenever and wherever I feel fur goin'."

"But youse ain't sayin' however," Cora neatly Parthianed. "Fur I'm a-drivin' my horses and my wagon to camp meeting till next Thursday a week."

She smiled placidly as Benfer's foot slipped in the gravel. The glow of triumph over a thrust well delivered was still upon her face a few minutes later as she swept martially up the kitchen steps. Her latest straw, the bottle of purple writing fluid, she bore stiffly upright after the manner of a weapon unsheathed.

Upon the threshold airily stepped Benfer, pink, shining, nostrils uptilted, smile rampant.

"Well, we best be gittin' ready fur the camp meeting, ain't we?" he inquired with even more than his usual good nature. "Was we mebbe packin' the tent along fur to sleep in under?"

The bottle cracked against the sink as Cora turned in swift astonishment. Even then she did not immediately notice that the royal purple, symbol of authority, was trickling from her grasp; was trickling in a widening, relentless stream toward Benfer's dapper feet.

Neither did she reflect then nor in the succeeding days that she herself had broken one of her own straws. For facts, not fantasy, occupied her. The paramount fact was Benfer himself—Benfer blithely loading the ancient vehicle with bed, stove and other equipment for the five days of the camp meeting, Benfer blithely forbearing all reference to the Yings County Fair, Benfer blithely evading her adroit inquiries as to what had passed between him and Adlai Kutz.

He would answer with apparently his usual frankness, "I give him what you told me. I says we had got to have both Lizzie and both her colt fur to fetch us to Flathead ower."

Ill at ease as she was over the conviction that Benfer for the first time was concealing his real motives from her, she was even more ill at ease when upon the momentous Thursday, as they journeyed in slow, groaning state toward the camp meeting, the inkling as to what these motives were burst upon her. The inkling burst in a series of sharp reports from the rear, followed by a small delivery car which darted erratically past them. It all but snubbed the Roman nose of the colt, veered sharply toward a watering trough, veered again and went careening off down the road. A saffron plume which whipped backward from the slanting headgear of the one occupant emphasized the piquant nature of the spectacle.

"Lord, save us once!" prayed Mrs. Hippel as she clutched wild-eyed at the stovepipe which hurtled from the rear of the rocketing vehicle.

Benfer did not pray. His entire attention was concentrated upon the outraged colt, which was attempting to rid himself at once of all earthly ties. Having finally reduced the animal to an apprehensive twitching of one ear, Benfer sank back in his seat, remarking in a worried tone, "It seems like I am hearing someping crack when he uphisted with his heels that way."

"It wonders me we ain't all cracked onto the golden shore," Mrs. Hippel responded piously. "Who do you guess that wild gussy might be anyway?"

A slow smile widened Benfer's sizable mouth.

"I would guess it might be Tillie Starmbaugh. Or, just to say, Tillie Klinefelter, now she's a married widow a'ready."

Cora saw that smile. She contemplated it. Dimly she sensed a crisis. But in moments of crisis she always fell into tight-lipped calm. Only the golden flecks in her eyes stirred like live things as her thoughts beat behind them.

"Tillie Klinefelter?"

Something in her tone made Benfer turn, and for a moment he did not reply. She was so good to look upon, even in that hateful hat, the shape and color of a dried mushroom; even in that dress, rusty brown like a dried cat-tail. But bursting out of these dead cerements, she herself was so alive—her bright uprushing hair, her vibrating eyes, and now unwonted color swirling beneath her delicate skin. From sheer good feeling of possession, he laughed aloud. Cora heard that laugh. She considered it. Her arms drew.

"Oh, Tillie Klinefelter?" Benfer recalled her question. "Well, you mind of how Klinefelter died off fur her a year back or some such, ain't you? She's had a-flittin' an come back here fur to live. But I gosh! I don't fault her none fur wantin' to git shut of that grocery wagon Klinefelter heired to her. It's easy seen she's got too many nerves by her fur to run one them high-life things."

"That there's what Kutz was tellin' youse then!"

The cold triumph in the tone slued Benfer about in mild astonishment.

"Why fur not?" he parried.

"He told youse Tillie Klinefelter was goin' on the camp meeting. He told youse she was packin' that there rig of hern to Flathead."

Benfer slanted an uneasy glance at the stiffly folded arms.

"She was always full much fur the crowds," he murmured. "And if she feels fur ketchin' herself more religion ——"

"Re-ligion!" snorted Mrs. Hippel. "Religion oncet! She is needful fur religion, a-ridin' toward it on that tool of the devil. But at that"—she squared toward Benfer—"she ain't so needful fur it as some such others. Such others where goes follerin' the camp meetings fur a cloak to hide still their sinful desires. I ain't so dumb as what I might look."

Following this oracular statement, she swallowed noisily, as one who compresses vast stores of unpalatable knowledge within herself, and heaved chastely to the extreme end of the seat.

"But I ain't got no sinful desires by me!" The bewildered Benfer reached for the whip in vague gesture of defense. "What's ower youse anyway? I ain't ever astin youse to buy the rig off her. But—tool of the devil! That it ain't! Look here oncet! Ain't the Word puttin' it out where the Creator He made everything where was made? Well, then He made the auttamobile, ain't He? And He ain't the stripe to be lendin' it to Satan fur no tool; now that much religion I have got by me anyhow."

Distractedly he slashed his whip at a clump of goldenrod. The colt saw the whip. He heard the whip. He lunged. Everything lunged. A frivolous pot leaped upward and biffed Cora in the ear. Benfer sawed on the reins and shouted.

Suddenly he saw an amazing thing. The sagacious mare halted, kicked at something on the ground, then firmly planted her feet and looked appealingly around at Benfer. Her captious offspring, thus yanked backward, gave a final

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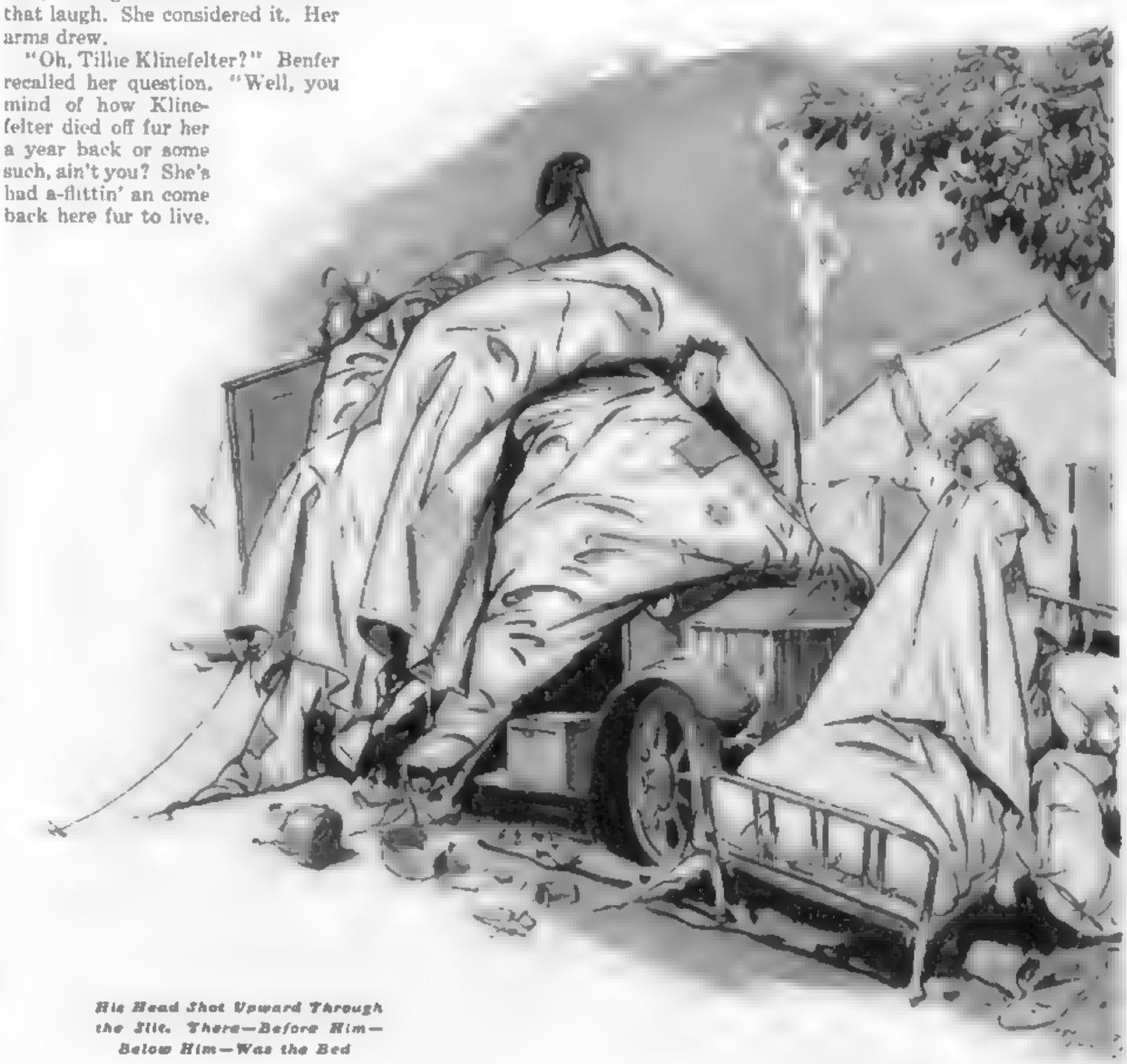

His Head Shot Upward Through the Slit. There—Before Him—Below Him—Was the Bed

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Head and Heart

IT IS so much easier to praise a speech than to read and analyze it that most men follow the lines of least resistance and concede at once that any inaugural address delivered by a President of the United States is a fine and worthy effort and deserves to rank among the great state papers in our national archives. In the early days of March, while inaugural commotion still rings in the ears, critical faculties are dulled and compliments are cheap. The real test of an inaugural address comes when it is read or reread months or years or generations after it was delivered, for the best of all critics is old Father Time.

It would still be premature to attempt to assign a definite rank to Mr. Coolidge's speech of March fourth. It is not too early, however, to direct attention to some of its outstanding characteristics and to apply to them certain well-established tests of permanent value. The President's speech is logical. It is brief and clear. Its language is simple; and its style has the directness and precision that come to some men after much reading of the Bible. Abraham Lincoln had such a style in an even higher degree. Certain paragraphs, as was inevitable, consist of passing comment on passing conditions. Others give pointed expression to underlying political verities; and these, presumably, will hold good as long as our present form of government endures. Truth was never yet crushed to earth because it went forth clothed in neat and pithy language.

Style and logic alone do not make a great speech. We do not look to Euclid for eloquence. The heart must help the head if men are to be deeply moved. The mind works coldly and its creations will be bleak indeed if there is no heart to warm them. The speeches that are read and reread are those that glow with sympathy; not the sympathy of blind good will, but the sympathy of an understanding fellowship.

Mr. Coolidge's inaugural is still so fresh in most men's minds that it is scarcely necessary to quote a line here and a sentence there in order to demonstrate his close kinship of thought with the great mass of his countrymen, his understanding of their problems and his fellow feeling for what they endure in the daily struggle for existence. There is a fine humanity in his words that carries conviction, for it is the humanity that pours from the heart and not the baser sort that the head so often and so vainly tries to imitate.

Whether the President's speech will be read and quoted with approbation fifty or a hundred years hence, only time can tell. All we can say with certitude is that it undeniably contains some of the essential elements of an enduring value.

Anglo-American Finance

THE big British banks are very well managed. They are also responsible to their shareholders in a manner that is made publicly apparent in their transactions. During January of each year the annual meeting is held, open to all shareholders. At these meetings the report of the operations of the previous calendar year is presented, the audited balance sheet displayed to the assembled shareholders, and both are then laid before the meeting for adoption. The chairmen of these banks are the ranking financial minds of the British Empire. In recent years these chairmen have made the motion for the acceptance of the annual report the occasion for the deliverance of carefully prepared statements on the situation in industry, agriculture, commerce and finance at home and abroad. Some of these addresses of the bank chairmen are veritable essays on economics, set into plain words for the common man and therefore illuminating to an unusual degree.

The addresses for the present season are of particular meaning and importance to Americans, because they deal with Anglo-American relations in a manner not to be found in the press or periodicals. It will prove informing to comment on four points that stood out in these presentations:

1. The appreciation of the pound sterling in terms of the dollar. It now seems agreed that sterling will not again slip back, that the long and painful struggle of the war-debased currency has culminated in victory. The pound is back practically to par and will remain there. This achievement is all the more notable when we consider the large volume of British imports of the past year, particularly the import of cereals at high prices, and the heavy adverse balance of merchandise trade. The rise in sterling is ascribed to higher money rates in London than in New York, the transfer of heavy balances from New York to London and investment of American capital in Great Britain. And all this despite the fact that Great Britain has been purchasing dollars to make her annual debt payment to this country. Put in another way, the rise in sterling is ascribed to our accumulation of gold. Our loans abroad have been double those of Great Britain abroad during the recent period, and this "large excess seems to be sufficient explanation of the change in the relative value of the dollar and the pound," as Chairman Leaf, of the Westminster Bank, expressed it. Sterling can again "look the dollar in the face."

2. Resumption of the gold standard. With sterling back to par, the resumption of the free-gold movement is widely desired. The present embargo on export of gold expires in December, but may be renewed, just as it may be repealed. No matter how intensely desired in some quarters, the need for caution in return to the free-gold movement is everywhere expressed. It would be disastrous to free gold and then later have to reapply the embargo. Apparently the fundamental consideration is the attitude of the United States. Great Britain feels herself, again to quote Mr. Leaf, "somewhat dangerously dependent on the current of opinion of the United States." Chairman Goodenough, of Barclay's Bank, granted that "the knowledge that the friendly coöperation of America would be available in case of need would be helpful in considering the precise moment for the reopening of the free-gold market in London." What is apparently desired is some arrangement whereby Great Britain would not be forced to resort to high money rates to hold the gold, since industry and trade are not believed to be in position to stand high rates; and an increase in exports is needed for improvement in the trade position.

3. Reasons for the gold standard. The gold standard has been under rather vigorous attack in Great Britain, led by J. M. Keynes and other members of the new school of economics. The opposing movement has been in favor of what is called a managed currency, the value of the pound to be fixed by shifting of the bank rate and, if necessary, of the purchase rate of gold. The theory of this managed currency is that stabilization of prices is more important than exchange rates. The bank chairmen restate the old arguments in favor of the gold basis with free flow of the metal, and do so without question of the soundness of the position, once the moment of reëstablishment is clearly indicated. But they also bring forward a psychological, or possibly it may be called political, reason in favor of the gold standard that the public has not been accustomed to hear from bankers. Chairman R. McKenna, of the Midland Bank, who was once the head of the British Treasury, remarked that "so long as nine people out of ten in every country think the gold standard the best, it is the best."

This hardy avowal of democracy as the basis of economics would surely not find favor with bankers if the nine people out of ten in a country should suddenly favor inflation or bimetalism. And surely better reasons for the gold standard exist than the fact that nine people out of ten, who have not studied the subject, are in favor of it.

The official announcement of the present head of the Treasury, Winston Churchill, that the government intends to return to the gold standard as soon as possible is, we may be sure, founded on motives of empire trade and world finance and not on motives of psychology.

4. Influence on world prices. All speakers stress, in one way or another, the stabilization of prices and trade processes that are expected to flow from the general reëstablishment of the gold standard. There is at present no international measure of value or medium of exchange except the dollar. What is wanted is not one currency on a gold basis, standing apart from all others, but the currencies of all actively trading countries on a gold basis, with free international movement of the metal as the governing influence on exchange rates, money rates and prices. There may be particular British interests to be served, but the arguments of the London bank chairmen broadly represent the general consensus of opinion of bankers and traders in all countries.

Doubtless these British statements will provoke discussions in this country, with approval from some directions and adverse criticism from others.

Whatever our national policy to be developed, it is clear that the world stands on the threshold of the most important development, the Dawes Plan excepted, since the signing of the Treaty of Peace.

The Upward Trend of World Trade

THE Dawes agreement is little more than a half year old. But trade figures are already beginning to show the stabilizing and elevating influence of this settlement. The currency exchanges are in better shape. Great Britain is on the verge of resumption of the gold standard. Several of the smaller European countries will follow her. The dominions of the British Empire will follow suit. The new currency of Germany is, in effect, on the gold basis. The volume of goods is enlarging, this being true of both raw materials and finished goods. Despite the higher prices of cereals, Europe is buying large quantities and is handling the payments without recourse to foreign sale of domestic currency.

Finally, ocean shipping is picking up. It has been a long pull, with low volume and low rates. Charters are in better demand. The tonnage at work is growing, the tonnage laid up is decreasing. During recent weeks charter rates have been advanced notably. For instance, charters for carrying grain from Australia to Great Britain have advanced a dollar and a half a ton. This is not merely an encouragement to lean shipowners; it is a reflection of the increasing movement of goods, an index of improvement in commerce.

All in all, reviewing the situation in currency exchanges, in movement of goods and in employment of shipping, the affairs of the commercial world give sure signs of positive improvement.

Some Wonders of Washington

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

THE saxophones squalled like a hyena that has been foiled in his nightly search for sustenance as the Hon. David Augustus Flack, former minister of the United States to Bessarabia and author of the third most popular nonfiction book of the last decade, How to Break into Washington Society With Fifty Thousand Calling Cards, was ushered politely to a ringside seat in the ballroom of a Washington hotel.

He ignored the swarm of attentive waiters who clustered around him, and studied with some appreciation a slender young lady in red who was wriggling sinuously not more than four inches from his shoulder, with her body thrust forward in an attitude that would be described by a furniture manufacturer as a double cyma curve.

"It isn't the dancing that I object to in these modern dance emporiums," said Mr. Flack, letting his eyes roam onward to a young lady in blue who was so adjusted against her partner that she appeared to have wearied in mid-dance of an attempt to climb up him and to have fallen asleep on his chest with her bonny brown hair pressed firmly against, not to say into, his half-open mouth; "it isn't the dancing I object to; it's the way they hold their faces.

"It seems to be the fashion among the most prominent members of the younger set nowadays to slide around the dance floor with the face well relaxed, the eyes half closed and the mouth half open, so that young ladies who are evidently both beautiful and popular present the appearance of having just been rapped smartly on the head with a stockingful of screened gravel or of having been imperfectly chloroformed just before the dance started.

"Now when I was a young man and used to attend the junior proms at the University of Massafornia, even the dumbest of the damsels wore an air of vivacity and pleasure, with the result that nobody could tell by looking at them that they were a little weak in the head.

"Nowadays almost every girl on the dance floor wears the facial expression of a newly imported European peasant girl attempting to master the calorie system of feeding a large family. Nearly all of them look like defectives of the most virulent type; so that the cumulative effect of two or three dances on a person who has the intelligence of future generations at heart is as depressing as a senatorial debate on the pig-bristle tariff."

Mr. Flack sighed heavily as a sturdy young man with solid ebony hair moved up beside the table and began to shake a frail and inert young lady with great violence, in accordance with the form prescribed for the dance known as the collegiate.

"All this talk as to whether certain forms of dancing are good or bad," said he, "puts me in mind of the modern attitude toward a great many matters of public interest. If a married man shook his wife in private in the same way that the modern young man shakes his partner in this peculiar manifestation at my elbow, she would have grounds for divorce in most states.

"Many people argue that to shake a woman in such a manner is cruel and degrading, whether the shaking is administered as a reprimand or as a part of a dance. Consequently they declare passionately that the dance ought to be stopped; and the enthusiasm with which they make their declaration convinces almost everyone who has never danced that the dance is, indeed, degrading and vicious, and then some; whereas those who dance it state that the shaking which accompanies the dance is pleasant and mildly stimulating.

"Similarly, the country is full of people who like to assure everyone at the top of their lungs that the looseness and wildness and heavy drinking that are popularly supposed to exist among the younger generation are due entirely to prohibition.

"They blame other things on prohibition, of course—grippe epidemics and corruption in public life and the nastiness of some Broadway plays and the housing shortage and the price of wheat and the dullness of after-dinner speakers, and so on; but the chief thing for which prohibition is to blame, according to them, is this bad habit that so many respectable women have of going to dances and

(Continued on Page 106

"TAKE IT AWAY!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Birth of Vers Libre

A BARD, to replenish his purse,
Wrote prose that made editors curse.
Now he chops up his prose
Into lines, as he goes,
Thus making a bad matter verse. —*Otto Freund.*

Temperament

"STAR in Row With Manager," read the headline. "Claiming Given Inferior Dressing Room, Quits Yoo Hoo Euterpe Company."

"Yah!" sneered Mr. Kopstick, jamming his paper disgustedly into the wastebasket. "These here stage people make me tired. If they get rose-pink lamp shades they yell till the manager changes 'em to shell pink. If their part's got a red cover instead of a blue they have hysterics. And they call that temper'ment! Huh! Stick 'em in a business office where they'd have a few real worries and they'd soon lose their temper'ment. Fine shape this business'd be in if I lost my temper over every little thing!"

Mr. Kopstick lit a cigar and attacked his mail. "Dear Sir," read the first letter. "We appreciate your valued order for two gross Cantlose Hairpins No. OOX, but as we are out of stock on this number are shipping same quantity of our No. OOY, same being 5/16 in. longer than No. OOX but serving the same purpose. Hoping same will be satisfactory we are ——"

With a howl Mr. Kopstick punched the steno button of his desk keyboard six times, the last five after the girl had entered and stood waiting.

"Say, if you can't come in when I ring stay out and I'll get someone that can!" yelled Mr. Kopstick. "Take a letter to the Cantlose people gentlemen in re your recent shipment two gross your invisible hairpins No. now where's that letter a man can't keep anything around here five minutes now where was I oh yes No. OOX instead of OOY as ordered no it's the other way just change that around Miss Bish oh here you answer it tell 'em we dowannem no I better do it you'd get it all mixed up I've got to do everything around this place where was I oh yes No. OOY instead of No. OOX as ordered would say must absolutely refuse to accept same as same were not ordered but No. OOX oh here you finish it and get it out right away."

As Miss Bish languidly dashed a vertical line through her notes and withdrew with the Cantlose company's letter—which, by the way, she did not answer; and as Mr. Kopstick promptly forgot about it the No. OOY hairpins were received and no one ever knew the difference—the telephone rang.

The Subway Guard Acts as Church Usher

"Hello!" yelled Mr. Kopstick. "No, this is Lexington 22976, not Lenox! You got the wrong number? Well, what do you tell me for? Am I the operator?" He jiggled the hook half a dozen times and without waiting for an answer hung up the receiver and flung open his office door.

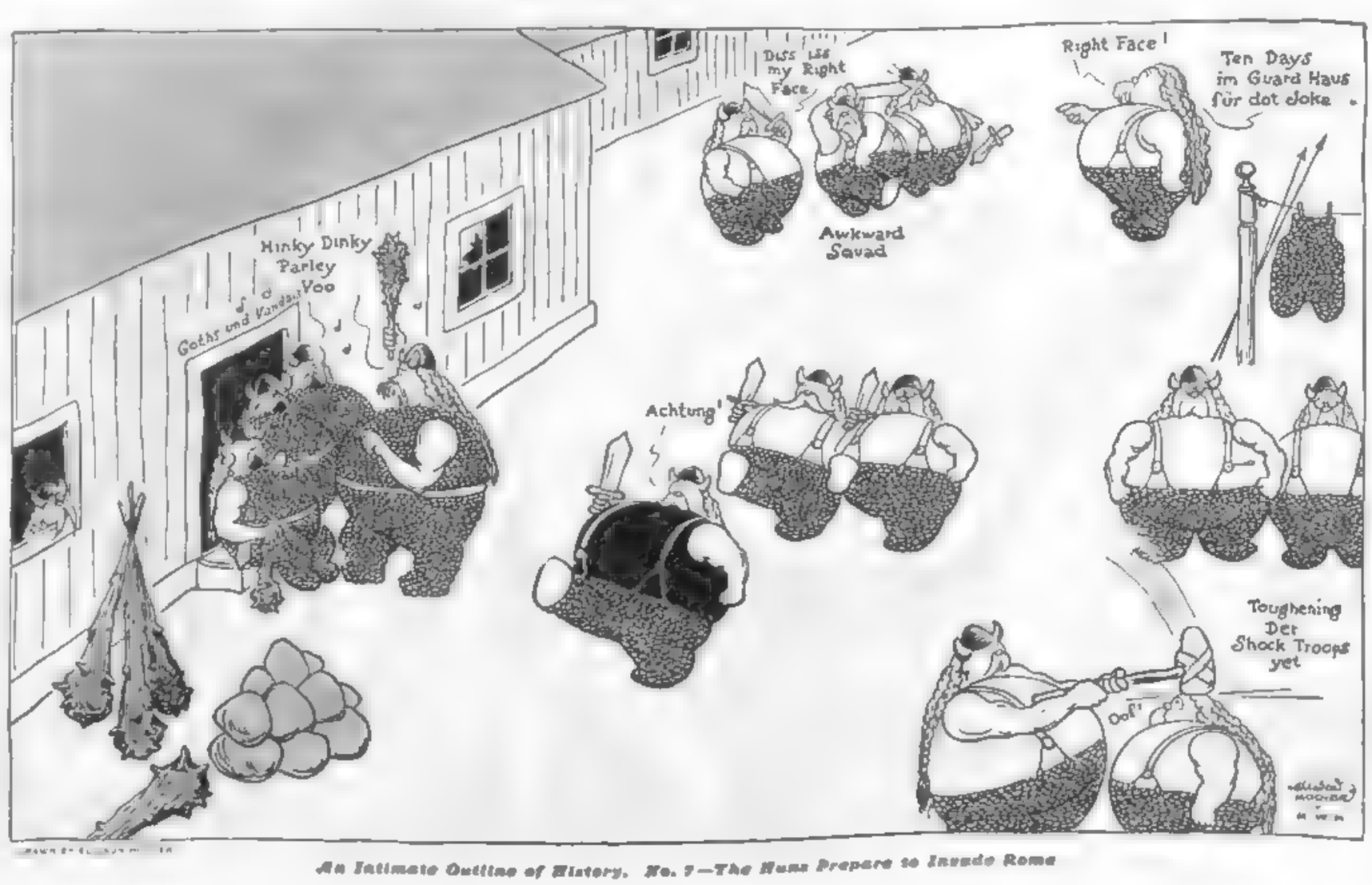
"How many times do I have to tell you," he yelled at the switchboard operator, "not to connect me till ——"

The telephone rang again.

He dashed back to it.

"Hello!" he called. "Yes, this is him! No, I don't want no life insurance!" Bang went the hook. "Miss Bish! Miss Bish!" Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

This continued for thirty-eight minutes, during which Mr. Kopstick fired and rehired the office staff four times, and at the end of which the scoffer at temperament dashed off to a three-hour lunch two seconds ahead of an apoplectic stroke. —*Baron Ireland.*



An Intimate Outline of History. No. 7—The Huns Prepare to Invade Rome

Blooming Facts

(In the Spring)

SING a song of garden seeds,
Of hotbeds, bulbs and flowers,
Of every growing thing that feeds
On dew and gentle showers.
Of treasure buried in the soil
For horny-handed sons of toil!
Sing a song of joy again
In golden garden dreams,
Of flowers blessed by sun and rain,
Of blending color schemes.
Of gardens that are far too scant
For all the things the heart would plant.

Each spring I add a foot or more
To every bed I had before!

(In the Fall)

Sing a song of garden weeds,
Of mold and bugs and blights,
Of futile fertilizing feeds
And rainless days and nights.
Of efforts herculanian
At culture subterranean!
Sing a song of sprawling plants,
Of color schemes that swear,
Of foreign pests and crawling ants
And bloom that is not there.
Of housemaid's knees and aching backs.
Of neighbors' dogs and chicken tracks!

Each fall I vow, if not an ass,
I'll seed my flower beds to grass!

—*Adelaide W. Neall*

Protest

"The merry little cricket, who sings day and night by means of rubbing his hind legs together."

NOW the armadiller does a lot o' work
And the platypus is never known to shirk.
As for them dern little moles,
They're forever diggin' holes,
But the cricket's just as lazy as a Turk.
A-settin' an' a-hummin',
A-singin' an' a-strummin',
Massagin' of his heels,
While he's waitin' for his meals,
Just as lazy as an everlastin' Turk!

The elephant he sweats the hull day long.
He ain't never got no time for nothin' wrong.
An' the camel carries water
Longer than a critter oughter,
Still the cricket up and bellers out his song.
A-pipin' an' a-tootin',
A-yellin' an' a-hootin',
A-rubbin' of his footsies
An' a-ticklin' of his tootsies,
He up an' bellers out his dad-blamed song!

(Continued on Page 60)

Economy of Beans

They're the only main dish of quality food that offers so much real nutriment at such moderate cost. Serve them often—save money—enjoy their fine food and flavor.

If you like good beans it's worth insisting on

Campbells'

Slow-cooked

Digestible

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

—and their Tomato Sauce is famous!

The Recollections of a Consul

By LORIN A. LATHROP

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN THE early 1880's a few sailing vessels continued to round the Horn from San Francisco, bringing some 3000 tons of wheat or barley and manned by crews of thirty-odd men. They were shorn of some of their splendor, for the mizzen carried no yards and crews on these barks numbered six or eight less than on full-rigged vessels. Old captains mourned the golden days of fifteen-dollar freights and struggled to pay costs and depreciation at five to six dollars the ton. They thought that they economized, but as compared with British or Norwegian masters they were wildly extravagant.

No American can watch the cents as they do in Europe. It was subsequently hoped that four, five or even six masted schooners could compete with steam and the Panama Canal, but the experiment was not successful. It was said that these long narrow schooners had not enough backbone to withstand the buffetings of Cape Horn, but the master of one fore-and-after was enthusiastic. He had a crew of seven men; on a previous trip in a bark he had brought an equal cargo with thirty-two men. His running expenses were so small that he saw visions of wealth; but he never came back.

Think of the Long Weeks That Followed—Jostling One Another in the Small Cabin, Taking Their Meals Together at the Small Table, Silent Nearly Always

The long voyage tempted always to speculation in the cargo, and this sometimes changed hands several times before the vessel arrived. There was always lively curiosity about the barley. If not up to sample, or if injured on the voyage, it fell from malting quality at a fancy price to brewing barley, and sometimes to the utter degradation of feeding stuff for pigs. The aristocrat of cereals, barley requires perfect weather conditions for developing the hard bright berry and demands the utmost care in transport. The great brewers on the Trent looked to Smyrna and California in rainy, sunless summers when English barleys were stained or rusted. Their agents made a great hullabaloo if the California barley arriving was of inferior quality or deteriorated, and attempts to pass on the loss were many and ingenious; but all contestants dined together amicably after the arbitrator had made his award.

The Consul on the Bench

HE WHO enters the British grain trade must walk warily; it is full of traps set by the mad medley of varying units. A tourist from the wheat pit in Chicago thought to pay the expenses of his trip by taking a flyer in a cargo afloat. Buying by the ton and selling by the quarter of eight bushels, his neat profit admitted of a dinner of celebration.

We had just got to the game course, which appeared picturesquely on the menu as *cailles bardées aux feuilles de vigne*. Our host had removed the vine leaves from his quail and was lifting the leg to his mouth in his fingers when I chanced to ask why this particular kind of barley was sold by the quarter of 448 pounds and not at the usual 400 pounds.

He held that little leg motionless in the air for a full ten seconds; then he whispered, "Don't give me away. I thought I was selling at 400."

Nobody but me knew that the dinner commemorated a loss, and the host accepted as a just tribute praise for his commercial cleverness.

To return from the cargoes to the crews. Those were the last days of the demon mates; the mad masters had already disappeared. In my boyhood years in San Francisco two of these old-time marine martinets of international fame or infamy were known to me. One, white-haired, gently amiable, once took me on his knee and gave me a stick of striped candy. Confidence established, with a fearful joy I asked him what a belaying pin was and how you lashed men to the mainmast. Cackling an old man's laughter, he took down my swing and showed me how to fasten him to the post; but when I appeared with the potato masher he stopped the game.

Mates were nearly all ex-masters who could no longer get master's berths, soured and disappointed, and prone to inflict on the new generation what they had endured in youth. It was a far cry on an outward voyage from the coast of Peru or Chile to the consul's office, and undoubtedly there was some licking into shape, as the mate would put it; but manners softened in the Atlantic and men often forgot Pacific methods in their eagerness for the joys of the land; hence complaints were few.

The best documented complaint ever laid before me was put in by a young university student who had shipped, as he said, for his health. He had certainly got what he had sailed for, for he looked a bronzed bundle of whipcord. His diary was one long record of petty hazings and humiliations, begun on the second day out. The opening incident was one guaranteed to drive an old-time mate to frenzy. The green youth, set to slushing down a mast, had put on rubber gloves.

I could imagine this hard-boiled mate cocking an eye upward and perceiving this lily-fingered landlubber protecting his hands.

The mate had his story, too; and I could vision months of cynical clever defiance, nicely calculated to stop on the edge of serious disobedience. The mate was evidently troubled by the detailed written evidence against him and by the names of witnesses appended to at least half the incidents. Charges short of extreme cruelty or violent assault usually fail through vagueness, mutual lying and lack of proof; but here was a complete case. I set an hour for the hearing and arranged through the master for the attendance of the crew.

An inquiry of this kind was justly the most dreaded experience of a consul. He sat in the seat of justice, but this seat had no legs. He had the duties of a judge, but no rights; it would be better to say no power to make good his rights. He presided in a court without a marshal or a policeman; his sole resource was moral power. The master bellowed interruptions and thumped the table. The mate chipped in. The boatswain hoarsely yelled. The second mate, a man of action, was apt to volunteer as sergeant at arms and with doubled fist threaten the witness if the latter went on lying. The crew, some swaying from liquor, were apt mechanically to light indescribably bad cigars, and everybody spit on the floor.

Such incidents were common in smaller consulates in the days of sail and the old-time shellback. They have vanished with the coming of steam and voyages too short to make seamen eccentric. I have rushed from such a scene to occupy officially an honored place in the reception of a queen. Such are the contrasts of a consul's life.

The Last Duel on the Down

I EXHAUSTED expedients to maintain order and create an atmosphere conducive to fair judgments. Three or four times I solemnly sentenced to imprisonment for contempt, melodramatically flung open the door to the storeroom and gestured to the assembled crowd. Invariably they gladly responded and rushed the offender into the lockup. I did it once with a drunken captain; the crew sprang at him joyously. They had all been discharged, so I was not encouraging future mutiny or leading to reprisals on the homeward voyage. Three hours later I opened the door and found the master sound asleep on the floor. Undoubtedly he had a right of action against me in the English courts for false imprisonment, but he did not even remember the incarceration.

The case of the student against the mate was never heard. The two came arm in arm the next day, the mate with a shade over his eye and a vacant space where a tooth had been. They had fought it out in a friendly way.

This young student must needs invest his battle with a literary touch.

"He was scared by my notebook," the student afterward told me, "and when he offered to fight it out, I said I would if he would fight on Claverton Down. Hundreds of duels were fought there during the two centuries that Bath was the great English resort. In the last one, Colonel Rice killed the Vicomte du Barré in 1778. When they ask you about duels on Claverton Down, say the last was fought on the eleventh day of June, 1884, between John Tyrrell, mate, and Patrick Byrnes, seaman, and Byrnes won in the seventeenth round."

On these round-the-Horn voyages mates had much to put up with, for it was rare that half the crew had ever been to sea before. The forecastle was the last retreat of the beaten man; only death was beyond that. Sailing before the mast was no longer the beginning of success; it was the end of failure. Masters cared little that some of

(Continued on Page 42)

What a delight to sweep along in a car, so free and buoyant that your mind is subjected to a sense of skimming the air as if on wings. Such is the new sensation which the Hupmobile Eight brings to motoring.

THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT

You feel the tremendous power—but you come near to forgetting its source. You know you are speeding over the road, but it quickly dawns on you that never before was it quite so easeful and effortless. For here is a new steadiness of great power—a steadiness which sheer bulk of weight sometimes gives, but for which it always exacts its penalty.

Perhaps your experience has never included such motoring; then you will find a fresh enjoyment in the Hupmobile Eight.

four body types, not excelled within $1000 of their prices in beauty, finish and equipment. Five passenger Sedan, $2375, four-passenger Coupe, $2325, Touring Car and Roadster, $1975. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added. Equipment includes balloon tires, bumpers front and rear, winter front, snubbers, transmission lock, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror.
Q Hupmobile four-cylinder cars, in a complete line of popular body types, at prices which make them the outstanding value in their field

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

(Continued from Page 40)

the men were ignorant of the sea so long as these were strong and healthy. This indifference existed only in the northern Pacific ports and was due to the long southward voyage along the coast in weather uniformly good. In the weeks that went by before Cape Horn was reached, enough seamanship was knocked into every man that at least he could go aloft and do his part in furling a sail.

The voyage was sometimes involuntary. There was usually at least one man in a crew who claimed to have been shanghaied. The lumberjack, squandering his season's hard earnings; the member of a threshing gang, spending in a week his summer's wages; the San Joaquin farmer, up in the city; the miner on vacation—all these got drunk on the Barbary Coast in San Francisco at their peril. They might wake up abreast of the Farallones, whence they could dimly see a receding Golden Gate.

A bronzed and hardy young man told me this singular story: He had been a country doctor with a promising practice. His girl had thrown him over in such a way, as he put it, as to drive him mad. He had gone to San Francisco with $350 in his pocket and come to his senses after delirium tremens in a hospital. He assumed himself penniless, but on his discharge was handed a carpetbag containing $3300 in gold. He knew faro, and assumed that he had visited some gambling house; but could not remember that he had, nor by what means he had become possessed of a bag made out of carpet.

Crimps and Their Methods

WITH his unexpected wealth he had gone to a hotel, procured a new outfit of clothes and was preparing to return home, when ill luck brought his lost darling and her new husband to the next table in the hotel dining room. He remembered drinking a bottle of champagne for dinner—and the next thing he heard was the whistling of cordage in the wind. He was the only man I ever met who was glad to have been shanghaied. He had never been so well, he said, and the cutting of all ties in his moment of crisis had been just what he needed.

The boarding master and his runners and crimps survived in the Pacific ports after they had been shorn of power on the Atlantic Coast. The water fronts of San Francisco and Portland were in politics, and ward leaders were a power in local affairs. Food was cheap, shore wages high, the climate good. Incoming sailors deserted and there was none to take their places. Hence the shanghaiing, the hunt for men, the blood money. Forty dollars a head was the price of sailors, and this was clear profit for the boarding master with a shanghaied man insensible from drink. One master told me that twice in an earlier day "stiffs had been planted on him"; but in the course of gradual very gradual—reform, the day had gone when dead men could be shipped as A. B.'s.

The sailor paid the blood money. When he had spent all he had and owed a few dollars he was told that his credit was used up and he must go to sea. He was given a bag of clothes—which might contain anything or nothing—and he signed an advance note for forty dollars.

Congress made advances illegal in the 80's, but must necessarily permit allotments to relatives. The first ship arriving after this recorded allotments of forty dollars to relatives. Each seaman had sworn before a notary that the payee named was a sister, a cousin or an aunt, and had paid two dollars for the oath. The sole and only effect of the law was to fine the seaman two dollars more than he had paid in the past. It was legally possible for a consul to probe these solemnly executed documents, and to compel the vessel to pay the advance over again; but the law stopped this by making discharges outside the United States illegal. As all the crew were eager to leave the vessel after four months on board, and as the master wished to save wages while discharging, it was the practice to give the seaman what was due to him before arrival. He promptly disappeared the minute the ship was alongside and was logged as a deserter.

The sailor, in the last analysis, was responsible for the blood system. Strange as it may seem, blood money was a necessary cog in the wheels of commerce. It made it somebody's business to see that the seaman reported when the vessel was ready for sea. Any steady sailor known to the master, or with sufficient personality to impress his good faith, could quietly sign the articles without payment of blood money; but this could not be done with a whole crew.

A master tried it. He personally procured his men, backing his judgment of character. Every man reported at the shipping commissioner's office on the appointed day and all were marched to the tug under the care of two officials. An ambushed mob attacked them with clubs, stones and fists, and not one reached the tug. The angry captain tried again. Owners peremptorily ordered departure. Charterers clamorously protested. He was forced to yield. He paid the king of the water front forty dollars a man That was the beginning of the end. The system was dying before deep-water sailing vessels were driven from the seas.

In those days of youth and leisure I welcomed every chance of personal touch with seamen. I paid them off in person in the cases in which discharge was possible, and that involved a mutual consideration of the accounts of the slop chest. Even Chips, the carpenter, usually a Finn, forehanded, ingenious, resourceful, with a chest of tools worth perhaps $500, and another chest of clothes, was in the slop chest, if only for tobacco. There were extreme cases of men working their passage home to England; and even these, I found, with no money coming to them, were allowed tobacco. I thought this kind till one day a master explained.

A man who smokes or chews a lot," he said, "will eat one-third less food. It pays the ship to give 'em tobacco."

Checking Up Accounts

IN GOING over the accounts the master would sit opposite to me on the left, the seamen on the right. The seaman rarely denied having received anything charged to him and seldom objected to the price. In one vessel the crew seemed to have had a passion for woolen socks at $1.25 a pair. I refused to approve that item, but the seamen would not hear of reduction.

"My old mother back on Cape Cod knits them of pure wool, two inches higher in the leg than them you buy," the captain explained. "I always sell out before I've rounded the Horn."

Speaking of socks, here are two opposing views of submission to discipline.

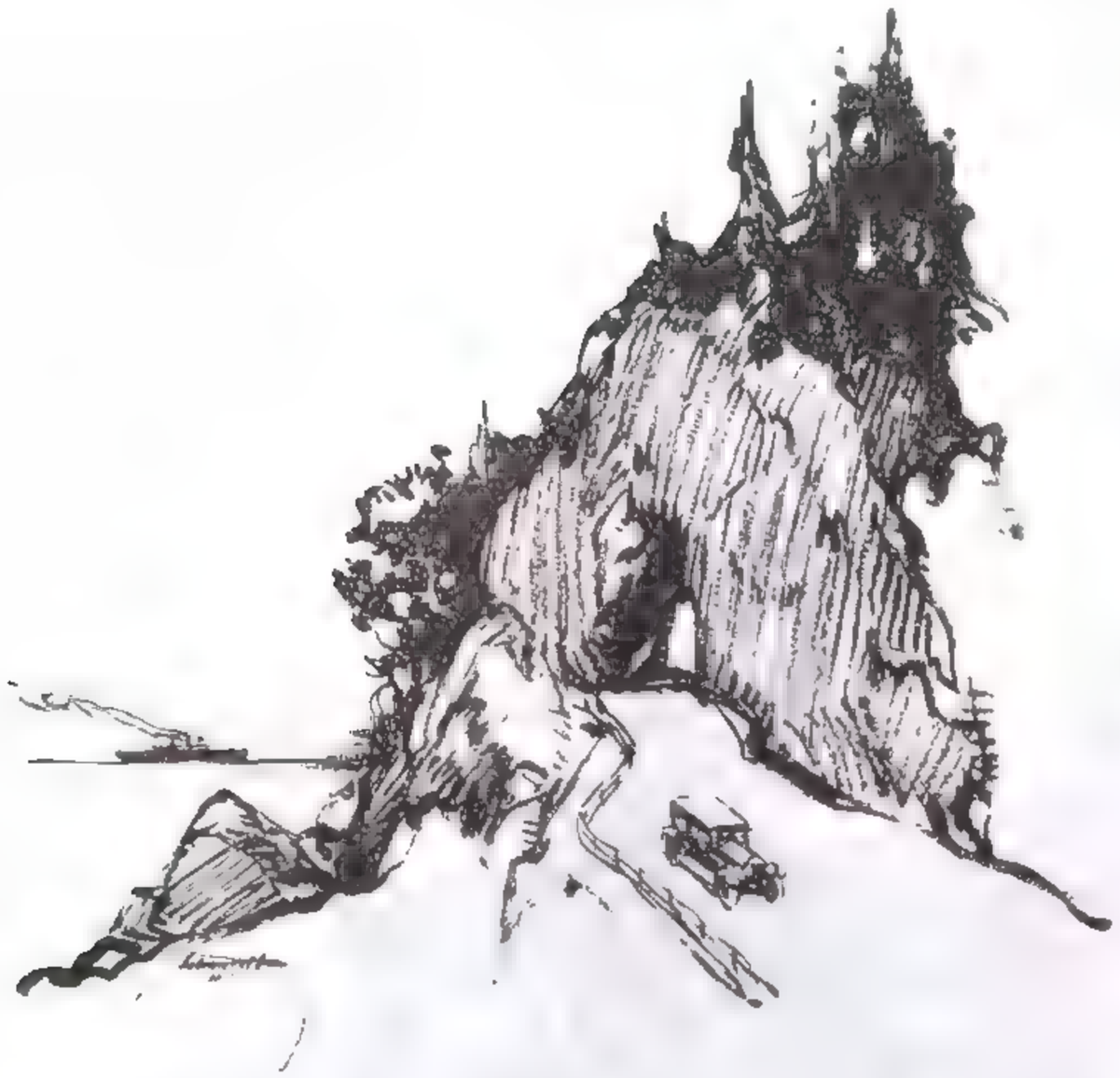
"The Norwegians make the best sailors," said a captain to me. "They obey orders without a kick."

An Irish sailor who had overheard breathed in an audible aside, "Yes, the —— will wash the captain's socks."

I never realized how helpless an old-time sailor was on shore until one day an old shellback assented to every item in his accounts, including a reefer jacket and a suit of oilskins. He signed a name which did not tally with the heading. A mistake had been made: the account was that of a

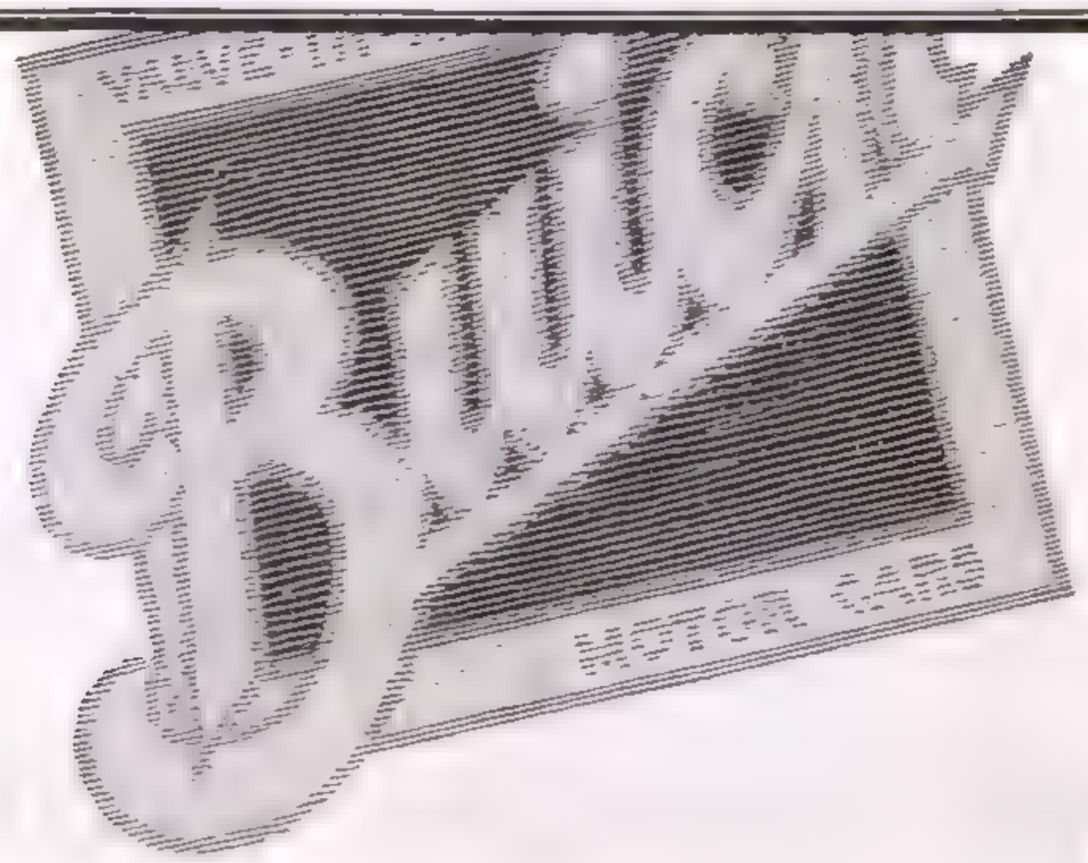
(Continued on Page 178)

"What Station Is This?"



It would take the entire capacity of the great Buick factories *more than six months* to produce the Buick cars now in operation on the Pacific Coast –

Buick value is recognized everywhere



WILLIE PAINTER, STRATEGIST

By Frank Mann Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Well, Tom, Seeing That It's Yourself and We Always Been Good Pals Together, I Don't Mind Admitting That I am Kind of Short of Jack at Present"

ON BORD TRAIN, May 12.

A HOUR or so ago I was setting in a little poker game back in the other car with some of the other bugs, and all of a sudden when I was about 6 or 7 bucks ahead I seemed to get sort of tired of gambeling, so I excused myself and came in here where Mr. Tom Robbins was. He looked kind of lonesome and blue all by hisself, but when he seen me a glad light of welcome come over his map as usual.

"Well, if it ain't Willie," he says, moveing over in his seat to make room for me. "Set down here, Willie, and rest your hands and face, and tell me what you got on your mind, if any."

So I set down beside him and we chatted back and frow on various topics for a while, until finably he ast me whatever has became of the story of my life, so far, which I had started writeing same when we was at Bowie.

"Oh, G!" I says laugheinly. "I had to quit doing literatury work some time ago, Mr. Robbins, on account I was afraid I would get myself so intrested in same I would want to quit rideing horses and devote all my tallents to being a author; and I guess you got plenty of troubles the way it is without me running out on you."

"That is sure kind of you, Willie, my boy," he repplies. "You certainly are kind to think of the old man that way, because if you was to ever quit rideing for me and I was to find out about it, I would undoubtlessly worry just like Mary Pickford would over looseing her singing voice."

Of course I did not let on I had heard the compliment, I am like that, although I got to admit it did make me feel pretty good to have my boss come right out and say how much he thinks of me, even if I did know in my heart all the time that I am the world in all to him.

After we got through with our conversation, Mr. R. goes in the smoker, and as I set here I got to thinking about my writeing. So I dug down in the bottom of my suetcase and sure enough there was the old scribleing book which I had not saw for over a month. And it sure gave me many's the good laugh as I glanced over what I had wrote, and rembered the way that old battle-ax of a Seattle Sadie tried to take me for a sucker down to Bowie, but quickly discovered that she had picked on the wrong tripe of man to monkey with.

Well, when we get to Toronto I must try and get some more of my life wrote, because we will be there pretty near 3 weeks altogether, and I should be able to get all the early part of my career described. Now that I have came right to the front by rideing 3 winners, and would of been 4 if that judge at Havre de Grace had not went totaly blind and placed me 2nt, when I finished a easy ½ lenth in front, it is more then likely all the papers and magazines will be pestering me for my story; and I might is well have it all ready for them and get that jack myself instead of some 4-eyed newspaper repporter who don't know a saddle from a rub rag. So I will have to keep busey with the old lead pencil; that is, if I get any time to myself in Toronto and not bothered to death day and night with folks wanting to entertrain me to sociable engagements.

Still, when a boy comes back to his native town—or pretty close to it, Pineville being only 20 miles from the city—I guess he has got to expect people will want to make a fuss over him; that is, if he comes back all covered with notoriety like I have win. Well, all I am hopeing is that they do not have no public reception for me, or not no big crowd at the depot to meet the train, because it would make all the rest of the bugs feel pretty cheap to have everybody welcoming and 3-chearing me, and not giveing them a kind look even. However, fame is fame, and no matter what comes I will always conduck myself moddest and refinery, I am like that.

WOODBINE RACE TRACK, May 13.

WELL, thank goodness, there was not no big exitement at the depot when we arrive yesterday and nobody there to meet me except my old man, which made me awful glad, although that young Srimp McGarrigle tried to give me the laugh by telleing the other bugs, Willie is sure an awful flavorite in his home town, Yes, just as welcome as smallpocks in a hospital. But I says to him very dignifried, "You shut your ugly mouth or I will soon shut it for you," and that quickly silenced him. That's what comes of telling a igorant young whelp like Srimp about me being afraid of a public welcome.

My old man was sure terreible pleased to see me again, but managed to conceal his real feelings good, being very unmotional in public just like I. All he says to me is, "Well, Willie, back oncet more." And when I ast him why maw had not came to meet me too, he just says she is too busey cooking vittels in expectation of a famine which is due to hit the house. Then he goes to Mr. Robbins and starts to kid about How has Willie behave himself? And has he gave you very much trouble? and all like that. And Mr. R. kids back that I have not been so awful bad all things considering, and my old man says, "Well, if he ever mistbehaves hisself just you let me know and I will give you the present of the trunk strap I use to use on him when he was my affliction." So we all laugh merrily and altogether it was a merry home-coming even if not no brass bands or speeches of welcome.

In the afternoon after we got the beetles all unloaded and safely stabled away at the track here, of course I went out to Pineville and maw was so tickled to see me you would thought her heart would break. It sure did make me glad to be home oncet more, even if she did keep asting foolish questions such as, Do I change my underwear and take a bath every Saturday regular? and Do I smoke cigarettes? and so on and so fourth, just like I was still a little boy instead of 1 of America's most promiseing race riders. But I did not sauce her back, but ansered everything loveing and polite, because all great riders are good to their mother and give her all the credit for their suxcess in life, and me too.

Pretty soon maw says I must be hungry, and knowing there ain't no use telling her I am not, I set down and et for about ½ or ¾ of a hour just to please her. And they can talk all they like about Maryland being the home of good eating, I never got nothing out of no Baltimore cafeteria or delicatessen that suited me like maw's roast pork and ruhbarb pie. Of course she wanted to know was I going to sleep at home, but I told her I will have to stay in town, probly at the best hotel, on account if something was to go wrong at the stables and a experienced brain needed to direct things.

"Besides," I says, "I will need to have plenty of privatecy in order to get caught up with my writeing." And she mistakes my meaning and says, "Well, I always told you that you should ought to practice your writeing more at school and every teacher you ever had said the same." So I laugh at her and say, "Not that kind of writeing, maw, but literatury writeing which I got to do because of all the papers wanting to print things about me." And that fair flabbergrasted her and she says, "Don't it beat all the things the papers prints nowdays?"

Then I tell her I think I will take a little stroll around the village before going back to the city, but will be out to see her again soon. And I guess my big reputation must of had the natives a-scared to talk to me, because I walked up and down Main Street ½ a dozen times or more and nobody hardly dared do more than nod to me. Probly they thought I was all swole up with pride little knowing that I will always be glad to speak to high or low, no matter what heights of my profession I attrain to, I am like that.

Anyways, nobody said any more to me than "Hello, Willie," excepting old Henry McDrain, the town constibel,

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Baked Premium Ham

Place the butt end of the Premium Ham in cold water and simmer gently, allowing about 20 minutes to the pound. Remove the rind, cover with brown sugar and bake 1½ hours in a moderate oven

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

For Easter breakfast, the center slices of a Premium Ham make perfect the time-honored dish of ham and eggs. To secure these slices most economically, many hostesses purchase a *whole* Premium Ham, baking the butt end to provide equally delicious cold meat for the Easter luncheon or dinner.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

1/5 of Industry's payroll

How it is wasted by non-productive time

Incorrect Lubrication's part in it

The committee of 17 eminent engineers, appointed by Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover,* reports that 1/5 of Industry's time is wasted. This means that 1/5 of Industry's 10-billion dollar payroll is paid for idle time.

The time-wastes cited by the committee include:—

[1] Congestion of work at some point in a plant, entailing idleness at others.

[2] Time out for repairs of machinery.

Both lead straight to lubrication.

The idleness of a single machine laid up for repairs spreads like contagion. A drag at one point checks the production flow. Work piles up. Men stand idle. The waste is obvious.

Repairs, except for accidents, can to a large degree be prevented by correct lubrication. Large savings in power costs undeniably follow correct lubrication.

Every machine in your plant is on your payroll. The only wages it asks is Correct Lubrication. Wrong lubrication may get by individuals. It never deceives your engines and machines.

The Vacuum Oil Company, the world's leading authorities on lubrication, stands ready to put its experience and its correct lubricating oils at your service.

With the coöperation of your plant personnel, we will gladly accept the full responsibility for correct lubrication throughout your plant.

Upon request, our nearest branch office will send a representative to confer with your proper officials.

New York *(Main Office)*, Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass.

** This committee was appointed to study preventable wastes in major industries for the Federated American Engineering Societies*

Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils *for* Plant Lubrication

IF the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 59 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

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who stops me and says, "Well, Willie, you here again? How did they use you at the school?" And I says, "What school?" and he shouts, "Why the reform school of course. Isn't that where you been?" and then laughs like a perfeck idiot. But I just give him a proud dirty look and he shut up mighty sudden, you bet.

When I got back to the city, very foolish I passed right by all the good hotels without thinkeing, and when I got to the track there was a bunch of swipes and bugs shooteing crape over by the fence. And the bones refused to roll good for me, so pretty soon I am 22 bucks looser. So with my whole wad all wet that way I decide that maybe it will look more friendlier if I sleep here at the track for a few days and take my meals with the other boys at the boardeing house instead of trying to high-hat them by resideing at some expensible hotel. If there was any right or freedom in the country they would not allow no boy's old man to sew him up to no contrack whereby the owner and the old man take all the jack and the boy does all the work.

WOODBINE RACE TRACK, May 15.

THINGS are pretty dull around here just now on account of us skipping the Pimlico meeting and shippeing here ahead of the other stables; and with every beetle in our barn excepting only just 2 either lame or off their feed, I don't get hardly notheing to do, because exercising 2 beetles per the day is a mere bagohell to a rider like me. This A.M. I ast the boss did he have any objections to me doing some works for some of the other stables just to keep in shape, and he says, "No, Willie, go as far as you like; there are some awful reckless trainers around these parts and some of them might even be willing to take a chance on letting you work some of their dogs."

So by in by I seen Mr. McBratney, which is assistant trainer for the Ross stable, and I says to him, polite, "Hello, Mr. McBratney, what would you say if I was to offer to work some of your good horses for nothing?"

"I'd say you had a whale of a lot of nerve," he repplies. "Who in the aitch are you?"

"Why," I repplies, "surely you know me; I'm Willie Painter, the boy which win all them races down to Bowie and Havre de Grace."

"Oh, yes," Mr. McB. says after a pause. "Willie Painter. It's a good name. Paint is fresh but Painter is fresher. Well, Mr. Painter, when I need you to work some of my good ones for me I will send you a night telegram by freight, so don't make no other engagements till you hear from me."

Then he walks away and anybody could see that he was greatly inpressed with my offer, and most likely he will be sending for me when all their good steak horses arrive from the South.

After he had went there was notheing for me to do, so I loafed in the sun for a while and I guess I must of been almost dozeing because 1st thing I knew something was prodding me in the ribs and a familiar voice was saying, "Wake up, you young rascal! Sleeping all your life away as usual?" And low and behold whom should it be but Mr. Billings which runs the big breading farm out home and the 1st. man I ever worked for—that is, not counting old Baldy Parsons, the druggist, I use to run errants for when but a lad.

He made a great adieu about me and inquired after my health and said how proud everybody on the farm was of my wonderful suxcess. Then he ast how the boss was and how all the horses are, and what kind of luck we been haveing. Naturally I did not give him no information about our business, but just told him we had win quite a few races, and most of our beetles tempory out of commission, and that the boss was complaining as usual, but carrying a wad of jack that would choke a boa contractor. And while we are still chatting Mr. Robbins returns back from the city and Mr. Billings greets him like a long-lost brother.

"Well, if it ain't that old hog thief, Tom Robbins," he hollers. "If ever there was a site for sour eyes, you are it, Tom. How has the world been useing you, old-timer, or hasn't it?"

"How do you do, Enock," the boss repplies kind of chilly. "You come to make rest a tution?"

"Rest a tution? Why, what do you mean, Tom?" Mr. B. ansers back. "I don't owe you notheing I am aware of."

"Oh," says the boss very short, "I just thought maybe you had came to pay me back the dough I give you for that colt last spring, and up and died on me 3 days later."

"Oh, him!" laughs Billings. "Surely you're not still worrying yet about that 1, Tom. Everybody is bound to have a little tough luck oncet in a while in the racing game."

"They are if they buy horses off you, Enock," Mr. Robbins agrease. "I have learned that much about the game to my sorrow."

"What's the use of crying over spoiled milk?" Billings comes back. "Forget the past and rember only the future. And if you want to give your eyes a treat, come on over to the fence, because in about 5 minutes I am going to work the nicest piece of horses flesh you have saw in a long time."

So we 3 stroll over to the track, and pretty soon I see Monkey Martin, that use to ride for Billingses till he got too heavy to make weight, come out on a good-lookeing brown horse. I recognize this horse immediate, but I don't say notheing, I am like that. Monkey canters this horse till he gets warmed up, and then sets down on him and works him 6 furlongs in what looks to me wonderful fast time, although I did not have no clock and had only to depend on my well-known jugment of pace.

"What do you think of him, Tom?" inquires Billings when the trial is over. "How does that 1 look to you?"

"If he was only black instead of brown, he looks to me like he would do swell for 1 of them old-fashion undertakers which buries his customers by horse power instead of gasoline," the boss ansers. "But what's he doing on a race track, Enock?"

"Hearse horse my eye!" says Billings. "What did he do that 6 furlong in?"

"I forgot to snap my watch," says the boss, slipping his kettle back in his vest; "but offhanded I would judge he done it slightly under the even hour. What are you trying to get rid of him for, Enock?"

"Who told you I am trying to get rid of him?" Billings says indignant.

"Why, you told me so, Enock," Mr. Robbins ansers. "What else would you invite me over to watch him for and then turn him loose like that, if you were not lookeing for a fish—excuse me, customer?"

"Well, Tom, seeing that it's yourself and we always been good pals together, I don't mind admitting that I am

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I Don't Speak to Neither of Them Till After I Have Went on the Scales and Weighed In

TILLICUM

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

XXVI

THE river expedition that day was accompanied by both Marshall and X. Anaxagoras, and went up-stream somewhat earlier than the usual hour. They exhibited no surprise whatever at discovering the camp to be deserted; nor did they meet the eager expectations of the crew for the day, who hoped to be led out on the trail like a pack of bloodhounds. Indeed, after determining by a very brief examination of signs easily to be read that their former guests had not crossed the river to the north, they returned to the yacht, where they made themselves comfortable under the after awning. It was a glassy still day, rather hot for the latitude and the time of year. The wide bay reflected the shores and the water fowl as though polished. There were no sounds, except the continued wild crying of the gulls and the deep roar of distant waterfalls as they tumbled off the mountains. At eleven o'clock they went swimming off the yacht. An early lunch they caused to be served on deck. After lunch they sprawled in lazy chairs, smoking in a somnolent and comfortable silence.

At last Marshall raised his head to listen.

"It sounds," said he, "exactly like a bull moose breaking through the brush."

The sounds to which he referred were as yet in the distance and subdued thereby; but within a brief half hour X. Anaxagoras saw fit to amend his companion's observation.

"More like an elephant breaking his way through the jungle," said he.

They lay back with luxurious sighs. From the forest now plainly could be heard a continuous crackling, tearing noise, punctuated by an occasional mighty crash or a more muffled thump. This center of disturbance appeared to be slowly progressing parallel with the shore.

"Just to think," spoke up Betsy out of a long dreamy silence, "while we're sitting here so cool and comfortable, all over the world poor devils are sweating and slaving."

Nothing more was said. The three figures in the lazy chairs relaxed still more. The casual observer would have said they had not a thought among them; but a keener student of mental chemistry might have been puzzled to have analyzed in their mood more than a trace of what he must label malicious enjoyment.

At length Marshall yawned, knocked the ashes from his pipe and arose to saunter across the deck.

"Oh, Benton," he called, "just turn out the cutter crew, will you? Coming along, Sid?" he asked his brother-in-law.

XXVII

THE two fugitives continued for some moments to sit on the fallen tree. Eats-'Em-Alive stared down at the yacht. Fleshpots had ceased to weep, but he had not troubled to brush aside the tears which still lay on his fat cheeks. He made no internal effort whatever; but his sterner companion was slowly gathering himself after what looked like a knock-out blow.

"We've plenty of food," he said at last; "it doesn't matter if we don't get there today. As soon as we get by this river jungle, we'll go down to the beach. We'll get there in time."

Fleshpots made no reply. He had nothing left in him with which to make reply. But when at the end of an interval Eats-'Em-Alive arose and said "Come on," Fleshpots did not stir. He did not even look up. "Come on, I tell you," repeated the other.

To all appearance, Fleshpots had ceased to function as a volitional creature. He breathed, and presumably the other absolutely vital functions went on in his interior; but without doubt at a greatly retarded rate, as do those of the hibernating animals. It is possible that Fleshpots was, indeed, hibernating through this winter of discontent. He did not reply; he did not look up; he did not even appear to have heard. Eats-'Em-Alive spoke commandingly; he spoke harshly; he spoke encouragingly; he even spoke appealingly; he ended by wasting considerable vital energy in a burst of anger. No go. He would have obtained as much response by addressing the small hemlock to his left. Fleshpots did not even arise to the negation of active mental resistance. He depended on his avoirdupois. Finally Eats-'Em-Alive jerked him by the arm and kicked him. No flicker even of recognition that he was there. He drew aside and surveyed his companion with despair.

"Go to the devil then!" he fairly shouted. "I'm through with you! Stay here and rot if you want to! I'm going!"

He turned to execute this threat—and came face to face with Marshall and X. Anaxagoras, who sauntered nonchalantly out of a small stand of firs. They looked cool and beautiful in white flannels and pipe-clayed shoes.

"Hullo," drawled Marshall. "Lovely in the woods, isn't it? Out for a little stroll? Nothin' like keepin' fit with a little exercise once in a while. Fellow gets soft sittin' around." He produced and lighted a cigarette and leaned gracefully against a tree. "But you don't want to overdo it," he continued. "Distances fool you when you're havin' a good time. Chap always forgets he's got to go the same distance to get back home again."

This light conversational remark accomplished where Eats-'Em-Alive had signally failed. A long low wail indicated that Fleshpots' much submerged consciousness had been reached.

"Just to Think," Spoke Up Betsy Out of a Long Dreamy Silence, "While We're Sitting Here So Cool and Comfortable, All Over the World Poor Devils are Sweating and Slaving"

"Better let us give you a lift back in the cutter," urged Marshall. "No trouble at all. You can go walkin' again tomorrow."

The figure on the fallen tree stirred and struggled feebly to its feet. The first portion of the suggestion had met with his unqualified approval. As to the latter portion, it fatally conflicted with a resolution that had not been taken but had slowly grown as grows the granite in the hills—namely and to wit, that never, in any circumstances, anywhere again would he walk at all; not while motor cars or street cars or—yes, by gosh, wheel chairs still functioned! Marshall surveyed him with a mingled air of amusement and a trace of pity; then produced a small silver flask which he silently offered.

Fleshpots seized it with what might be called candid eagerness and raised it to his lips. After a long interval he lowered it with a sigh. Marshall shook it next his ear.

"Sorry, old sportsman," he told Eats-'Em-Alive; "it seems to be all gone."

The two yachtsmen turned down the slope, and the others, without a word, stumbled after. At the beach they huddled into the stern sheets, where Fleshpots promptly fell into a comatose stupor. Marshall and X. Anaxagoras faced them from the thwart next forward. Marshall was chatty.

"Nice calm weather now after the blow," he observed. "Arbuthnot ought to be back tomorrow or next day. Been a long time."

"Too damn long," growled Eats-'Em-Alive, whose fatigue had rendered him incautious. "The whole thing is outrageous."

"Anxious to get back?" queried Marshall softly.

"I ought never to have been away. I didn't want to come on this fool expedition anyway," said Eats-'Em-Alive resentfully.

"No good to take things hard," soothed Marshall. "When a man gets in a hurry and thinks things can't get along without him, and all that sort of thing, he just ought to drop everything and go away for a while. That's the way I do it. Then when he gets back he finds things are all right after all, and he knows better next time."

"That's all very well for men like you who haven't any responsibilities," snorted Eats-'Em-Alive. "What do you know about it?"

"Lots. I've seen it tried. Nothin' like it. There's no great hurry about things. They get along all right even if you don't hurry. If you don't believe it, you ought to see how they do things in Tahiti."

The word rang an alarm bell in the brain of Eats-'Em-Alive. He looked up quickly to encounter Marshall's gaze. It seemed to him at once impish and speculative.

"I guess you're right," he hastened, with a sudden and ludicrous softening of manner. He cast about for something else to say that should be both reassuring and antidotal to fool notions. His tired mind could conjure up nothing; but he had forgotten his tired body in a panic of uneasiness.

The cutter ascended the river, slid into the bayou and landed its human freight. Fleshpots had to be carried. The half pint of whisky, added to the horrors of the day, had resulted in a merciful oblivion.

They put him to bed.

"Touch of the sun, perhaps," Marshall suggested. "Mean thing. Possibly he won't be well enough to travel."

"He'll be well enough," stated Eats-'Em-Alive with emphasis; then caught himself and added a feeble, "I'm sure."

The cutter returned to the yacht and her occupants embarked.

(Continued on Page 50)

She who prizes beauty must obey Nature's law!

How MANY of you who envy the perennial beauty of some favorite of the stage know the simple secret of her perpetual loveliness?

No life is more arduous than hers, no environment more trying to the complexion. Still she comes before the footlights year after year, young and radiant because she has not transgressed Nature's simplest law.

Faulty elimination is the greatest enemy that beauty knows. It plays havoc with the complexion; brings sallow skin, dull and listless eyes.

When intestines fail to function normally, when they become clogged with digestive waste, poisons generate and spread throughout the system, destroying health and beauty, paving the way for sickness and disease.

Harsh drugs and laxatives should seldom be taken except at doctors' orders. They bring only temporary relief and make matters much worse later. How much wiser it is to prevent faulty elimination and establish regular habits by eating the proper food.

Bran is a bulk food which your own physician has recommended highly. Perhaps you have tried to eat ordinary bran and found it dry and tasteless.

But there is a bran that's really good to eat

Post's Bran Flakes is bran in its most delicious form. You can eat it every day and enjoy it. Served with milk or cream it is a splendid breakfast cereal. It makes the lightest muffins and the most tempting bran bread.

If eaten regularly Post's Bran Flakes will correct faulty elimination and establish regular habits. It provides the intestines with the bulk they need to function normally and at the same time brings to the body such vital food essentials as phosphorus and iron, proteins, carbohydrates and the essential Vitamin B.

Post's Bran Flakes is the best-liked bran. More of it is sold than any other kind. Millions eat it every day as an "Ounce of Prevention". Try it. Now you'll like bran.

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everybody every day

eat

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

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"I think," observed Marshall reflectively, "that our little lambs will not again stray from the fold. Tomorrow we'll send the kicker to Kinsey Landing. If Arbuthnot caught the first boat, he should be there."

XXVIII

ARBUTHNOT proved to have caught the first boat, and arrived late in the afternoon. From a distance he made gestures intended to convey assurance. This he confirmed even before his foot had touched the deck.

"We've got them stopped!" he said as he ascended "As far as that is concerned, everything went through as though oiled. But I'm not so sure about the legal end of it."

"Glad to see you back. Take that chair. Have a drink?" urged Marshall. "Well, go to it!"

"We're dying to hear," supplemented Betsy.

"Thanks," said Arbuthnot, taking the chair and reaching for the drink. "Well, at first Mrs. Maxon hardly wanted to hear about it; but she read your letter over three times, and finally I got her attention. At first I simply assured her that the property she knew about was on no account to be disturbed. Finally, when she really seemed to be listening, I went more into details—about these fellows, I mean, and what we'd done about it. That interested her. Then I sketched our idea. She became quite cheerful and resigned. 'Anything he says,' said she. She wrote you this," said he, handing X. Anaxagoras a letter. "I tried to get her to sign a legal release, but she wouldn't hear of it. It's as you said—she's very touchy on the whole matter. I could only go so far. I was afraid she'd break down and shy off completely. She didn't want to hear of it at all. She just insisted it was all right if you said so, and to tell you to do what seemed best to you."

Arbuthnot paused to fill and light his pipe.

"She's a beautiful woman; a most remarkable woman," he added thoughtfully. "I saw her a number of times" He looked up to catch Betsy's eyes and a slow flush mounted under his tan. "I was trying to get her to sign a legal release," he continued quickly. "That's the only weak point; we ought to have legal permission. But I couldn't come to it."

"It isn't necessary; it's quite all right," said X. Anaxagoras.

"I'm glad you think so," returned Arbuthnot.

"You see," the healer of souls told them blandly, "I myself own a share of the mine."

The others stared at him.

"I grubstaked Maxon and lent him some money for development. Of course, I expected no such return; but he insisted so strongly that I finally took it. Of course, I should never have taken any steps against Mrs. Maxon's wishes. Though I am a minority owner only, nevertheless that fact obviates the necessity of legal permission."

"How about the adjoining property?" interposed Marshall.

Arbuthnot chuckled.

"You called the turn there," said he; "it was vacant. I started the necessary business through your lawyers and by this time I was assured it would be safely in your name."

"It seems complete," said Marshall with satisfaction

"The only puzzling thing," continued Arbuthnot, "and the only thing that seemed to arouse Mrs. Maxon's real interest, was the question of the notebook. Until I told her I had it in my possession, she did not even know it was gone. She was much astonished, and could not believe it until she had searched through all her belongings. She cannot imagine how it ever got away from her; or, indeed, how anyone could know of its existence, even."

"That is, indeed, an interesting point," agreed X. Anaxagoras, "and we must try to clear it up."

"There only remains," observed Betsy, with happy anticipation, "to break the glad tidings"

"Tomorrow," decided X. Anaxagoras. "Physical exhaustion blunts the receptive faculties, especially on the day following an effort, and it seems to me desirable that the receptive faculties of our friends should be at their keenest in order that no savor of the situation may be lost. Tomorrow morning we will visit our friends upriver."

"Me too, this time," Betsy put in her claim.

"It may not be entirely seemly at times"

"It will be sufficiently decorous," promised Marshall with a certain grimness. "I'm through monkeying with that gang. And if you don't mind, I'd like to handle this."

"By all means," murmured X. Anaxagoras languidly "Turmoil and strife are foreign to my peace-loving disposition. But as interested spectator I add my claim to that of my beloved sister"

"I think we should all go!" cried Betsy, inspired "Everybody! It isn't fair otherwise. The men, too, I mean. They're just as much interested as we are, and they've done their parts nobly"

"All right," asserted Marshall, "bring 'em along, the whole kit and caboodle."

"I'm going to take Noah and Roggsy, too," stated Betsy. "It will be a lesson to them."

XXIX

THE following morning saw the Spindrift quite deserted, to the great scandal of Benton, who thought that at least an anchor watch should be left aboard. In the cutter were oarsmen, Betsy, Marshall, X. Anaxagoras and Arbuthnot. The kicker accommodated the rest of the crew. The men were in their dress whites. The kicker towed the empty dinghy. True to her promise, Betsy had brought the two animals. Noah, quite accustomed to boat expeditions, purred contentedly in her lap; Roggsy perched on Rogg's shoulder. On the way upriver Marshall, as commander in chief of the punitive expedition, voiced his instructions

"Now I'd suggest," said he, "that we drop the utter damn fool rôle. We're dealing with a pair of crooks."

"One of them's a kind of appealing little crook," murmured Betsy.

"We'll see how appealing he may prove to be when he hears the sad news," said Marshall with a sardonic grin "That reminds me, Rogg, you and Pierce stand near by, and if I give you the signal gag the brutes—I mean, make them stop talking. There won't be any rough stuff, but in the excitement of the moment they might forget there's a lady present."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded Rogg heartily

"Aren't we going to have any more fun out of it?" queried Betsy plaintively.

"Leave that to me," replied her husband. He was bubbling with anticipation; but as the cutter rounded the bend and came in sight of the camp, he sobered to a business-like gravity. "On your marks!" he warned.

Eats-'Em-Alive and Fleshpots had partially recovered from their excursion of two days before. At least the receptive faculties mentioned by X. Anaxagoras were in full working order. They arose and came down to the beachlet, puzzled by this invasion in force. That the kicker had returned from its alleged journey had, of course, been for some moments evident; and now Arbuthnot's presence revealed itself.

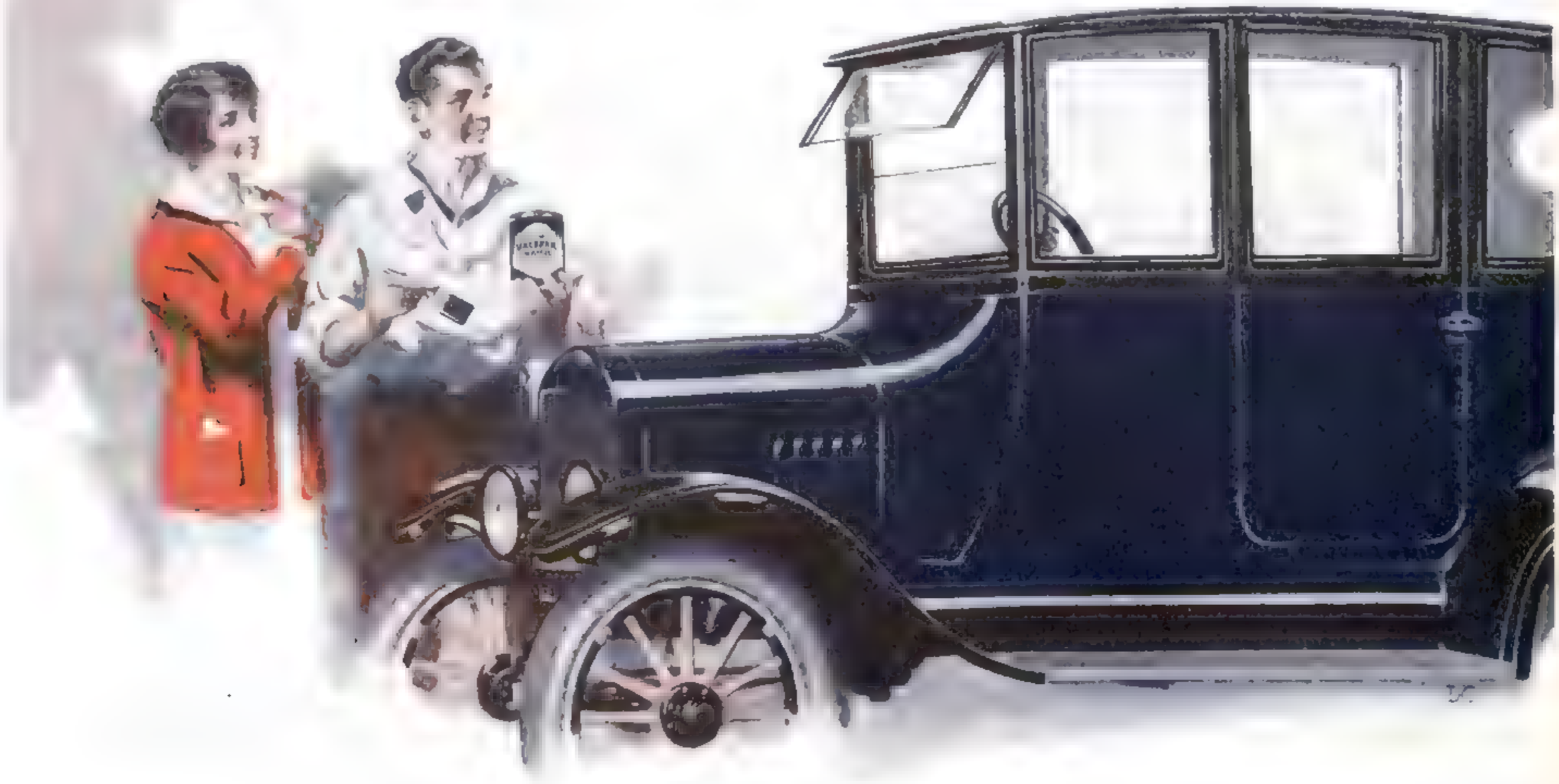
Curiously enough, of the two, it was Eats-'Em-Alive rather than Fleshpots who gave the greeting. This was the fashion in which his uneasiness expressed itself Fleshpots had not yet regained his resiliency and looked like a dejected cherub.

"Hullo!" Eats-'Em-Alive greeted them with a cracked cordiality like a ghostly echo of Fleshpots' former manner. "Got back at last, I see."

(Continued on Page 82

He Was Standing on the Pantail Delivering in the Direction of the Spindrift an Animated Oration Accompanied by Emotional Gestures

Why drive a shabby car?



$94.75 Profit from a Valspar-Enamel Finish!

Lawrence Case, real estate man of Norfolk, Virginia, had put his Ford Sedan through two years of the hardest kind of service. "Trade it in for a new one," his friends advised. But so disreputable was its "finish," that his dealer offered only $275 allowance! This car was literally too shabby to sell!

Then Mr. Case had an inspiration—the result of long experience with the sales-value of Valspar in selling and renting real estate. He bought one quart of Valspar Deep Blue for the body, one quart of Valspar Black for the fenders and top and one pint of Valspar Ivory for the wheels. In four hours he refinished his car—himself!

The result so pleased him that he drove the old car two months longer before he could bring himself to trade it in for a new model! However, the same dealer who had previously offered $275 before the car was refinished gave $375 for it with its new coat of Valspar-Enamel.

"I'm a very amateur painter," Mr. Case admits, "but the finish looked good enough for a paint shop! The dealer sold the car within three days for $400; and he said I had evidently spent money on a first-class repaint job. What I actually spent was $5.25!"

Valspar-Enamel not only looks well but wears well! It is proof against oil, gasoline, road grit and boiling water from the radiator. It is unharmed by sudden changes in temperature and withstands day-after-day exposure to sun and weather.

Valspar-Enamel is easy to apply, dries overnight and costs but little. Made in 12 standard colors Red, *light and deep;* Blue, *light, medium and deep;* Green, *medium and deep;* Bright Yellow, Vermilion, Ivory, Gray and Brown. Also Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black. By mixing these standard colors any other desired shade can be obtained.

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)

Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.

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Choose 1 Color	
Clear Valspar	☐
Valspar-Stain	☐
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Valspar Book	☐

S. E. P. 4-11-25

When supper was brought to the belles of the ball in old Tennessee

THEY like to tell you about it down South —that stately, old ball room where the young gallants made their bows years ago and beauties smiled above their fans.

Long before the days of country clubs and jazz, the youth of Dixie danced and supped at the Maxwell House of Nashville.

There the old-time southern belles in their sweeping trains danced the steps our grandmothers knew: the courtly quadrille, the polka, the graceful waltz. And there they paused for supper—such suppers as are remembered and described to this day.

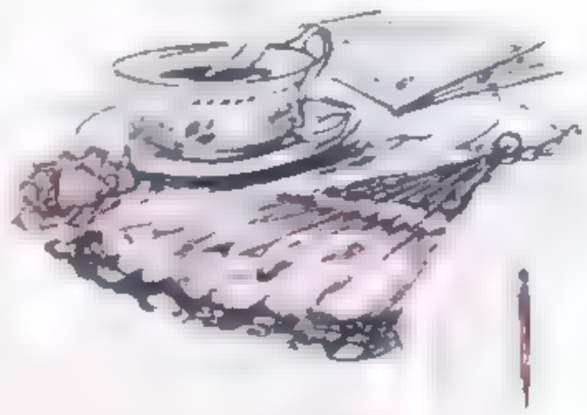
Antoine, himself, the chef from New Orleans, prepared the delicacies which they liked so well. The fragrant cups of coffee which their partners brought them were the very pride of Antoine's heart.

It was the food at the Maxwell House, and above all else the coffee, that was always talked of most widely in that land of "mammy" cooks and beaten biscuits.

Steadily the fame of the Maxwell House grew

Only one kind of coffee was served at the Maxwell House—a special blend so rich and mellow that those who once tasted it, remembered it long afterward.

Year after year the great balls, the masques, the cotillions and costume dances brought together the youth and beauty of the South at this fine, old hotel. Year after year distinguished men and women came from all parts of the country to pass pleasant days under its roof. The fame of the Maxwell House and of its coffee was spread far and wide.



In distant cities the families who enjoy the best things of life have heard of this wonderful blend of fine coffees and have secured it for their own tables. And the same man who perfected it years ago, Joel Cheek himself, still supervises with his associates the blending and roasting of it today.

The same coffee with all the rare flavor that delighted the guests of the old Maxwell House, is now on sale in sealed tins at better grocery stores. It is the largest selling high grade coffee in the United States.

When you have poured the first cup, when its rich aroma first reaches you, you will understand why it has made the name of the Maxwell House famous from coast to coast. Serve it for breakfast tomorrow. Ask your grocer today for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee.

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE COMPANY

Nashville Houston Jacksonville Richmond
New York Los Angeles

Also Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

TODAY—*America's largest selling, high grade coffee*

A GROUND FOR DIVORCEMENT

(Continued from Page 35

upward kick, then pranced fanwise, easing out from its staid mother at approximately a right angle.

"What's at it?" exclaimed Cora sharply.

Benfer had sprung out hastily. Cannily avoiding the colt's heels, he was lifting from the ground a broken doubletree.

"That there's where cracked a while back. Make still, you jumpin' June beetle! Tarnation! What's now to do? It ain't nothing left fur to hold these here horses to the wagon yet." The problem was, indeed, a serious one. That slender crossbar to which the tugs were fastened was, after all, the most important bit of wood in the wagon. "Fur how kin they haul nothing if they ain't uptied to nothing?" Benfer puzzled aloud.

His baffled eyes swept the prospect, then brightened.

"Klinke's blacksmith shop ain't but a pieceways. He will leave me git a second-handed one off him fur fifty cents or whatever."

"Fifty cents oncet!" Cora's fingers grabbed at her pocket. "Yi, yi! Do you think us we are got our millions, or what? Fifty cents fur a whatever youse could whittle fur yourself! It will go a while till Klinke gits off me fifty cents fur a sliver of wood!"

"Och, you talk whichways! How kin I whittle someping if I ain't got nothing fur to whittle? And hours it would take me if I would have. I kin tie this here with such a rope up, yes. But that ain't enough holdful. No; it's got to be someping strong fur to hold the two hind ends of them animals to this here wagon."

Cora's eyes circled speculatively, then settled upon the strongest thing in sight.

"You're strong," she said abruptly. Instantly she moved to her side of the seat. "Git ahead on in. Youse kin hold a tail at each hand while I make the lines."

Benfer stared, uncomprehending. Then his heels began an agonized dance, as though the dust were hot beneath them.

"Me—hang to them horses from their tails! Me—git to Flathead in front of everybody, a-draggin' at them tails! No! And that I won't! That there wagon gives enough laugh! I won't go haulin' it by no two tails. No! I ain't makin' no doubletree out of myself, now that I give you!"

But even then Cora was gathering the reins into one firm fist. With the other she was reaching resolutely for the whip, and her expression was that which she habitually assumed when she reached for her ledgers—for those rigid ledgers in which Benfer was still far on the wrong side of the sheet.

Benfer continued for a time to cast dust upon himself after the manner of the afflicted of old. Then he stumbled in and reached for the astonished tails.

Never was effected more spectacular entrance into any arena. The spot in which the Evangelical forces had chosen to embattle the powers of evil was a bowl-shaped meadow whose sides tipped up more or less precipitously. Down the steepest of these slopes, in late midday, descended with the thunder of heavy artillery the Hippel chariot. Upright upon the edge of the seat perched the stern charioteer, his feet braced desperately against the dashboard, in either fist the tail of a horse. Even so, he restrained himself with difficulty from flying over the backs of the team, twitched this way and that as he was by the uneven progress of the elderly mare and her wild-eyed offspring. Beside him his partner, a mushroom effect over one eye, tugged with the might of her extended arms upon the reins, one foot clamped stiffly forward upon the brake.

Pots leaping, pans clashing, stove thundering, they cleared their own passage, bringing up only after they had neatly bisected the entire meadow.

Benfer uttered his one remark as he sagged wearily back into the seat, his backward flicking eye taking nervous note of the earnest Christians who were converging after them at various rates of speed.

"That there was enough fur to ground one them fancy diworces onto," he gritted.

That remark was to occur to Cora later. For the present, having hoisted the mushroom, she was mainly concerned over the fact that the first object upon which her gaze steadied itself was a saffron feather and, flanking the feather on either side, an individual of the gender male.

The flanking of the feather, indeed, was destined to become the absorbing subject of secular interest at the Flathead camp meeting. Not Preacher Plapp, eloquent though his exhortations were, could hope to divert entire attention from things material so long as the widow, her feather and her dashing vehicle held court beneath a spreading chestnut tree. About them, between devotional sessions, rallied wholeheartedly the male communicants.

"She ain't mourning like them that's got no hopes," tittered Sarah Ofendahl, as early in the evening she waddled to the Hippel tent which Benfer had hastily set up—and as hastily deserted—upon the edge of the meadow.

Benfer had not selected the spot with haste, however. Even before the tumult and the shouting occasioned by their arrival had died, his mortified eye was cannily ranging the environs for a spot from which the creaking bonus might at least make inconspicuous egress. Just at the foot of the grade where the road swung into the meadow, removed somewhat from the other tents, he had pegged down his own and retired the afflicted wagon behind an adjacent copse of hazelnut bushes.

"Hopes!" Cora observed dryly. "No, she's got several hopes by her." Empty water pail in hand, she glowered from behind the pillowy Sarah toward dim congestion beneath the chestnut tree. "Us we kin pack and fetch while our misters set and make fools out of theirselves."

"Yes, I give you," agreed Sarah placidly. "Still and fur all, your mister ain't been, just to say, settin'. Look oncet! Youse can't see nothing now but the hind pants at. All the after he has had his head in the underneath of the thing. Was he conceitin' mebbe to buy it off her?"

"Buy it!" burst out Cora. "Was you fergittin' to remember what happened them folks back in the Bible times where buyed and sold doves into the temple? They was scorched out with whips yet. That there same had ought to happen in this here days fur such as trades in the sacerd courts."

Mrs. Ofendahl sought her third chin with trembling fingers and stared in some consternation at Cora, who was considered an authority on Scriptural interpretation.

"I up and fetched such a hen duck along fur to trade Tippie Kutz fur a gander," she confessed. "I wasn't ever conceiting where this here was no temple. But mebbe I best be gittin my duck by me ag'in, was I?"

Cora brought her smoldering eyes back from the chestnut tree. Implacably she shook her water pail.

"That there wouldn't only be another trade to your credit," she said crossly as she started toward the spring.

Benfer was whistling gayly and setting up the iron bedstead when she returned.

"I'd 'a' packed fur youse if you'd 'a' let it set," he observed.

"Youse was too busy packin' fur Tillie Klinefelter," retorted Cora.

"Well, that I was," agreed Benfer absently. "My, the water them engines kin swaller down into that there little gladiator or what it was onto the top of them! But I'm gittin' onto the hint of it!" He smote his thigh in an ecstasy of triumph. "Fur long a'ready I been itchin' to git familiar with the insides of them engines, fur I couldn't begin to make my thoughts how such a little thing could up and pull the air so fast past you that way. But it's just like that there agent says at the Yings Fair a year back a'ready. 'My,' he says, 'Mr. Hippel,' he says ——"

"Yes, I took notice still to where the men was wonderful fur the machinery this after."

Cora whipped a sheet furiously into place. Benfer cocked his head. Had he discredited his sex in some way?

"No, it ain't her rig where makes so much with the men," he placated earnestly. "It's Tillie herself. I gosh! The lively she has! Youse can't fault us fur it, Cory; us men we're just natured to like to be with them where makes pleasant ower us. And she does, now, make that pleasant—and to me yit! I give you, I wouldn't ever have believed ——"

Cora stood, eyes, ears and mouth open for capacity absorption of this damning evidence. But after all, Benfer did not give her what he believed. At this most damnific point he had stopped abruptly. He was even flushing in something of guilty confusion. He picked up his hammer and spaced a nail in the tentpole. Cora saw that guilty flush.

Benfer's was a loyal soul, a delicate soul; and he had well-nigh betrayed Tillie's unhallowed use of cinnamon drops and his subsequent flight. He had always regarded his conduct upon that occasion as a black spot upon his honor. But Mrs. Klinefelter had seemingly forgotten it. He chuckled aloud.

Cora, swelling in the shadows, heard that joyous chuckle. She suddenly beat at the air, then brushed out into the night. Benfer drove his nail.

"What is it youse want?" he called absently. "I'll git fur youse."

But he would have been dumfounded had he known what she really wanted. For even then she wanted to get him away from the Flathead camp meeting at once. She was a person of repression rather than dramatics; but there in the darkness behind the tent old flames leaped within her, causing her to wrench her bright head from side to side. Out of those flames crackled old Jeremiah's voice: "How many porches ain't he set onto a'ready? Sooner you git such a one, sooner you ain't gittin' him. No, them kind ain't ever staying by one female ——"

"Was you smellin' a rat or somepun?"

Mrs. Ofendahl peered at the distraught figure from her tent flap.

"Yes," hissed Cora.

Certainly, if Mrs. Hippel upon that first evening yearned earnestly to fold her tent and silently steal away, she yearned to do so with increasing earnestness during the days which followed. She was not a person who could endure emotional disturbance for long without doing something drastic about it. But in this case there seemed nothing to do. Benfer attended the religious sessions faithfully, he sang not wisely but zealously, he listened devoutly. Between meetings he leisurely shaped a new doubletree. But—he shaped it leisurely, and he shaped it under the spreading chestnut, and he shaped it under the open blandishments of a saffron feather.

Benfer had been mistaken, however, in his supposition that Mrs. Klinefelter had forgotten any detail of their past relationship. But she was an exponent of that philosophy which always absolves the opposite sex at the expense of its own. It had been Cora who had supplied the supplanting porch. Accordingly, from the moment when Mrs. Hippel had hoisted the mushroom and had swept her with an apprehensive eye, she had inwardly resolved upon a reckoning for the nine years' score. In other words, without knowing in the least Jeremiah's dire warning, she proposed to underscore it by showing Cora that although she had got Benfer, she hadn't got him.

It was early borne upon Cora that she had been relegated to the humble position of fueler in chief to Benfer, and that her fuel was utilized mainly to propel him toward the chestnut tree. Fueler in chief, literally; for there were soon rumors of dim revels involving delectable bits salvaged from the defunct grocery. Benfer came swaggering mealward capricious of appetite and noisome of dill pickles, canned sausage and soda pop. Moreover, the scandalized Cora early discovered that that great democratic principle, freedom of speech, had been reft from her. Should she raise voice of protest or sarcasm, Benfer bolted his food all the faster, seized an apple and—made for the chestnut tree.

She became, in effect, a bottle filled with ferment which must explode, and cannot. And in the meantime that effervescent organism which caused the ferment—the widow's small pink tongue—went steadily bubbling on.

"She even puts it out where diworcement ain't an ewil no more, while it's become so populous in the cities a'ready!" Cora burst out early upon the third morning as she refilled Benfer's coffee cup.

"She?" queried Benfer.

Cora contained herself with difficulty. She had had a sleepless night.

"That Tillie Klinefelter, to be sure. Who else?" she demanded in a pent voice. "She says still where it's even looked to as stylish fur to shed your lawful partner."

"Yes, that's how she puts it."

Benfer gustily hoisted a knifeful of scrapple. The golden flecks in Cora's eyes vibrated. There was no sound for a moment save Benfer's audible enjoyment of his coffee. Cora slanted stiffly forward. She clutched the oilcloth upon the packing box which served as table.

"Youse was always much fur style," she observed breathlessly.

"Yes, that I was!" Benfer gayly forked a slice of bread. "And I guess I still was mebbe. It's just natured into me, I guess."

Cora lost all holds. Her fingers slid limply to her lap. A distrait expression which Benfer had noted more than once since their arrival veiled her face.

"Was you, mebbe, gittin' under conviction?" he probed delicately. "Was you feelin' fur the altar?"

"I'm feelin' fur home," Cora said desolately. "Hitch a while and leave us go."

She placed her fingers against her lips to hide a sudden trembling.

Benfer's fork missed its goal and went offside. He righted it, scrummed its contents into either cheek and choked hoarsely, "Feelin' fur home? But I can't hitch; the doubletree ain't made. What's ower youse? Here you badgered me into gittin' youse here if I had got fur to drive the horses by the hind end of their tails. And now you make talk about home! What is it at you? Preacher's elocutin' wonderful, ain't he? And it's such a jollyness everywheres."

"Jollyness! Yes, I am gittin' a jollyness!" observed Cora bitterly.

"Why ain't youse hangin' yourself under the chestnut tree where it makes lively then?" Benfer paused irresolute, then ventured wistfully: "Say, Cory, here's where I could make a jollyness fur youse. Leave me git dare from Tillie fur to ride you and me onto that delivery of hern. This now I give you: Oncet you set onto one them things, you ain't ever fergittin' how they set. That agent at Yings he says, 'My,' he says, 'Mr. Hippel,' he says ——"

"Set!" hissed Cora, rearing back. "Me—set onto Tillie Klinefelter's rig? When I set onto that ongodly whatever, I am a dead corpse and can't otherwise help fur it."

Benfer snatched an apple and made for milder scenes. Outside the tent, he paused while he cracked noisily into the fruit and stared at the chestnut tree.

"I ain't makin' finish with the doubletree fur two days yit. Not, anyhow, till the camp meeting's all."

His eye twinkled as he started toward his carpenter shop. Cora did not see that twinkle. But she knew it was there.

Two days! Two days!

But how futile are our earthly fears! Cora thought of the days. Destiny thought of the nights.

Cora began to understand how ominous the darkness may be when she came stumbling forth alone from the revival tent that night. Alone! Some time between the second and the third hymn of the evening Benfer and his gusty falsetto had disappeared. Nor had the saffron feather remained to quiver upward with a shrill soprano.

Cora stood for a moment outside the tent, peering this way and that. Then she drove herself, step by step, toward the chestnut tree. She saw what she had known she would see. She saw space where the delivery car had stood. She harried herself through the shadows to her own tent. But she did not go within. She knew that Benfer was not there. And clearly as though the voice had spoken at her side she heard his wistful tones: "Us men we're just natured to like to be with them where makes pleasant ower us."

She did not feel anger. She did not feel bitterness. She was beyond any definite emotion. She simply stood, locked. She looked up at the stars. They knew where Benfer was. They could see him. They winked at her.

And, after all, did they not have reason? For they were gazing upon a felicitous scene some miles distant. They were gazing upon Benfer as he clutched a wheel with entranced fingers, a saffron feather tickling his ear. They were hearing Benfer as he at last repeated without interruption what the agent at the Yings County Fair had said to him a year before.

"'My,' he says, 'Mr. Hippel,' he says, 'in all my agenting I ain't ever before seen nobody,' he says, 'where could git learnt to run a auto in just only the one lesson,' he says."

"It's easy seen you're wonderful fur it," his companion agreed. "Me, now, I can't ever set my brains onto both my hands and

both my feet at the same time. That there's the one and only reason I am offering to trade you evens fur your team and them there sticks you call your wagon yet."

"Yes, well," fumbled Benfer. "I ain't just to say talked it out with missus yet."

Mrs. Klinefelter said nothing. Rather, she said everything in her short, sharp laugh. She said all she felt and thought and knew of Benfer's chances for a trade should he consult the lady mentioned. The laugh stung Benfer. The machine descried a letter S.

He remarked briefly, "We'll be gittin' back. I guess the quatter hour's near up. How do you around this thing?"

Considering that the quarter hour which Benfer had specified as the extreme duration of their journey had well-nigh tripled itself, and the widow knew it had, her ensuing remark held only a semblance of the truth: "It don't seem like no quatter hour." She sighed deeply and added, "I don't never around it. I just go till such time as I kin make a circle somewheres."

Benfer stared in panic down the long narrow road.

"But we got to be gittin' back before the benediction anyway. I'll git out and hist it into a circle. Don't git scared now; I'm goin' fur to make stop."

Her shriek was occasioned, however, not by their increased slowness but by their increased celerity.

They suddenly made for a ditch, leaped it lightly and brought up within negligible inches of a fence.

"Whoa!" yelled the panting Benfer. "Ain't you hearing me whoa you anyway? It ain't nothing," he soothed. "I just only stepped onto the wrong place in the floor fur a minute."

He got out and addressed his stocky strength to hoisting the vehicle about so that it would face virtuously toward the camp meeting.

"I gosh! That there was worse than drivin' horses with two tails." He swept his dripping brow as he climbed back. "Leave me git my foot onto the right thing now. I feel fur gittin' in fur the last song anyhow."

Mrs. Klinefelter did not make the mistake of laughing again. She only smiled gently and fell for a space into unwonted silence. She did not speak until they stopped with a sudden jerk which flattened Benfer against the back of the seat.

"What's at it?" she queried.

"Yes, what it is at it?" growled Benfer. "Would somebody tell me the whatness of it once?" He tugged; he pushed and pulled and twisted; then he leaped from the car.

In the car and out of the car toiled Benfer for upward of half an hour. Intermittently the engine whirred healthily; continuously the widow smiled healthily; only Benfer was by way of becoming unhealthy, distraught as he was by fears of that which was to come.

At times the car jerked ahead like a huge, stringhalted rabbit. Mostly it stood still. Benfer climbed in at last, grimly folded his arms and sat back, spent.

"Take the dang-fool good-fur-nothing!" he apostrophized the darkness at large. "I wouldn't give the hind end of the colt's hind tail fur it."

It was at this point that the smile at his side faded abruptly and completely. If such appraisal of the vehicle were spread abroad, and by one whose knowledge of mechanics was notorious, certainly all plans for its disposal might well be wrecked. Ensued soft squirmings and from the midst of the squirmings a soft voice:

"Well, if that ain't the ever! We can't, fur all, fault the machine fur it. Here if I ain't settin' with my foot on and off the brake yet! Ain't I the dopple, though?"

"Yes!" Benfer spatted irascibly at the ear-tickling feather as he bounced into action. "Such a dopple I ain't ever seeing since I'm born a'ready!"

It was vigorous language to use toward a lady in whose car one had been invited to take a moonlight drive, particularly when the lady's only misdemeanor was that she had temporarily misplaced one of her feet. The gallant Benfer wallowed in penitence immediately. But considering what was at stake—his Cora was at stake! His Cora, who neither might, could, would nor should ever understand this surreptitious roistering about with a female notably coquettish, at night, upon what was to her the devil's own contrivance. Strange, unintelligible monosyllables strangled in Benfer's throat as he crouched low over the wheel, his knuckles white upon it.

He felt white all over, and very small and very inadequate to the situation, when they came at last upon the ridge above the Flathead meadow and stared down upon the pallid encampment below. No light was visible anywhere; not even in that small tent, the last in the row, at the foot of the grade; that pointed oblong beneath its fringe of hazel bushes, like the white of an eye staring fixedly upward. They would have to pass directly behind it, within ten feet, in order to make the turn toward the chestnut tree! Benfer drew the hard breath of one in nausea as he turned the machine down the incline.

"The brake!" shrieked the widow.

Her foot flew for it. Benfer's flew for it. They collided, sprang apart. They were half down the grade now, going faster, faster. Below them, at the foot of the grade—the tent! They'd got to make the turn behind it. Benfer's foot plowing for something—anything—crashed down upon the brake. Just in time! Even then the thing had leaped the turn. Now it was rocking in death spasm upon the very slope behind the tent. No, not in time! The locked wheels were skidding on the dew-drenched grass; they were slipping, sliding toward that canvas wall—they had scooted into it!

For a horrible second, as the tent lifted, swayed, then billowed back on top of them, there was a gentle impact of metal—the iron bed! They were pushing it! Themselves hooded in canvas like an amorphous Ku-Klux juggernaut, they were pushing it slowly before them—slowly before them across the meadow. Its metal legs slithered into the soft ground, gouged, held. It became, in effect, a brake for them. They stopped, nosed snugly against it.

Smothered under the canvas, Benfer and his companion beat blindly at it. How long it was before the tent flap miraculously opened above him, Benfer never knew. His head shot upward through the slit. There—before him—below him—was the bed. And upon the bed—upon the bed a figure in white had reared to her knees and, faced about, was staring directly at him.

He'd got to get out! He'd got to get out!

He got himself upon the seat, and stumbling in the heavy stuff, falling in it, pulling it sidewise with him, somehow he fumbled over it to the ground. He rushed to the side of the bed. Even then he was in obsession that she must have been crushed beneath it and that this white thing with stiff braids rampant must be her rising angel. Even as she snatched a quilt chastely about her, the action connoted nothing earthly to him.

"Best git her out from under," the figure upon the bed gestured briefly.

Benfer turned sloggy feet. Heavy with unreality, he gazed back upon the canvas behind them, which was heaving in erratic tepee effects. From beneath it issued hollow moans.

He lifted it. Mrs. Klinefelter gasped twice, felt for her feather and gracefully dismounted. Her bright glance swept the scene. Only a few tumultuous nightcaps projected from surrounding tent flaps. The entire affair had elapsed in well-nigh soundless unreality.

The widow walked to the side of the bed. Benfer followed. Upright in its middle, quilt-contained, sat Mrs. Hippel.

"We all got a ride we ain't expecting, ain't not?" said Mrs. Klinefelter sweetly, addressing them both. And to Benfer she added, "Just let it where it stands. The canvas covers it plenty good. And don't make worry ower this here. You done good fur just only the second lesson." Here she laid her fingers warmly upon his sleeve and lowered her voice: "And if I ain't sellin' it, I give you dare fur to stop by my place and take all the lessons you feel fur onto it."

With an airy wave of farewell she turned from them and went to her own place. The darkness veiled Mrs. Hippel's countenance as she sat for a long moment staring after the lady; but with the parting words her shoulders had begun to droop as though the last straw had been laid upon them.

Suddenly she brought herself up. And the decision of her movement as she started to get out of bed betokened one who had resolved, and resolved greatly.

Benfer was still vaguely shaking the sleeve which the fingers had caressed. As yet he had said no word. His mouth opened now, widely groping for one. But Cora supplied all that were necessary. Already she was doubling up the bedclothing

"Git this here bedstid them bushes behind. It's time fur to make sleep."

But Benfer could not make sleep. All he could make when he finally lay upon the bed which he had set up behind the hazelnut bushes were distracted conjectures which sent chill moisture through his hot brow. What would Cora do in the morning? Was this the sort of thing them fancy diworces was grounded onto? What if she left him? That question roweled him until the sheer torture of it numbed him into unconsciousness.

She did leave him. In the early daylight he threw his sleep-drenched arm toward her, awakened abruptly and sat up gibbering. She was not there! Peering through the bushes, he saw her. She was coming from the chestnut tree—from the chestnut tree!

He began to dress, snatching for this and that, his eye piercing the bushes. The small two-burner oil stove had escaped demolition; upon it was steaming a pot of coffee. As though nothing had happened, the utensils for breakfast were neatly arranged upon the packing box. Almost as though nothing had happened, he heard her unvarying reply to the startled inquiries of various early risers:

"It was just one them little accidents. But the night made so warm, we wasn't needful for no tent nohow."

Immense admiration swelled him so that he could scarce fasten his garments about him. But what would she say to him?

What she said, after a cursory glance at his skulking figure, was, "You got your pants front end backwards."

He retired. He emerged again and had his breakfast. Continuously people came and went or stood and talked. Her manner held only a faint restraint. But the crisis still loomed. What would she say to him when they were at last alone?

What she said in that dread moment was preceded by the flash of a knife. But it was a pacific blade; she employed it merely to point toward the fateful delivery car, where it still stood under its robing of canvas.

"Shove it up," she commanded. "Clost. So we kin pack into it."

Benfer felt for his head. He missed it.

"Shove?" he contrived. "The—Mrs. Klinefelter's ——"

"My car!" sliced Mrs. Hippel. But even then the edge in her tone seemed directed toward Mrs. Ofendahl, who was waddling tumultuously forward, her large face a blank of consternation.

Benfer's body progressed toward the car. But his mind remained static. His fingers were too limp for a moment to lift the canvas.

In that limp moment Mrs. Ofendahl's reproachful tones penetrated his passive ear:

"But youse wasn't makin' trades, was you? You made out a'ready where it was a black sin fur them where traded doves into the temple ——"

And he heard Mrs. Hippel crossly—"That there machine ain't no doves. Nur neither was them horses."

And he heard Mrs. Ofendahl relievedly—"Yes, well. I guess that's right. Then my duck ain't no doves either. I guess I get Tippie's gander by me agin, ain't not?" He saw her pad joyfully away.

Benfer's fingers worked, though his mind did not. His brain had received two enormous, unwieldy facts which were bunting about, leaving no room for thought—Cora had bought an automobile; the creaking bonus was gone. As yet he felt no joy. He was in phantasmagoria.

He loaded the car and stood looking at it. He wanted to ask where they were going. Or was only she going? Panic shook the question from him.

"We're going home," she said decisively. And added vigorously, "If it's any lessons to be took, that there's where they'll be tookened at."

"We" were going home!

"But the camp meeting ain't finished," stumbled Benfer.

His eyes strayed toward the chestnut tree. The doubletree wasn't finished either. Mrs. Klinefelter couldn't drive horses by their tails ——

Cora saw those straying eyes. She saw that forlorn expression. She saw that hesitation. The golden flecks beat to life; almost they looked red in the early light. And in that moment of silence something happened; something which made Benfer as he turned toward her think that he saw Cora Cratzhammer, not Cora Hippel.

She stood before him, uncertain, shy, pleading. Lovely color blew in her delicate cheeks. Her bright hair lifted and fell in the stirring sunlight.

"The Yings Fair ain't finished neither," she murmured.

After all, one is not supposed to exhibit debonair grace when in presence of a miracle. Benfer sat down heavily, and heavily, doubtfully, surveyed the metamorphosis before him.

She started to adjust to the bright uprush of her hair the flattened remains of a dried mushroom. She looked from it to the stubbornly seated figure. Abruptly she cast it upon a small bonfire.

"I got fur to git me such a new hat—off of Yingstown," she pleaded. And again there was that curious embarrassment.

The sense of crisis was heavy upon Benfer. He had just sufficient breath to make the test.

"With, mebbe, such a flower or a feather at?" he ventured.

For just a moment it seemed as though the stiffening figure might be Cora Hippel returning to life again. But it was Cora Cratzhammer's soft young lips which curved upward as she softly and youthfully breathed, "No; not, anyways, one feather. Two yet."

WILLIE PAINTER, STRATEGIST

(Continued from Page 47)

kind of short of jack at present," repplies Billings. "Under ordinary circumstances I would not no more think of parting with that there horse than I would my upper set of teeth; but the way I am fixed right now, and wanting to see a good scout like you get along good like I do, I might consider a offer from you provided it was liberal enough. Come on over and take a look at him, Tom."

So we went over and inspected the brown horse very thorough, and I could see that the boss was greatly taken with him from the way he kept shearing at him and picking faults at every point

"What horse is this, Enock?" he says. "Who is he by and what has he did? If he burned up any tracks as a 2-year-old the news must of escaped me entire."

"Well, Tom," says Billings, takeing a big chaw of eating tobacco, "this little horse is bread clear out of sight. He's by King Albert out of Red Heather, and the reason he didn't make no name for hisself last year was because he had more tough luck in 1 season than what the Apostle Job done in his whole career. I had him all readied up for the baby races last spring, and 3 days before the Woodbine opens he starts to coughing and has to be turned out for the summer. Come August I take him up and start to ready him for the fall meets, and just as he's getting ripe, he picks up a stone or something in his frog and his foot swells up so bad he has to have another lay-off. So then I ship him down to Tijuana in care of Bill Duffey; and either Bill don't handle him right or either he don't like that warm climate; anyways he don't do nothing wonderful down there at all. But he's a grand made little horse, and bread in the purple and fair deceased with speed."

"But what's his name, Enock?" Mr. R. says. "Don't he have no moniker, or does he travel in cogs like the Prince of Wales?"

"His name is Red Albert," I chips in. "I use to work him as a colt when I was exercise boy for Mr. Billings before you grabbed me off to ride for you."

"That's right. Willie knows all about him and all about how fast he is," says Billings. "Didn't he have the foot on every horse on our place, Willie?"

"He sure did," I agrees. "I rember ——"

"That will do, Willie," the boss interrupts. "Little boys should be saw, not heard."

"Oh, all right," I says agreeable. "I only wanted to lend you a helping hand."

(Continued on Page 56)

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Watch This Column

MARY PHILBIN

Here are some interesting facts in connection with Universal's great production of "*The Phantom of the Opera*" the story which admitted Gaston Leroux to fame:

It required six months to prepare for the production and six months to film the story. It required 50 principals and 5,000 others, headed by LON CHANEY, as the Phantom, and MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY as the lovers.

It necessitated a reproduction of vast portions of the magnificent Paris Opera House, the grand staircase, auditorium and stage, as well as the six tiers of subterranean vaults in which the Phantom had his hiding place.

Among many other spectacular reproductions are the great dome of the Opera House, the huge statue of Apollo, the grand promenade, the magnificent chandelier and the Foyer du Danse.

The most impressive parts of the opera of "Faust" were produced on the stage and included an orchestra of 100, a chorus of 80 and a trained ballet corps of 250, all led by noted artists formerly connected with the leading grand opera companies.

Real opera stars, including Alexander Bevani, Virginia Pearson and Templar Saxe, were used in the opera. Four special buildings were erected on the Universal lot to house the costumes.

Rupert Julian, genius of "*Merry Go Round*," directed the picture and was assisted by 150 technical experts, 300 stage hands and electricians.

Seven blocks of Paris streets were reproduced, including the cobblestone pavements The immense dome of the opera house was built with sculptured figures fifty feet high. The opera scenes and the grand ball were taken in full color. I advise you to get Leroux' novel and read the story before you see the picture.

If "*The Hunchback of Notre Dame*" has not been shown in your town, will you please let me know?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Beautifully illustrated Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 54)

"You go on over and lend Absalom a helping hand poulticing that dink in the 3rd stall," the boss says. "When I need your advice on a matter of this kind I will get you to write it for me on paper, Willie."

So I went over and showed the smoke how his work should be did, but not before I had heard Billings saying he might consider a offer of five thousand for Red Albert, although crazy in the head to part with such a prospeck for a paltry sum like that; and the boss says not crazy enough to cause his financiable advisers any worry, but he will think it over.

WOODBINE RACE TRACK, May 17.

WELL, we have got a new horse in our barn, only he is not no new horse to me, but the 1 called Red Albert, and I think he must rember me from last year, because he acts awful loveing to me every time I feed him sliced carrots or lumps of shugar. Yesterday A.M. I ast the boss was he going to buy this horse off of Mr. Billings.

"Buy him?" he says. "I should hope and pray not. I wouldn't take him as a gift, not with a ton of cheese throwed in to bind the bargain."

"Why?" I says, supprised. "Didn't I tell you I know that horse, and never saw a faster 1?"

"Willie," says the boss, "how long was that old sinner Billings talkeing to you the other morning before I come?"

"Oh, about 5 or 10 minutes or so," I repplies. "Why, Mr. Robbins?"

"He didn't happen to offer to leave no Xmas box under your pillow for boosting this horse to me, did he?" says Mr. R.

"No, he did not," I says indignant. "And if that's the tripe of man you think I am, Mr. Robbins, the sooner you sell me to some big stable the better for all concerned."

"Oh, keep your shirt buttoned, Willie," he ansers. "I did not intend notheing personable. I just wondered on account of you 3-chearing this horse and saying how good he is. You didn't happen to know that he's a bolter, did you?"

"A bolter?" I says. "He never done no bolting when I knowed him. Who told you that about him?"

"The little old dope books told me, Willie," the boss says. "Last night I put in a few hours' study of the Form Book and I found that old Enock had a surprisinly convenient memory in telling me about that horse's history. He clean forgot to tell me that he started him twice at Thorncliffe last fall and both times he run so wide on the 1st turn that it was only by the mercy of hell he don't go clear out of the park. And he also neglected to inform me that down to Tijuana he repeated the preformance 3 times, until the judges told Bill Duffey he had better sell him to some good circus."

"Well, that's all news to me," I says. "But just because a horse runs out a few times is not no proof he cannot be cured. Maybe this horse don't have no good boys rideing him; it takes experience to handle one of them kind."

"Maybe you're right, Willie," he agrees. "I guess what this horse needs is a good strong-armed rider like Strangler Lewis, and not no young kids like Johnny McTaggart and Romanelli and Mooney. The hole trouble is that the Strangler or Jack Dempsey might have a bit of trouble getting down to rideing weight."

"You wouldn't need no Dempsey to ride him if you would put a real horseman in the saddle," I says.

"True enough," the boss ansers. "But all the stars like Sande and Parke are tied up with the big stables, so where would I get 1 to ride this fence buster for me?"

"If you don't know where to look in your own establishment for a real rider," I repplies, "it would be unmoddesty for me to tell you where. But you take my advice and buy that Red Albert horse, Mr. Robbins, and I will gamble you will not have no more regrets than what you have over grabbing me."

"Perhaps that's the truth too, Willie," he says kind of thoughtful, and walks away.

And I guess he must of took my opinion to heart.

Anyways, this morning when I was cleaning out a stall more for the exercise than because I had to, him and Absalom come back from the Billings' stable leading the brown horse.

"So you took my advice after all," I says. "Well, let me tell you that you got a real horse even if he did cost you five grand."

"Five grand," Mr. R. says. "I may be cuckoo, but not to that extent, Willie. I talked old Enock down to twelve hundred last night, and only I got a hoarseness in my throat which required immediate medical attention out of a drug store, I would probly have got him a whole lot cheaper. Right now old Enock regards that twelve hundred as clear profit; but there's 2 or 3 soft spots on next week's card for a horse with a record like this 1's; and if he will only run to his looks and breading just oncet, I may yet make that old sinner Billings laugh on the other side of his whiskers."

"Oh, fine!" I says. "Then I am going to get a chance to show the home folks how a real rider sets a horse."

"Sure you are," ansers the boss. "Every morning beginning tomorrow you will have a chance to strut your stuff in front of all the early clockers and sharpshooters, and there ain't no better judge of a boy's ability than them birds."

"In the mornings?" I says in distmay. "They don't run no races in the mornings, Mr. Robbins. What about in the afternoons?"

"In the afternoons, Willie," says Mr. R., "I got a sneaking idea it might be more satisfractory to all concerned if I was to intrust this little animal to the care of some boy which carries the majority of his strenth in his arms rather than in his jaw. Not meaning no distrespect to your tallents, Willie; not by no means. Because you know, Willie, that I am confident that some day you will be 1 of the world's great riders, providet you should live so long and no new boys take up the profession."

But I was so disappointed at the thought of not getting to ride Red Albert in a big race that I did not hardly notice the compliment, I am like that.

WOODBINE RACE TRACK, May 18.

WELL, the 1st day of the races is over and I expect by now the boss is wishing he had of depended on home tallent instead of letting hisself get dazzled by big reputations. This A.M. I read the entries in the morning paper and I see where Red Albert is entered in a 3-year-old race at a mile and a ⅛st, so I hunted up Mr. R. and ast him had he changed his mind about giveing me the mount.

"Not this time, Willie," he says. "Today I am going to leave you free to mingle with all the ladies and gents of society, all of whom should be glad to pick up a few points regarding snappy styles from those glad rags you brung back with you from the South."

"Who is going to ride Red Albert?" I presists. "Surely you're not going to let none of the other bugs have him, are you?"

"I am not," he repplies. "Steering Red Albert is not no job for a bug, but requires a full-fledge jock. And just to salve your injured feelings, Willie, I may tell you that the jock who will be in the pilot house this afternoon is the 1 which I regard as the champion of them all."

"And whom might he be?" I says.

"Joe Diamond," Mr. R. ansers. "I just heard yesterday that Joe is makeing a special journey here from New York to ride a horse in the King's Plate; and seeing that he owes me a good turn for bailing him out 1 time he got pinched down to New Orleans, I'm going to make him ride a trip for me this afternoon."

So when it come time to get ready for the 3rd race I grabs a extra blanket and sneaks into the paddock after the boss and Absalom; and when Joe Diamond appears in the boss' silks I sort of hung around and grabs an earful, not that I thought I could learn notheing off of Joe, but just out of idle curiosity, you might say.

"Listen, Joe," the boss says. "This here horse is a bit headstrong, so be sure you keep a good tight hold on him, especially when you're makeing the turns."

"Thanks, Tom," Joe repplies. "You mount him from the left side, don't you, or do you?"

"What do you mean, Joe?" the boss says.

"Oh, I just thought maybe you were going to instruck me how to climb onto a horse, or which way the track runs, Tom," Diamond says very sourcastic.

"All right, Joe," the boss ansers awful short. "I was just trying to tell you."

"If you don't like the trip I make," Joe says, "tell me about it after we get back."

The boss don't say notheing more; and after the horses are on the track I accompanies him down to the fence near the starting post. At the barrier Red Albert stands like a lamb, while all the rest of the beetles are cutting up dog.

"There ain't notheing wrong with his post manners anyways," the boss says.

"Why would there be?" I answers. "Didn't I school him my ownself when he was a colt?"

"Oh, are you there, Willie?" he says. "I thought you would be over in the clubhouse inclosure giveing the ladies a treat."

"Ladies don't mean notheing to my life," I says. "I'm down here to see how a real imported rider which thinks he knows it all rides."

Just then the barrier is sprung and the whole bunch are away good, with our horse on the inside and well up. Standing on my tiptoes I can see them pretty near down to the turn, and then a big fat dame about 6 feet high walks all over me and I don't see notheing more. But from the roars of the crowd I can tell something has went wrong and I can hear the boss cursting and swearing something scandalous.

"What happens?" I says to him. "Does our horse run out?"

"Just what I was lookeing for," he ansers. "That swell-headed Joe don't take a short hold on him like I told him to and lets him go into the 1st turn with his head swingeing loose, so he just naturally bolts wide and carries the 2 that are outside of him clear over to the far rail. I thought they were going clean over the fence, and only that Joe's head would probly of ruined 1 of them cars parked outside, I wished they had of."

"Where is he now?" I inquires. "I can't see notheing on account of this lady standing on my dogs."

"Joe's got him straightened away again and he's coming like a house afire down the back stretch," the boss repplies. "But what good does that do us? Because here is the others turning for home now."

"Well," I says, "next time maybe you will not let yourself get dazzled by big reputations, but give a chance to a boy which will be a help to the horse and not a hindrance."

There was some more advice I was going to give him, but he turned and looked at me so disappointed and kind of savage that I decided I would not kick a man when he is down, I am like that. So I pushed the big dame off of my feet and beat it away from there and did not see no more of Mr. Robbins all day. And while I did not get no chance to cover myself with no glory in the rideing line today, I did not do so bad from a frisal standpoint; because Monkey Martin whispered in my ear that their horse Mother's Joy was a kick in the slats for the King's Plate, and I went and bet the last 2 bucks I had right on his beezer. And I guess I must of been pretty near the only 1 that did, because I get a hundred and forty dollars back for my $2 ticket. And the horse Joe Diamond come all the way from New York for to ride was 1 of the flavorites and finishes about 2 minutes after the winneing numbers are hung up. So all and all it hasn't been such a bad day even if I do have to dodge the boss until his rath has cooled a bit.

WOODBINE RACE TRACK, May 20.

WELL, I am just back from spendeing the Sabbath day in Pineville, and I am sure glad I went even if the boss did raise merry aitch when I came back about me takeing a holiday without asting no permission.

After dinner maw wants I should go to Sunday school, but I told her I couldn't do that, much as I would like to of, on account I had important business to transack out to the Billingses breading farm. So after a little argument I went to the farm and everybody treated me pretty good, although I could see they are all jealous of my suxcess. And I guess Monkey Martin must of been trying to steer me onto a dead I with the tip he give me yesterday; because when the boys heard that I had two bucks bet on his nose they near droped dead and wouldn't believe me until I pulled my big roll, with a fifty-dollar bill on the outside, out of my pocket and showed it to them. It seems that they all thought this Mother's Joy didn't have a Chinaman's chance and none of them bet a penny on him. So that was 1 time when a bum steer went wrong, and they little knowed how hard it is to make a sucker out of a man who is as keen a judge of horsesflesh as I am, and would of bet on this horse for a winner even if nobody hadn't even mention his name to me.

(Continued on Page 58)

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MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 56)

"Well, it takes a fool for luck," Monkey says after I had put the roll back into my kick, "and it's a pity your boss don't have a little of the same brand you got. The old man sure slipped a sour 1 over on him when he bought that Red Albert hound."

"What do you mean a sour 1?" I says. "My boss bought that horse on my recommend and I don't hand him no dead 1's. Only for Mr. Robbins letteing Joe Diamond have the mount yesterday out of friendship, I would of rode him and what's more I would of win with him."

"Yes, you would of!" Monkey snears. "When you and that horse wins a race the both of you will be treading on your whiskers."

"You think you know it all," I repplies. "Let me tell you I worked that Red Albert for over 3 months last year and I never had 1 under me with more step; and if you only knew all the good horses I have rode on the big tracks you might appreciate what that means."

"Oh, we still get the papers oncet in a while," he ansers, "and we didn't read no account of you rideing no Zev's nor Man of Wars. When do you ride all these world-beaters, Willie—in the middle of the night when nobody is lookeing?"

"Never you mind when I ride them," I says. "All these big stables has got their own riders who have to be considered; but it might supprise you if I was to tell you that I of the most prominentest trainers in America has ast me to do some works for him this week. And I am telleing you that the 1st time you see Red Albert entered in a race with Willie Painter up, you go and bet yourself a couple of bucks on him and maybe you will have something in your pocket besides holes as at present."

So then I walked away on them all, and after I had visited the house and paid my respecks to Lizzie Letson, the cook, who was always a great admirer of mine, I starts to beat it back for home. But as I am comeing out of the gate somebody hollers at me from behind a tree in the lane, and when I stopped it is little Andy Foley which started rideing the same time as me, but failed to make good like I done, not haveing the level head and clever hands which a jockey must have.

"Listen, jock," he says, "I want to tell you something."

"Never mind calling me jock," I repplies gracious. "Even if I will be a jock in only another few months, I will always be plain Willie to all old friends and admirers."

"It won't be no few months before you are a jock," Andy says. "As soon as you ride 15 winners you will loose your bug allowance and that ain't going to take a boy like you more than a couple of weeks or so. I don't suppose you got a spare five bucks you could lend a feller, could you, Willie?"

"Why, sure thing, Andy my boy," I ansers, handing him a five. "Easy come easy go is my mottoe; and any time you are in need of a little jack come and see me, because I make plenty these days."

"That's darn kind of you, Willie," he says. "If you're going to ride that Red Albert dog take good care of yourself and pick a nice soft spot to fall, because he's a mean horse if ever there was 1."

"Oh, I guess I can take care of myself, Andy," I says gratefully. "Whatever did you farmers do to that horse after I left here, Andy? There never was a better mannured colt than him when I had him, and I can't hardly understand what makes him so fence-shy."

"If I tell you what ails him, will you keep it dark, Willie?" little Andy says.

So I promised to keep it a profoundry secret and Andy tells me all about it. And it seems that last August him and Eddie Marsh are going over to Port Credit to see a couple of girls; and as the farm fluvver is broke the 2 lazy hounds decide to sneak a couple of horses out and ride them. And Eddie takes Blue Betsy, the old broodmare which hasn't been off the place in years, and Andy takes this Red Albert colt on account of him being such a good-behaving beast. And when they are rideing along in the dark a great big bootledger's motor truck wizzes past without no lights; and old Betsy thinks the end of the world has came and stands on her hind legs and rears sideways and throws Red Albert into a bob-wire fence.

He gets cut up quite a bit, but the kids manage to sneak him back into the stall and leave a stable scraper laying there, so in the morning old Billings thinks that the colt has tore hisself on it. So nobody don't ever discover what has happen, and none of them can't understand why this Red Albert always afterwards goes crazy when he gets close to a fence with another horse on the outside of him.

"Once he gets around the 1st couple of turns," Andy says, "he forgets all about his troubles and starts in to do his stuff. But I don't see how that's going to do no good, because by the time he gets to running the other horses in the race are about pulling up."

"Oh, well," I says, "I never yet have saw the horse I couldn't master him, and I guess this Red Albert ain't going to be no exception. But thank you for telleing me, Andy, and if you ever want a job swipeing around any of the big stables just let me know and I will recommend you to some of my friends."

So then I come back to the track, and I was going to tell the boss what I found out, only he was so fussy about me being away and said so many harsh things, which probly he is regretting same right this minute, that I decided to say notheing for the time being. It is a good thing for Mr. R. that I got this temper of mine under such suburb control or else many's the time I might of stuck the pitchfork clean through him when he is bawling me out.

WOODBINE RACE TRACK, May 21.

WELL, this has been another sad day for the Robbins stable, which started 2 horses in 2 races and both of them failed to finish in front. The boss give me the mount on our black colt in the 1st race, and I was well in front comeing down the stretch and eased up so as not to punish a good horse; and just as I looked around over my left shoulder to see what the other snakes are doing, along comes that Pete Wells on the outside and beats me a head. And what kind of rideing is that, I would like to know, for a jockey to bring his horse away out in the middle of the track instead of hugging the rail and saveing all the ground he can.

Anyways me and the boss had some words over the affair, because somehow he had an idea that I was to blame in some way. So when he tells me he is going to let young Lang ride Red Albert in the 6th instead of me, I don't say hardly anything, but just change my clothes dignifried and climb up to the top of the grand stand. I don't bet notheing on Albert and it is well I did not, because Lang has his brain so full of warnings about what a bad actor Albert is that he rides ½ the way around the old track with the horse's head clear back in his lap and finishes just about in time to see the other boys climbeing off the scales. And even at that, I hear that Lang says he don't want no more of Albert, because he pretty near pulls Lang's hands off trying to get away from that inside rail.

Well, I can hear the boss talkeing to Absalom outside the tack room, so I guess I will go out and declare myself; because no man can't say the things he said to me this afternoon and not hear from me. Treat me right and I am so peaceable that a child might eat off of my hand, as the saying goes; but rub me the wrong direction too often and my fighting blood starts boiling: and when I am that way there ain't nobody can control me, not even myself hardly.

WOODBINE RACE TRACK, May 24.

WELL, once again superior intellecks has triumped; not that I think my intellecks are so much more better than the average, but still facks are facks, and if my brains think quicker and deeper than most folks it is just because I am like that, and notheing to make no fuss or get swell-headed over.

Wednesday evening I went right up to the boss and spoke to him pretty darned plain about the way he has been useing me. I don't never do no beating about no bushes when I got anything against a man, but always believe in comeing right out flat-headed and calling a spade a spade.

"Mr. Robbins," I says, speaking kind of stern and polite mixed in a way I got, "don't you intend to never give me no chance to ride that Red Albert horse?"

"Why so solemn, Willie?" he repplies. "You look like somebody had slipped you a piece of bad news. Sure I'm going to let you ride Red Albert, and not later than tomorrow morning at seven in the A.M."

"I mean in a race," I says, not takeing no notice of his kiddeing.

"Oh, that's diffrent, Willie," he says. "Maybe if times get much worser I will ship you and Albert up to 1 of the ½-mile bull rings after the merry-go-round season opens and see if you can best some of them 3-legged snakes that rare there."

"Surely you must be jokeing," I ansers. "You can't be thinkeing of sending a high-class horse and rider up to no bull ring."

"I only wished I thought I was jokeing," he repplies. "That horse is so high class that for a hundred bucks I would sell him to the first spendrift that comes along; and I would be so ashamed of the bargain that I would pretty near consider throwing you in along with Albert."

"Is that so?" I says very haughtry. "Well, in that case, here is your hundred." And with that I pulls my roll out of my pocket and starts to peal bills off of it; and at the sight of all the jack you can bet his eyes opened wide

"Willie Painter," he says, "what bank have you been breaking into?"

"I don't need to break into no banks," I says. "When you understand horses you can always pick up soft dough at a track; and this money is part of what I win from a small wagger I had on the winner of the King's Plate. And seeing you got no confidence in me or Red Albert, why I am prepared to except your offer of a hundred bucks for the both of us."

"Willie my boy," the boss repplies very polite, "surely you ain't going to take to heart a few careless words spoke in jest. If you was to leave me, Willie, most of the joy would be gone out of life and I would probly have to hire a comedian or somthing so as to get a laugh oncet in a while."

"Well," I says, "that is very nice of you to say how much you think of me; but I got my own future career to look out for, and if you have not got confidence in my abillity to ride, why I will have to go somewheres that my tallents will be recognize. So if you will let me have my contrack and Red Albert for a hundred bucks, here it is."

"If that's the case," he ansers, "I guess I will have to let you take a whirl at this Albert horse for 1 trip. Maybe if he climbs the fence with you it will convince you that you still got 1 or 2 things to learn."

"Fine!" I says. "When do we go?"

"There's a race on Friday for nonwinners," he repplies; "and what with Albert's record and your 5 pounds bug allowance, he will be in so light that he could back in ahead of the rest of the snakes which will be entered if he would only take it into his fool head to run straight for oncet."

"He'll run straight this time, Mr. Robbins," I says, "because this time he's going to have a real rider on top of him."

"It's a pity you hate yourself so much, Willie," he ansers. "How do you figure you are going to keep this Albert from running wide? There's no use in useing a curb and chain on him, because that's what he had his last out, and when young Lang holds him tight with it he pretty near stops dead. And blinkers don't seem to be no use either."

"Give me a plain bar bit," I says, "and don't put no blinkers on him at all. And I don't know why you should say I hate myself, because I don't do notheing of the sort."

"I certainly am glad to hear you don't," he repplies. "And you can run Albert in a plain bar bit or in your grandmother's hoop skirt; I don't care. For this 1 race he is yours to do whatever you see fit with, and supposing you should both of you break your necks, why, I would sure feel bad to loose you, but all the tears I would shed over Albert would not float no battleship."

So this morning I give Red Albert a gentle workout and he worked real good and felt like he was right on edge. So I felt pretty confident until I found out what post position we had drawed, the same being Number 2, or right next the horse on the rail. That worried me for a minute or 2, but pretty soon my busey brain devolved a plan to get him out of there.

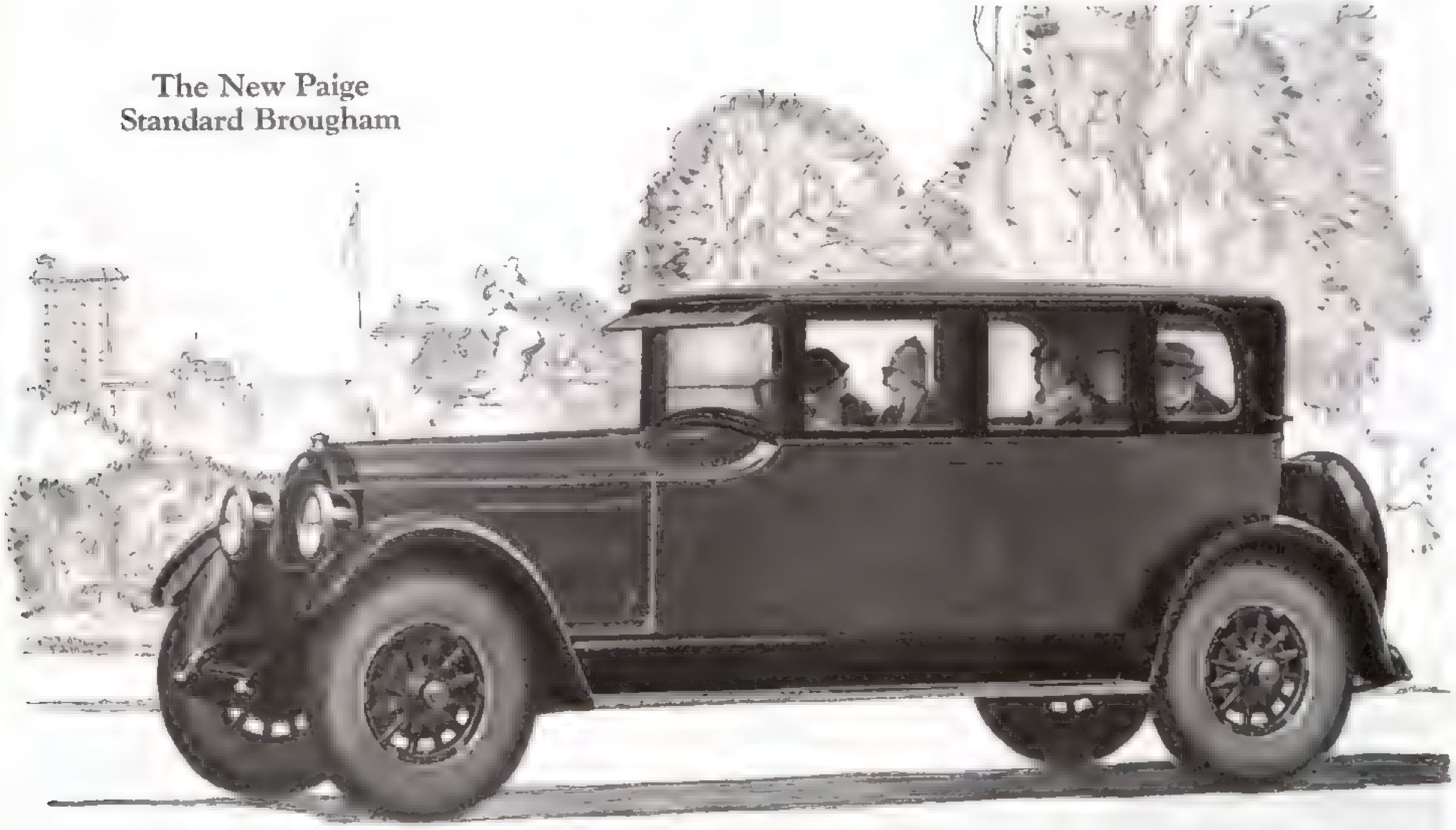
And sure enough when we go to the post Red Albert starts in to cutting up dog, rearing and plungeing and carrying on till it took pretty near all the horsemanship I got to keep on top of him. Of course Mr. Morrissey, the starter, bawls me out and threatens me he will set me down for life if I don't quit putteing the spurs in.

"However can I put the spurs into him when I have not got none on?" I says back.

So the start is delayed quite a while, until finably Mr. Morrissey says to 1 of the asst. starters, "Take a holt of that crazy brown thing and lead him away outside of all the rest, and don't you let go of his head until the gate goes up."

(Continued on Page 60)

Announcing— A New Paige Brougham



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Four balloon cord tires, trunk, heater, snubbers, windshield wiper, dual gasoline gauge, included with this quality closed car at Paige's new price of $2195 (f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra). Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes (Lockheed type) at slight extra cost

JUST think of it! This smart enclosed Paige for $2195! Only $30 more than the open car. Here's a car that vies with the finest in richness of appearance and finish. A powerful, big car that outperforms in every way many costing thousands more.

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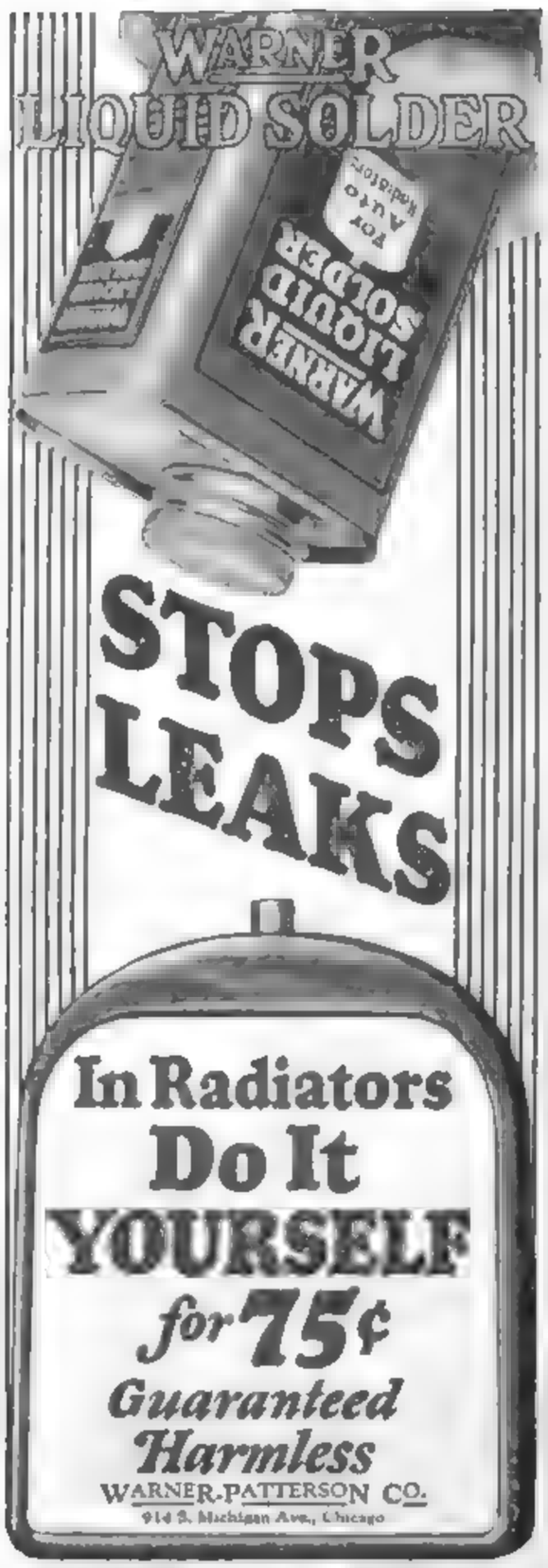
You'll be proud to own this stunning Brougham. You'll be proud of its smart, colorful lacquer finish. Its rich interior. Its startling performance. And you'll appreciate the long, trouble-free service you'll get.

All this—power, amazing performance, comfort and size, in a smart, enclosed car that draws admiring glances in any company—for $2195 (f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra). See it—and drive it.



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Enclosed find seventy-five cents. Please send me one can of Warner Chatter-Cure.

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Enclosed find seventy five cents. Please send me one can of Warner Penetreen.

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(Continued from Page 58)

So when we get on the outside of all the rest Red Albert quitens down and behaves hisself like a little gentleman; and when the barrier goes up we are away as good as any of them.

Going to the 1st turn I don't try to cut over to the rail like I most usually do, and I guess most of my admirers were wondering if I had lost the reckless daring for which I have became notoriable. But I am thinking of more important matters than my reputation, and rate Albert along nice and easy on the outside of the bunch.

And when we get to the turn, not haveing no horse on the outside of him he forgets to get scared and try and bear out. Of course we loose a lot of ground going the long way round. But I don't worry myself or my mount, but just hand-ride him till I get him steered around the 2nd turn and into the back stretch.

"Now, Albert," I says to him, "we been fooleing plenty long enough and all them dogs have got a lead on us that is going to keep you humping to make it up. So do your stuff, Albert, and let me see weather you got hound blood in your carcase or horses blood."

And when Albert hears me talk to him that way he understands that the time for fooleing is past, and puts his ears back and starts to run.

All the way down the back stretch I don't even make a move on him, but he cuts loose such a burst of speed that by the time we reach the far turn we are only 6 or 7 lenths behind the rest.

He makes that turn all right and keeps on catcheing up; and when we get to the stretch turn I see a opening between the fence and the trailers.

"Come on, baby," I says, pulling on the left rein; "come on through this short cut and if you try to run out on me I will bust this bat over your old snout."

And sure enough he pops through that gap and makes the turn right in on the rail just like him and the fence are sweeties.

"Now, you oat hound," I says, "give me all you got."

Then I start in to really work on him, and when we reach the 1-16t pole we have caught all the others excepting only the 2 out in front. So I go to the bat and fan old Albert a few times, which makes him uncork a burst of speed which it supprised even me; and to make a long story the upshot is we finish a good lenth in front, and Albert is so full of run that it takes me a good ¼ mile to get him stopped.

When I ride back to dismount of course all the crowd are chearing me like mad; but I don't pay hardly any attention to them, because I am lookeing for Mr. Robbins. And him and Absalom are standeing on the track, and which of them looks the most astonishest it would be hard to say. I don't speak to neither of them till after I have went on the scales and weighed in; and then I don't speak till after I am back oncet more in our own tack room. I can see that the boss is fair bursteing to ast me questions, but he manages to keep silence for quite a while.

"Well," I says finably, "I guess we done it, didn't we?"

"You sure did, Willie," he ansers. "How you done it is over my head like a veranda; and it is going to take me a few days to make up my mind weather you got the makeings of a rider in you, or else weather you are so lucky that you should ought to take up crape shooteing as a profession."

"Don't sprain yourself decideing," I says. "I told you I could win with that horse and I done so. If that ain't horsemanship, what is it?"

"What did you do to him to keep him from runneing out on you?" he says. "Did you say your prayers in his ear, or did you have a message from the spirits that he don't never do his fence-busting act on Fridays?"

So after keepeing him guessing for a while longer, I finably come out and told him what I had heard out to the farm about the reason Albert is so afraid of fences.

"After he gets good and warmed up he forgets all about it," I says. "So I kept him on the outside till we are around 2 turns and then I went to work on him."

"I'll say you went to work on him," the boss repplies; "but what I want to know is how come he got on the outside. Most generally he acts like a sheep at the post and don't start no trouble till the turn; but this time he starts cutting the mustard till Morrissey sends you away over outside the bunch. The way he acted today I was afraid the steweds would be calling me up in the stand to ast what brand of hop I been using on him."

"Pretty near any horse will act up if you jab him with a darning needle," I says.

"A darning needle!" he hollers. "Where in aitch did you have a darning needle?"

"Right here," I says, showeing him the toe of my boot. "You won't let me wear no spurs, so I just stick the point of this through the toe of my boot; and I keep prodding old Albert with same till Mr. Morrissey just has to send us away from the rail."

Then the boss starts to laugh fit to kill hisself.

"My, oh, my, Willie!" he says. "The next time you are going to pull 1 of your miracles you might let me in on it. I didn't look what price Albert paid not being interested; but I have not no doubt the price was a liberal 1, and a few berries rideing on his nose would of brought magnolious returns to a prudent investor."

"You thought so little of mine and Albert's abillity," I says, "that you wouldn't of bet on us if I had went down on my knees and begged you to. But if you did not have no confidence in us, somebody else did; and I give Srimp McGarrigle a hundred berries to bet for me and I am just wondering how much he is going to bring me back. But no matter how much it is, you are welcome to the lone of any part of it, Mr. Robbins; because even if you do kid me a lot, I know that you are my friend and admirer down in the bottom of your heart."

Just then Shrimp busts in.

"Seven hundred and fifty bucks, Willie," he says. "He paid just a even 6½ to 1. Now you'll have to throw a party for all the boys."

"Give me that dough," Mr. Robbins says, grabbeing it out of Shrimp's hand.

"You want I should lone it to you?" I says.

"I don't need no lones at pressent, praise the Lord," he repplies. "But thank you for the offer just the same."

He studies in silence for a while; then he fishes his check book out of his pocket and writes a check with his fountain pen.

"Willie," he says, "too much jack at 1 time is often the ruination of a little boy; so instead of letteing you have the money I have wrote a check, adding a trifle to it, because you showed me today that I have got a real horse in my barn."

He hands me the check, and I see that it is made out for a thousand bucks.

"You will notice," says Mr. R., "that I have not made this check payable to you. According to the books and magazines, the 1st thing a suxcessful jockey always does after he makes a lot of dough is buy a house for his dear mother. So I have wrote out this check to your maw, and Sunday you can take it home to her and tell her that while her son is not yet a crack jockey, that at lease he has made a start; and tell her that while this check will not buy much of a house, it will pay the 1st installment on 1."

"But my maw isn't no widow," I says, "and we got a house of our own out in Pineville."

"Well, take it to her anyways," he says. "Even if she don't need no house, I guess she won't do notheing foolish with it, but most likely stick it away safe some place for your benefit. I haven't yet had the pleasure of meeting your maw, Willie; but I just know she must be a lady with a very loveing disposition and a great deal of patience, or else she wouldn't never of raised a boy like you at all."

But my brain was too busey thinkeing of my wonderful triump in spite of all difficulties; and even if I had not had my glorious victory to think about, I would not of let on I heard the compliment, I am like that. And as for the jack—well, I have got over 40 bucks right in my pocket this minute, and for that much I can buy such a feed to celebrate mine and Albert's win that I will gamble when Sunday morning comes there will not be a bug or a swipe around this track that has not got a stomitch-ache.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

Even watchin' this here heathen chimpanzee
Pickin' coconuts an' sich from off a tree,
While he hangs his tail's full length,
Gives a feller moral strength,
Yet the cricket's on an everlastin' spree.
A-reelin' an' a-roarin',
A-gruntin' an' a-snorin',
Makin' no more contribution
Than a Bolsheviki Roosian,
Just a gosh-a'mighty, hell-to-bedlam spree!

—*B. C. McManus.*

Drab Ballads

XIV

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, HECK & HECK (SERIOUS ACROBATS & REFINED HOSSPLAY) sang with great success the composite composition entitled:

I LONG TO HEAR THOSE DARKIES SINGING IN THAT MINOR KEY AND THE RUSTIC QUARTET ROUND THE VILLAGE WELL.

1st Stanza (For Southerners)

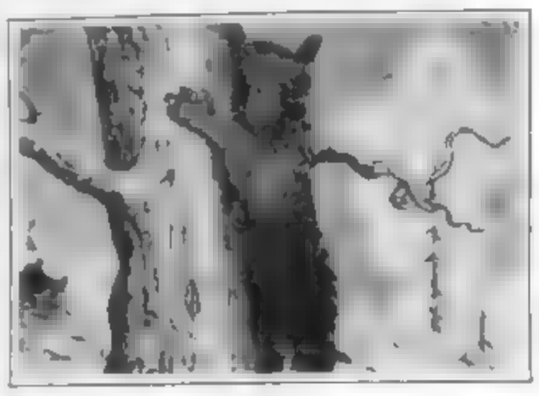
I'd like to go this winter, way down inter
The sunny South where Mammy waits and weeps;
And see the darkies scootin' at the tootin'
Of the steamboat as around the Bend she sweeps.
The cotton fields I'm strong for, and I long for
The sweet potatoes, corn and sugar cane;
My wistful eyes I'm dabbin' for the cabin
Where the tuneful darkies moan in minor strain:

REFRAIN

I long to hear those darkies singing in that minor key.
The banjos plank-plunk-plinging some old favored melody.
Black Joe or Swanee Ribber dim the eyes of one exiled,
And that old-time camp-meeting hymn.
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

2d stanza (For East & Westerners)

I love the tangled wildwood, as a child would;
I love the orchard, meadows and the trees.
I love the homestead humble, and the bumble
Of the busy, bustling, buzzing bumblebees.
I love to hear the lowing cows, and crowing
Of the roosters in the early dawn o' day.
The county fair and trottin'—unforgotten
Are the scenes of Indiana far away:



REFRAIN

I long to hear that rustic quartet round the village well;
Their harmony distorted, but to me it seemed quite swell.
Sweet Adeline can still make wry the face of one exiled,
And Chauncey Olcott's lullaby:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

—*Harry G. Smith.*

The Rosary and the Maiden's Prayer,
Hereafter, get the well-known air.
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

Polly

THOUGH lacking a trifle in brains, she's an eyefull
She learned very little in school.
Indeed, when she's pensive I get apprehensive,
Expensiveness being her rule.

She's a bauble, a bubble; a want-ad for trouble!
Her head is a hatrack, that's all.
But Polly, by golly, makes folly so jolly
That life without Polly would pall!

— *Marie Conde.*

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
TOURING CAR

The first cars bearing Dodge Brothers name were Touring Cars.

They were good and sturdy cars, so good and so sturdy that no radical change in basic design has been found necessary during these ten intervening years.

This fact has had far-reaching results. It has enabled Dodge Brothers to dedicate those ten years to the constant betterment of the original product.

More recently this endless process of improvement has manifested itself in various and impressive ways—in a new degree of riding comfort, a new smoothness of operation, a new and appealing beauty of line, and in those special details of appointment which distinguish the Special Touring Car.

Five Balloon Tires

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
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Big moments

Have you known the thrill that comes over 200 feet of linen thread with a six-foot silver tarpon fighting on the other end—or that vibrates a tiller in a twenty-knot breeze—or that tickles your spine when you've cornered your quarry?

It's men who work hard so they can play hard to whom Packard's sturdy elegance most appeals.

Outside, they are just finely modelled gentlemen's shoes, but inside, they are Packards. Concealed by smart design is the muscle of meaty calfskins, the solid endurance of thick oak soles, the dependability of linen lashings.

You'll find in Packards the comfort hard-working feet deserve, for they are as true in shape as in craftsmanship.

Only one dealer in your city sells Packards. If you don't know him, write to us. Packards cost from $8 to $10—a few styles higher.

Packard

No. 520
Essex Model

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
Brockton, Mass.

RIPPLES AND RAINBOWS

(Continued from Page 25

move the landscape through which they were supposedly racing. Hence, two disks in the sciopticon. On one disk there was painted a panorama of clouds, distant hills and background countryside. On the other disk the foreground trees, houses and road crossings were painted.

When the effect was staged, the background disk was revolved very slowly, while the foreground scenery disk was turned rapidly, with the automobiles on the stage treadmills apparently the cause of the dizzy whizzing by of roadside fences and telegraph poles.

It may or may not be interesting to know that the first scenery used on stages consisted of chairs. When not engaged in the scene being played, ye old-time trouper used to sit down in chairs placed on one side of the sceneryless stage. They remained, perforce, in full view of the audience. Therefore when an actor remarked in an exit speech, "I am going to Jerusalem," and then walked over and sat on a three-legged stool, said stool became associated in the minds of the beholders with the Holy City itself. Later they used to hang signs on the chairs—"This is the bishop's bedroom," "The pearly gates," "The kitchen sink."

Along with Homer's Iliad and the Magna Charta, history has preserved for us the list of properties used in a play called The Lord Admiral's Men, which appears to have been produced at Henslowe's in London on March 10, 1598. Among the items listed as necessary to the performance are one rock, one grave, one mouth of hell, one ghost's crown, two artificial loaves and the city of Rome. A "lions-hide," a "Faeton's limbs and Faeton's ear," and a "Cupedes bow and quiver" also played their parts.

A gentleman y-cleped Inigo Jones, sometimes referred to as the Father of English Architecture, gets the credit of inventing the first movable scenery. He equipped a stage with floor and overhead slots and grooves in which he slid regular flats, painted. But the first prize for artificial lighting went to a German, by name Joseph Furtenbach. In describing the setting of one of his plays, he wrote, in 1628:

"Behind these side wings there are a number of candles or oil lamps which light the scenes with great splendor and brilliancy."

Development of Stage Lighting

Audiences needed to take their imaginations to the theater with them and leave their sense of humor at home in those days. For candles smoke—they always did—and that peculiarity necessitated the employment of trimmers.

Conceive a scene in which the heroine, in the clutches of a villain who had lured her to an underground cave, beat her breast and shrieked aloud, "Help! Oh, help! Is there none to rescue me? Is there no gallant gentleman or otherwise within the sound of my voice?"

"No; nobody, kid," the villain gloated, the while a husky candle trimmer walked on the stage, snuffed a couple of candles in the footlights and walked off again.

Though the electric arc light was invented at the beginning of the nineteenth century in England, it remained for Monsieur Duboscq, of the Paris Opéra, to invent and exhibit the first electrical stage effects. In 1860, in connection with Rossini's opera, Moses, Duboscq flashed before the astonished eyes of theater patrons a perfect rainbow. He accomplished it by passing light from an electric arc through an arc-shaped shutter and dispersing the rays by means of a prism.

In February, 1925, this deponent stood in the electrical laboratory of the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York City, and watched two union electricians rig a shutter, a condensing lens and a prism on the front of a spot lamp—to produce a rainbow effect.

In case anyone should ask you, the first theater in the world to be completely equipped, front and back, with electricity for illumination was the Savoy Theater, in London. The juice was first turned on there in 1882. In the same year the Bijou Theater in Boston, Massachusetts, was likewise completely equipped the first show shop in the United States to glitter incandescently. The old Peoples' Theater, down on the Bowery, set the fashion in New York three years afterward. Today nearly every state in the Union has passed a law forbidding an open flame or fire of any description upon the stage.

In those fairly brief forty years, among others continually striving to improve lamps and light reflectors and to perfect new effects came Kliegl, who made the powerful lamps that have given a name to a new problem in medicinal practice—Klieg eyes, prevalent among movie actors.

With the invention of the nitrogen lamp and the perfection of dimmers—mechanical apparatus for regulating the quantity of illumination of any given circuit of lights from full-up to dusky dimness and on to black obscurity—theatrical producers began looking to their lights instead of to cumbrous and heavy mechanical contrivances for their effects. Colors present no particular difficulty. In addition to about thirty different colors in gelatin slides, or frames, to insert in front of a lamp, including such tints as Du Barry pink, magenta and chocolate, there are liquid compounds in which the bulbs themselves may be dipped and stained.

One of the basic ingredients of these liquid coloring compounds is banana oil, of pungent odor. Here, doubtless, we find the original source of the oft-heard topical phrase used to imply that the facts stated are being slightly colored; you know—"That's a lot of banana oil."

Getting an Under-Water Effect

An example of the way light effects have supplanted the old-style heavy scenic contraptions was an experience of Mr. David Belasco. He admits that once he spent more than $5000 trying to get an under-water swimming effect. Among other expenses was the installation of an elaborate system of overhead rigging, harness and counterweights, such as is used in flying ballets. But his effect remained unconvincing, unrealistic. An accident set him on the right road, and he finally created the desired illusion at a cost of less than $100 by means of a loosely folded gauze drop and properly placed and properly colored lights.

The underwater scene in Das Rheingold as presented at the Metropolitan is produced with girls on wires floating in the air behind a gauze curtain on which a sciopticon throws a moving green water effect. At the Met, the master electrician sits in the hood with the prompter. His stage is in front of him all the time, his switchboard under the stage at his hand. Thus when Galli-Curci, of the heavenly trills, starts across the bridge in Dinorah, the electrician can see the exact second when to switch on the lightning effect which produces the bolt that shatters the bridge, over whose ruins the raging torrent pours wildly a moment later. Outside of the break-away bridge, the effect is produced with stereopticons and lights. When the bridge falls—when the stage hands concealed under it pull out the props that are holding up its pieces—an enormous wooden ratchet off-stage is turned. You know the little wooden hand ratchets they give you in cafés on New Year's Eve to make a racket with, which you give next day to your neighbor's child? Imagine one nine feet high. It takes one that big with three-inch-wide slats slapping against the cogs of the revolving wheel to produce—and project over the blare of the orchestra—the splintering, crashing sound of a wooden bridge crumpling under a bolt of lightning.

Mention of noises off-stage recalls the fact that the wind machine invented years ago is still raising off-stage tempests today. It consists of a revolving drum across the outside circumference of which cleats, or raised slats, are placed several inches apart. A wide strip of heavy canvas is stretched tightly over the upper half of the cleated drum. When it is revolved, the wooden cleats nailed across the width of the drum scrape and rub against the canvas. For a brisk steady breeze, turn slowly; for a howling gale, turn rapidly and unevenly.

Producers content with nothing less than shrill shrieking winds sometimes employ a more modern zephyr-making machine. It is formed by affixing a metal megaphone to the blowpipe of a Buffalo forge, which, as all blacksmiths know, was originally devised to heat up coals to stick horseshoes into. In the bottom or small end of the megaphone are placed numerous little tin whistles. Turning the handle of the forge forces a large stiff current of air through the tin whistles, causing them to function in the manner designed by their maker.

Another tried-and-true noise-making device is used for terrific explosions and near-bombardment of cannon. The effect demands merely a large heavy cask or barrel, a sawed-off shotgun or revolver, and a finger to pull the trigger. A couple of inches of water in the bottom of the barrel serves to catch the wad of the blank cartridge and increase the reverberations when the firearm is held inside the barrel and discharged. Normally, if the trigger doesn't jam or the blank miss fire, the bigger and heavier the barrel, the bigger and heavier is the explosive effect.

For lesser warfare, such as a fusillade of rifle shots, a skirmish in the near distance and other musketry effects, the simplest and sincerest aural reproduction is obtained by smartly spanking the leather tonneau seat of an automobile with short round sticks such as school-teachers use for blackboard pointers. Two men with two sticks apiece belaboring a leather cushion, and a third man near by percussing the surface of a big bass drum, can produce the martial rattle and roar of enough gun fire to decimate an army. Furthermore, this effect has the advantage of not filling up the back of the stage with the stifling smoke and smell of a flock of blank cartridges.

If smoke is necessary—if it must be shown—steam may be piped to the points wherefrom the smoke is supposed to gush. Or there are certain chemicals and acids which, when introduced to one another, give off various amounts and densities of visible smoky air.

There was one show in which a battleship steamed into the harbor of an island to rescue some folks in the cast. As the ship approached in the shimmering distance of a painted ocean it fired several shots to advise all within earshot that Uncle Sam was on the job.

Cigar Smoke and a Bass Drum

The mechanics of the effects were as follows: In front of the ocean drop there stood a set piece about three feet high, painted with ocean waves to blend in with the back drop. Near the top of it, on the side unseen by the audience, was a narrow shelf or groove. The battleship was a piece of profile cut out in the outlines of a miniature man-of-war, appropriately painted and slowly shoved into sight of the audience along the groove. At the point on the profile where the muzzle of one painted cannon lay, a small hole was bored. Behind this hole, at the cue, a property man would place his mouth and blow through it a puff of cigar smoke. Another man with a bass drum would wait in the wings a moment or two—light travels much faster than sound, of course—and then smite the drum for the booming percussion of the shot.

Great excitement and relief registered on the stage as everybody watched and waited for the next shot, which came as soon as the property man got another mouthful of smoke.

A peculiar imagination and keen ear belonged to the man who first employed the now traditional effect to reproduce the rumbling roll of a moving stagecoach or carriage. A scene pole is a wooden pole twelve or more feet in length and from two to three inches in diameter at the bottom, used to straighten hanging borders and overhead draperies whenever they become disarranged while the stage is being set. Take one of these poles, rest its butt on the floor of the stage, then, holding it loosely upright, briskly walk eight or ten feet. The skidding, jumping cross-grain scraping of the pole bottom as it is shoved across the floor produces the best carriage-roll effect yet devised.

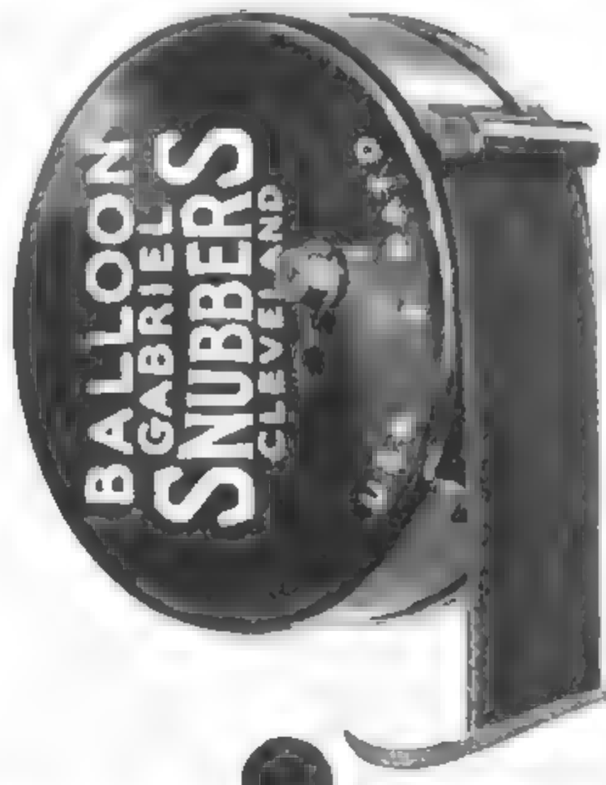
In this connection the rumble of a passing street car or subway train has been approximated by the simple expedient of rolling a piano or a heavy divan on casters across the grain of the stage flooring.

Before relating the harrowing details of several incidents wherein off-stage effects went all wrong and ruined the act to the vociferous delight of the audience, a glance at the equipment of a modern stage which permits of the elaborately complete effects to which we are becoming accustomed might prove interesting.

(Continued on Page 64)

Improved

Balloon Type Gabriel



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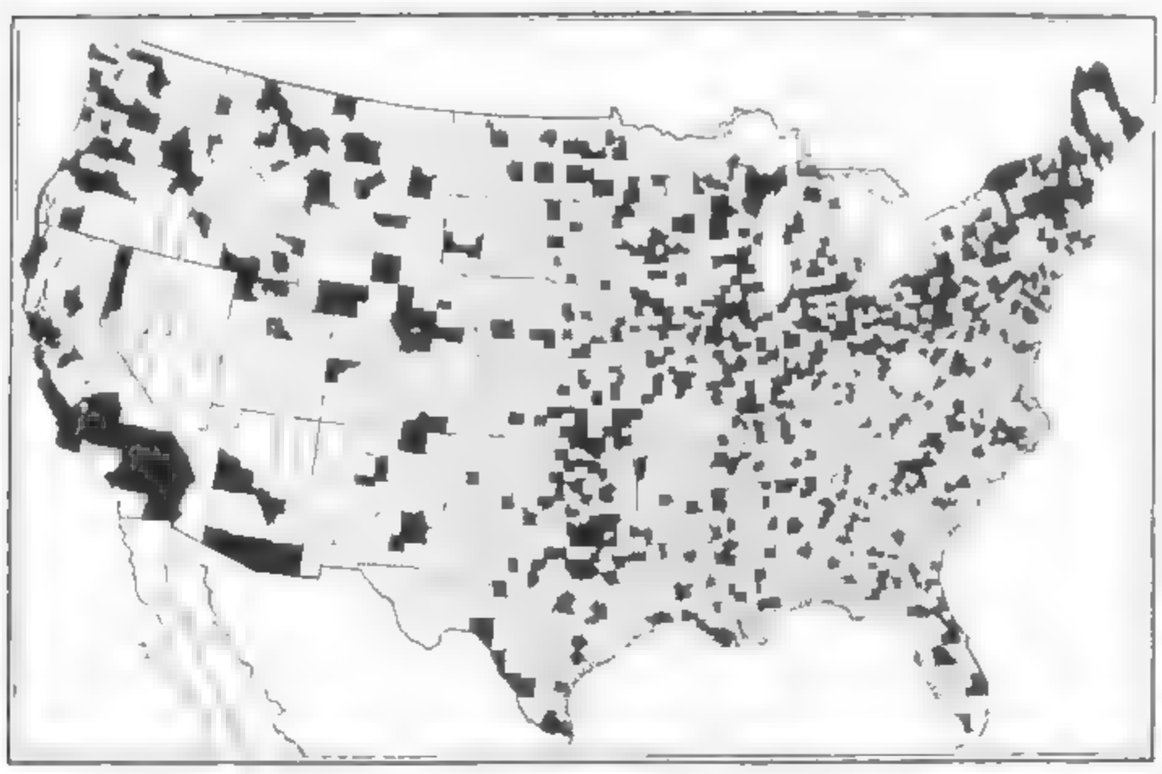

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 62)

It is no coincidence that Mr. David Belasco and Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld seldom produce a show without suspending a light bridge across the stage behind the first border, a bridge upon which two to six men spend the duration of every performance constantly changing the colors, intensities and directions of the spot lamps they keep focused on the stage below them. Nor was it merely an uncontrollable impulse to spend a lot of money that made Mr. J. J. Shubert recently install, in his Winter Garden theater, the new counterweight system for raising and lowering curtains, drops and flats, after he had witnessed its economy, the safety, speed and ease with which it handled his many-scened Passing Show when he produced it at the Apollo Theater, Chicago.

The usual practice of quick change of scenery is the flying of it. A set of ropes attached to the top batten of curtains, drops, and the like, carries up to an immense steel gridiron covering the area of the stage, sixty feet or more above it. Running through sheaves and grooved wheels, the ropes carry to one side of the stage and on down to the pinrail of a fly platform, or gallery, where the head flyman and his assistants occupy themselves raising and lowering the drops and curtains at the appropriate cues. For counterweights to assist the flyman in his arduous duties, the practice for years has been to tie sandbags of different sizes to each set of ropes, the size of the bags depending naturally upon the weight of the sky border, the row of border lights, the gauze curtain or the scene flats representing the rear wall of a room with a window and door in it, the flats nailed together to fly in one piece. No life-loving person makes it a habit to stand on the stage directly under the clusters of 200-pound sandbags tied on the ropes thirty or forty feet above.

It is related of Mr. Ned Wayburn that when he voyaged to London, there to produce his first overseas show, he was distressed and annoyed to find that British stage hands brought their beer in buckets into the theaters. Mr. Wayburn maintained that the row of beer buckets awaiting the crew's thirsty throats between moments of toil constituted a social and physical menace. Bluntly affronting precedent and the psychology of pampered British labor, Mr. Wayburn forbade the crew to bring in any scuttles of suds.

A serious international crisis was averted by the finesse of a flyman. Seeing Mr. Wayburn on the stage directly under him, the flyman deftly heaved a sandbag overboard. The bag missed Mr. Wayburn by a scant inch, but the protest it carried on its lethal descent was not unobserved by our quick-thinking American. As soon as he recovered his breath and coherency, the ban on British beer buckets was lifted.

Scene Shifting by Counterweights

Occasionally, as was done in On Trial, for example, scenery will be painted on both sides and equipped with rollers so it can be reversed to make a quick change of setting. But generally the practice is to fly one set while lowering another. Or one set may be set up inside another stage setting and the quick change consist in flying the smaller set and changing the furniture and props.

In the productions of Mecca and Springtime, if that was the title, a small stage on a raised platform was rolled down-stage and intermediary scenes were enacted on this small stage, while the crew struck and set up the scenery for the larger scenes behind it.

The new counterweight system has enabled the city of Chicago to pass an ordinance forbidding the use of sandbags in theaters. It does away with the dark and lonely fly gallery. Steel cables supplant the old splintery, constantly shrinking or stretching ropes. A weight frame, or box, similar to those used on elevators, running in tracks laid against a side wall of the stage, not only protects the lives and limbs of stage workers, but permits the flyman to counterweight exactly the border or drop or what not on each set of lines. A manila rope attached top and bottom to the weight box runs down to the stage floor through a locking device on a rail. All together it is quicker, easier, and, because it requires fewer men than the old system, cheaper and more effective to operate.

It was recently the privilege of this earnest seeker after light to roam foot-loose and fancy-free the stage of the New Amsterdam throughout the performance of a Ziegfeld Follies. As may be imagined, it was a rare treat to one who admires beauty in all its myriad manifestations.

Mr. Wally Schunk has been electrician at the New Amsterdam for twenty-one years. Still a reasonably young man, nevertheless he looks upon the beauties his boss annually assembles not as living, palpitant variations of the original Eve pattern but merely as objects to be illuminated.

"The idea is," Mr. Schunk will tell you, "the girls in the second row, or girls standing up-stage, ought to have as much light on them as front-row girls down-stage. You can't do it with footlights or with spotlights operated from the front of the house. That's why we put ten spots on a suspension bridge in the first border and build movable trucks, each truck with two spots on it twelve feet above the floor level—to shoot down on the girls from the sides as well as above."

Combining to drench the Follies' stage with light are six arc lamps operated from the balcony of the theater, forty-seven spot and flood lamps run from the stage, four rows of border lights and the usual foot and side lights. On the suspension bridge ten movable spot lamps and numerous X-ray lamps pour down light, and under the bridge hangs a specially built bank of differently colored lights, five compact rows of them—equipment representing a value in excess of $8000.

The Trick Portrait

The mammoth stage of the Metropolitan requires an equipment of 120 arc and flood lamps, a first—down-stage—border on which are twelve spot lamps, twelve X-ray lamps and four circuits of color. Besides this first border and the rows of footlights, there are six other overhead borders, each wired to accommodate 216 light bulbs.

"Overhead and side lighting, throwing the shadows on the floor instead of on the scenery and the folks standing up-stage that's our idea," Mr. Schunk explains. "About the only times we use white footlights are in the comedy scenes."

Comedy scenes, it has always been maintained, demand plenty of light. Yet in Rose Marie this season three delightful comedy scenes are entirely successful, although played in such darkness that often the features of the players cannot be discerned.

In this connection you may recall several of Mr. Belasco's productions in which he used footlights not at all. In his Darling of the Gods, when Yo San rose heavenward to meet her lover in the clouds, if the footlights had been suddenly thrown on, you would have seen Blanche Bates and Robert T. Haines dressed in white and more or less surrounded with strips of unpainted canvas.

In the Return of Peter Grimm no footlights were used by Mr. Belasco. You may have wondered why, when all the others in the cast looked normal and healthy, Mr. Warfield gave the impression of lifelessness, gray bloodlessness, as a spirit visitant from a celestial stratum might look. Mr. Warfield's make-up was, of course, partially responsible, but the effect was made convincing by a double trick of lighting. While the faces of the other characters were illumined all through the show by a faint rosy glow, Mr. Warfield played in a cold gray light cast on his features from above.

Gauze and chiffon curtains form an important element of stage effects and pictures. According to the way the stage is lighted in front of and behind such curtains depend effects of perspective and general visibility. Vision effects are usually dependent on gauze or scrim. To cite an often-used effect, the picture or painting hanging on the wall of a room. The face in the portrait looks all right from where you sit in the audience. But when the stage lights go out the face of the picture vanishes and instead you see the living countenance of the prima donna or of Uncle Seth, who died six years ago last Tuesday in the first act.

Well, the face you first saw is painted on gauze or scrim covering a hole in the canvas on which the rest of the picture is painted. When the stage lights are shining upon the painted gauze, when there is no light behind it, from the distance of the front row you cannot see that it is gauze or net. But when the stage lights are blacked out, when the prima donna or Uncle Seth climbs up a ladder and holds her or his face close behind

(Continued on Page 66)

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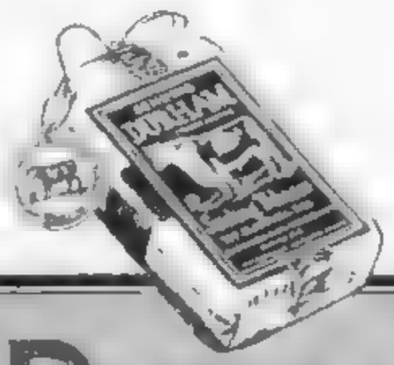

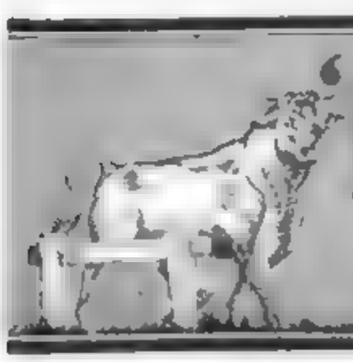

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(Continued from Page 64)

the scrim and in the glare of a strong spot lamp, said face shows plainly or beautifully through the mosquito-bar transparency of the gauze.

A gleaming golden-dream castle floating high above fleecy clouds in a blue sky—the castle either painted or made of gold cloth and sewed on the drop—may be made to look miles and miles distant by sewing gray chiffon clouds upon a gauze drop hanging five to eight feet in front of the castle drop, and then adjusting the illumination in front of the gauze to correspond and contrast with the brighter golden rays thrown on the castle from a spot behind the gauze. The living tableaux formed by young women which have featured several revues in recent years are usually illuminated from behind a gauze curtain which dims the luster without destroying the lines of the component curves.

The basis of many effects is the trap, so-called. The word usually denotes a hole cut through the floor of the stage. Venus rises from the canvas waves of a ripple-machined sea by means of a trap. Going down under the stage, she steps upon a little man-power elevator. At the cue, lusty stage hands begin levitating the lift. If it is well greased and there are enough men on the job, Venus will rise smoothly and gracefully before the gaze of the audience. If the trap sticks or gets jammed, Venus is very apt to rise not only dry but hot.

Years ago, the late Bert Williams and Frank Tinney had an unfortunate experience with a trap that stuck. In another sense of the term, "trap" means a false bottom, or false side or pocket and its covering. Such a trap had been built into a bed for a burlesque of Othello in which Williams maltreated Desdemona - Tinney—in a manner never thought of by Shakspere. Throttling Tinney, Williams covered his head with a pillow as Desdie cowered under the bed covers; and then the great colored comedian picked up a large prehistoric war club and beat the pillow savagely. The trick was the trap built into the bed, into which Tinney slid and covered over before Williams began clouting the pillow. All worked well during rehearsals.

The Audience in a Mob Scene

On the opening night, as Williams raised his bludgeon high in the air to bring it crashing down on the spot under which Tinney's head lay, the pillow was suddenly thrown into the air, and Tinney, eyes bulging and face working in fright, sat upright.

"Nix, Bert!" he cried. "The trap's stuck!"

For some reason the audience thought it extremely comical.

A more serious Shaksperean performance was once as completely jazzed because of a raked stage and a careless property man. A raked stage is built on an incline, its floor sloping up from footlights to back wall. In this country there are still too many of these balance-tipping, equilibrium-destroying relics of the ages when the seating floors of theater auditoriums were built level and the stages were inclined, or raked, to increase the visibility.

You may recall a scene in Lear wherein a deal of supposedly natural thunder reverberates to the vocal thundering of the aged King. The property man in the theater under discussion had rigged a very excellent thunder-making device at the back of the stage. It consisted of a tin-lined runway down which he rolled twenty-pound cannon balls to drop a short distance onto a sheet of iron in a shallow box on the floor. On the night of the Lear performance Props did not notice that the board at the front of his box had worked loose.

With a dozen or more cannon balls, he waited at the top of his runway for the cue. It came. He began rolling the balls down the runway. The noise was magnificent; but nothing like the noise that presently arose from actors and audience as the flock of cannon balls, knocking off the loose board, began rolling swiftly down the inclined stage, tearing through the scenery, knocking Lear off his feet, crashing into the footlights and ever and anon bounding blackly out into the audience.

Many is the sad tale of an effect gone wrong. A few years ago a well-known playwright wrote a comedy-drama whose hero was a professional baseball player. The big scene of the play concerned a crisis that developed during the progress of a game. To be effective, the shouts and yells of a roaring multitude of fans were required. How best to reproduce them? How subject the audience to the psychology of the mob, in fact to become a part of that mob?

The producer thought he knew. He placed small audions - announcers such as are used in railway stations—under every other seat in the auditorium of the theater. They were connected up with a transmitting apparatus on the stage equipped with a large megaphone. At the first performance the stage crew and a few supers gathered around the megaphone, and when, on the stage, the umpire waved the star pitcher out of the game, they raised raucous voices in the manner in which they had been rehearsed.

The effect was simply astounding. Out in front, a well-behaved, tolerant audience suddenly flew into hysteria. For under them, brutal voices suddenly began shouting fiercely, "Kill him!" "Soak him!" "Murder the big bum!"

Women screamed, clutched their skirts tightly about their knees and fainted. Men leaped wildly from the loud-voiced cries of "Murder" under their seats and looked for the nearest exit. The fireman on duty on the stage, in a praiseworthy attempt to quell the rising panic, rang down the asbestos curtain, thereby suggesting that a serious conflagration was in progress backstage. The following day the market price of slightly used audions suffered a severe slump.

Stage Fires

As a matter of fact, audiences these days need fear no fires, especially from stage-fire effects. In the first place, fire-prevention laws are very complete and strictly enforced. One of these laws provides for the fireproofing of scenery. Wood and canvas are sprayed with a chemical compound which prevents them from bursting into flames when subjected to live flames; and as for fire effects, they are absolutely safe.

The little glow worms and fireflies flickering in the leaves during a twilight scene are usually tiny electric globes operated individually or in circuits from the switchboard. Torches which leap and flicker are very apt to be small bulbs illuminated by a dry battery in the handle of the torch; and the leaping, flickering tongues of flames are little strips of thin silk, dyed or stained in several colors, which flutter as the torch is moved. As for sparks and flashes of light, any bride who has ever laid a knife across the coils of an electric toaster knows how easy it is to get a short-circuit spark.

Sir Henry Irving, in an early production of Faust, was the first to get an effect of sparks and fire from crossed swords in the fight between Faust and Valentine. The actors made connections with electric circuits through metal plates fixed in their shoes. And the big bonfire effect in a current Broadway show is ingeniously produced by placing behind a drop, on which is painted the bonfire and flames, a glass-fronted frame four feet wide and twelve feet high. The glass front is painted with black flame-like streaks. Within the frame, or box, there is a glass cylinder as tall as the frame and about eighteen inches in diameter. This cylinder, brightly illuminated from within, is also painted with black flame-like spiral streaks until it looks like a large barber's pole in mourning. When this glass cylinder is revolved at moderate speed the light inside it, sifting through the spiral streaks and the flame-like streaks of the glass face of the frame, shines through the drop and gives life, every changing color and shadow, and the flickering, soaring lift of real fire to the painted flames on the drop.

At the other extreme, an ordinary electric fan is often used to flurry the paper snowflakes falling through the holes in the bottom of a canvas roll or frame which is rocked backward and forward above the stage. When through the windows of an interior set you see such snow falling, tossed about by a couple of oscillating fans, the probabilities are that the characters entering out of the blizzard will have table salt sprinkled on their shoulders, hats and shoes. This looks like snow, and when shaken on the floor disappears from the sight of the audience with all the celerity of a genuine melting snowflake.

An electric fan will also toss the tresses of the distressed heroine as she mounts a bastion or the summit of an ant hill to scan the horizon for her John. In a drama the fan is usually placed in front of the girl, blowing her skirts back and to the rear in order to give her the appearance of nobly

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 66)

breasting the breeze. In musical comedy and revues, where the skirts are fluffier and gauzier, the fan is placed behind the girl and a trifle below her. Thus its current, chasing up her spine, swirls and billows her fluffy apparel forward and upward.

Of the two detailed descriptions of effects with which these observations will close, the first may explain a number of effects you have wondered about. The second is, so far as this deponent knoweth, the first public explanation of the newest effect in show business, the shadowgraph effect produced both on the stage and in the movies, and which has had audiences all over the country guessing; the uncanny, hilarious effect whereby shadows thrown on a white screen, when viewed through a piece of red gelatin held in front of one eye and a piece of green gelatin held in front of the other, seem to acquire a third dimension as they leap off the screen at you.

But first the illusion or effect of an automobile, its headlights first seen tiny in the far distance, coming closer, its lights growing larger, its outlines increasing in size and distinctness until it finally appears before you on the stage.

Let us suppose the stage set with a garden scene, a four-foot hedge or latticed wall stretching across the rear. The view over the hedge shows an expanse of countryside through which a road dips, curves, disappears and reappears from behind clumps of trees, houses and a hill or two. When the artist is painting this scene of the back drop he merely brushes a light coating of gray over this road. Then the reverse side of the drop is opaqued; that is, a thick coat of black or dark brown paint is laid all over it except along the course of the road. This is done to prevent any light behind the drop from showing through, except along the road.

The laws of perspective throw the beginning of the road, the point farthest from the eye, somewhere on the upper portion of the drop, at the horizon, or sky line, probably. The drop is then lighted from overhead just sufficiently to show the details of its scene.

At the proper cue, with the audience expectantly waiting to see the automobile, its tiny twin headlights suddenly appear far in the distance, picking out the road as it approaches.

Back of the drop a stage hand is at that moment holding a long bamboo pole on the top of which is fastened a little box. An electric light burns brightly inside the box, but the only escape for its rays is two little holes placed side by side in its face. The stage hand holds the holes in the box flush against the drop and moves them slowly along the translucent strip of roadway.

The Approaching Motor Car

The audience sees the headlights disappear behind a growth of trees and, a minute later, reappear larger and brighter. And now the faint outlines of the car itself may be discerned.

This is possible because another stage hand is moving another box along the roadway. This second box also has an electric light in it, but the cloth face of it has been painted—blacked—so that the rays shining through the unblacked portions limn the outlines of an automobile as well as its headlights.

Again the car disappears. Off stage a muffled motor is started. Perhaps a muffled motor horn is blown.

When next the car appears to the audience it is because in the front of a much larger box than the first two there is a cut-out of an automobile with a man at the wheel. And holes in the cut-out focus the rays of the light inside the box so that they actually gleam along the gray roadway. Some of the muffling is removed from the motor back stage as this box is moved with appropriate speed across the drop.

Disappearing, only to reappear again, its coming presaged by increased roar of motor, louder horn-blowing and a shaft of bright white light thrown levelly across the back of the stage, the audience sees a car race across the stage behind the hedge.

In all probability this is a profile car, a wood and canvas affair, painted and lighted and set on a platform equipped with rollers or casters so it can be pulled by rope or shoved by hand across the stage. And a moment after it has passed out of sight on one side of the stage, from that same side a real auto, engine running and horn blowing, is driven on in full view of the audience.

When properly manipulated, this effect in its various adaptations and forms is almost invariably good for a round of rousing applause. When it is gummed—and it can be in fifty different ways—it is usually greeted with jeering laughter and a wreath of wild raspberries.

Therein lies one beauty of the shadowgraph effect. It is sure fire and simple. It would require an optician learned in the intricacies of color saturation and filtration to explain why the effect is as it is. However, the simple mechanical operation of the effect as witnessed by this pop-eyed observer upon the Follies stage is as follows and to wit:

An unpainted white drop is lowered as far down stage as possible. At the rear of the stage, at the back wall and in the exact center, a lamp box is placed on the floor. It contains two powerful arc lights about four inches apart. These lights shine through small rectangular openings not more than two inches wide. In front of the openings a red gelatin disk and a green disk are respectively revolved. The resulting powerful red and green rays, shooting up from the floor level at a forty-five-degree angle, pass through a pane of plate glass which appears to blend and smooth the rays before they reach and cover the white curtain down stage. All other stage and house lights are extinguished.

Several girls, for instance, take their places behind the curtain, their backs to it and the audience as they face the light on the floor up stage. As they walk or run from the curtain toward the light, viewed through pieces of red and green gelatin held in front of the eyes—the red gelatin on the side corresponding to the red light in the lamp box—their shadows appear to be advancing directly toward the observers in the audience. As a matter of fact, the girls are walking away from the audience. Furthermore, viewed through the colored gelatins, the shadows take body and thickness as they detach themselves from the curtain.

Science and the Shadowgraph

A little monkey put on the floor ten feet in front of the lamp scampered toward the pane of glass. Every woman in the audience—so it sounded—shrieked. Watching the monkey's shadow through the gelatin, it appeared to be scampering straight into their laps. Removing the colors from the eyes, the illusion immediately vanishes; only the flat shadow remains on the screen.

A girl ran from the curtain to the plate glass and spread her hand over its surface, partially blocking the lights under it. Standing not six feet from her as she did so, we looked through colored glasses at her shadow on the curtain and knew why the audience was giving vent to gasps. Her fingers appeared to be outstretched over our face not more than an inch distant from our eyes.

"Listen," we said to the courteous, obliging Mr. Wally Schunk. "Is this all there is to it—a lamp shooting red and green rays through a sheet of glass to cover a white screen?"

"That's all," he returned, "except you've got to look at the shadows through red and green lenses before they take thickness and jump off the screen."

"Well," we continued earnestly, "how do you explain the selectivity of the lenses in—or rather, it would seem that a simple red gelatin in front of one optic—how can it reverse the position of the girls and the direction they move by the mere—what I am trying to say is, how do you explain it?"

"Have you ever had the Einstein theory explained to you?" Mr. Schunk asked.

"Er—yes."

"Well," he continued, smiling, "we'd probably understand this shadowgraph illusion just as clearly if one of those scientific sharks explained it to us."

After all, there is much to be said in favor of the older types of effects. It requires no Einstein to appreciate such an effect as Mr. Dillingham employed in the second act of his Night Boat production. The stage setting showed the main and top decks of a passenger boat cruising down the Hudson. Of a sudden the boat began rolling from side to side as boats are wont to roll. It was most realistic; you felt the effect in the pit of your being.

The entire stage setting was erected on a false floor, hinged along one side to the real stage floor. Rocking the false floor rocked the boat. What could be simpler?

Dynamic Symmetry In Chrysler Beauty

More than a year ago we remarked that the dictionary of synonyms had been worn dog-eared in the hunt for adjectives to describe motor car beauty.

There isn't a superlative left to use.

As a matter of fact, they've all been used so many times that they no longer carry conviction.

But just as surely as you know a beautiful car when you see it, you'll be entranced by the Chrysler Six.

In every Chrysler model, you sense at once the beauty, the good taste, the smartness which we in America have been in the habit of describing as "French," or "foreign," or "continental," or "European."

More than 32,000 times last year, buyers expressed, in terms of their motor car choice, their preference for the Chrysler kind of beauty—giving to Chrysler Six a first-year sales record never before awarded to any car.

Here is a car scientifically engineered to be beautiful.

Three years were devoted to the study of dynamic symmetry—the science of proportion and balance.

The height of side body panels, for instance, was a matter of determining the exact relation between the requirements of human comfort in the car, and the most pleasing proportion from *outside* the car.

The "bead," or "belt line," was not put on as an incident, or just because a body designer liked it. It was scientifically sized and scientifically placed to give that long, low, sweeping line which produces such a racy, foreign effect.

Most cars are pretty fair looking from some one angle; the more fortunate, from a couple of viewpoints. From the rear view, nearly all of them are weak on appearance.

One result of the scientific design of the Chrysler Six is the charm of its rear view.

Note particularly how all of the lines and curves of the front and sides gracefully blend at the rear.

There are no displeasing angles, sharp corners, awkward curves.

Then walk around in front. See how the long, sweeping lines flow out of the radiator.

It's a mere detail to the buyer, perhaps, but an interesting fact that months were spent on designing and proportioning lamps and fenders.

That inimitable grace, melting so perfectly into the bulk of the whole car, was no matter of chance.

So, too, with the wheels. Chrysler designers sought the ultimate in that much desired close-to-the-ground appearance.

But they didn't simply take any small wheel. They got the exactly right proportion.

And what is the result of this new application of scientific design and proportion?

Perhaps the most important result is that air of perfect good taste—the same atmosphere that surrounds real gentlewomen and gentlemen.

The Chrysler isn't beautiful because of any fanciful tricks, or because of any ornamentation hung on it.

It isn't gaudy. It isn't ostentatious.

But it is smart, refined, in good taste, harmonious, gracious, eye-compelling, simple.

In a word, it is beautiful.

And that isn't all.

Such true beauty in a car doesn't stop with looks alone—any more than it does in a man or a woman.

There's an old saying, "Beauty is as beauty does."

That's the Chrysler Six.

Remember that while Chrysler engineers were scientifically building beauty of appearance, they were building with relation to human comfort.

So that Chrysler proportions are not only good to look at—they also give the most perfect riding, most accurately comfortable car you ever drove or rode in, as Chrysler owners can tell you today after a year's experience.

The Touring Car, $1395; The Phaeton, $1495; The Roadster, $1625; The Sedan, $1825; The Royal Coupe, $1895; The Brougham, $1965; The Imperial, $2065; The Crown-Imperial, $2195. All prices f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax.

All Chrysler Six models are equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motors Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

CHRYSLER SIX

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX FAMILY

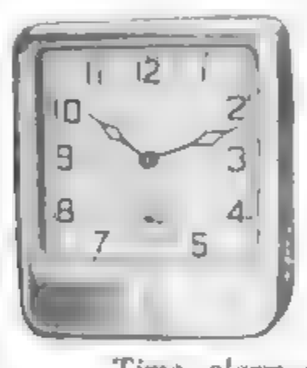
Bang! Out stretches a groping, sleepy hand—and another old-fashioned alarm clock has fallen and lost a leg.

But the new-day Squareclox alarms—solid on their flat base—they don't fall over—and they don't mar your furniture.

Smooth and handsome—Squareclox sound a new note in an old story. Just the right one is waiting for you.

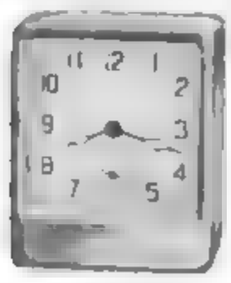
Squareclox may be had in antique gold finish at same prices (listed below) as gray, platinum-like finish.

Square Simplex. *The only 10-day automatic alarm clock;* 5¼" high x 4½" wide. Alarm stops and automatically resets . . **$6.00**
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.



Square Racket. *Time, alarm and gong strike;* 5¼" high x 4½" wide. The only alarm-clock striking the hour and half hour. Runs 30 hours **$5.00**
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Service. Intermittent alarm. Silver dial with jade hands and numerals; 5¼" high x 4½" wide. Runs 30 hours **$3.50**
Silver dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.



Square Pirate Square Rascal

Square Pirate. Continuous alarm; 4¼" high x 3¼" wide. Runs 30 hours **$2.50**

Square Rascal. Continuous or intermittent alarm; 2¾" high x 2¾" wide. Runs 30 hours. **$3.25**
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Prices in Canada are a bit higher.
(Patents Pending)

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
99 John St. Dept. P New York

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

THE TOP RUNG

(Continued from Page 29)

that ever jeered a man into defeat, managed to floor Sullivan, who was drinking heavily these times. But though in poor condition, what did old John L. do? Got right up and in a few seconds knocked the champion of England through the ropes.

But such things as a knockdown were never experienced by John L. when he was right, and during the years 1878 to 1891 he put away whole regiments of men. This may seem an exaggeration unless it is remembered how he toured the country, with the old Combination, month after month. This famous group was handled by the famous gamblers Pat Sheedy and Al Smith, and comprised a good many boxers of all sizes and weights; among them George La Blanche, the famous pivot and shift middler, Peter McCoy, Steve Taylor, Duncan McDonald, Patsy Kerrigan and Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, all noted men in their day. A sort of variety bill was put on each night, but all the acts were bouts; Sullivan, too, appearing at each performance. In each town in which they showed Sheedy and Smith would post on the billboards and advertise in the papers an offer of five hundred dollars to any man who could stand up against Sullivan for four rounds. And Sullivan always got his man, which is a mighty hard thing to do, night after night, for one never knows when he may run against some exceedingly powerful man who, though a local, may be giant enough to last out the four rounds. And it was by no means only locals that he fought—and some of these were pretty tough men—but ambitious managers began to import notables from England and Australia to meet Sullivan.

They scoured the country and Europe for cannon fodder for him, hoping that some lucky fighter might turn the trick. But no one ever did.

Sometimes this special act of his, when it didn't result seriously for his opponent, turned out a riot. In San Francisco, for instance, a local boy tried to earn that five hundred. But the might of Sullivan's name and that ferocious scowl threw him into a panic of fear. Each time that Sullivan made a step toward him or merely tapped his foot as if he were starting for him, the local boy promptly dropped on all fours. The crowd, of course, was soon rocking and shrieking with laughter—it was almost as much of a scream as my crazy bout with Sharkey after taking that table d'hôte, related in the other story—and each time the neighborhood boy fell some wag in the gallery shouted "Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo." And Peek-a-boo this boy became. Never afterward could he live down the name. Tug Wilson, of England, varied this maneuver by clinching, then dropping each time to the floor. Nine men out of ten were defeated by the name of Sullivan before they even entered the ring.

John L. and the Fireman

And indeed no man ever lived in my time that could have beaten Sullivan slugging, and few men with science, then or since. And this tribute is not made as a sort of back-handed compliment to myself, for though I beat him with a combination of something new in boxing, quick footwork and speed, and by flashing everything I knew, I did it when the old champion was beginning to slip.

Coming back to Sullivan's more genial qualities, all his old acquaintances will recall his wit in his off hours, not so biting as Charlie Mitchell's, but more bluff, and sometimes of a rather crude sort. This, of course, was usually displayed outside of the ring, for, once in, he would bluster, look ferocious, or curse. Still, he could use his humor on occasion, as on one night, I remember, in a Pittsburgh theater, when he was still champion of the world.

He was sitting in his dressing room, made up for the exhibition bout which he used to stage between the acts of the old melodrama he then played in, when the cigar boy entered the door.

Now Sullivan already had a big black stogy thrust, in his way, at an angle upward and out of the side of his mouth. Besides, although he was very fond of this boy, who was a funny little hawk-nosed Hebrew weighing not more than a hundred pounds, he showed it by constantly and good-naturedly guying him about his race. He had a habit of doing this with all—Frenchmen, Englishmen, Australians, Chinamen, anyone that didn't happen to have the good fortune, as he always considered it, of being born in Ireland or of Irish parents.

So he eyed the boy, frowned, then waved his hand like a lord.

"Shtick around," he ordered him. "I don't want yer ropes an' I don't like yer race. But shtick around anyway. I may need a shmoke later."

Naturally the boy obeyed and didn't budge.

In a little while there came another knock at the door.

"Come in," roars Sullivan; and in walked the fireman, who had seen the fumes of the stogy come coiling out of the door. Sullivan, guessing at the object of the visit, said nothing, but sat there, hands on hips, the terrifying scowl on his face, and the cigar stuck out at a still higher angle than before.

"Mr. Sullivan," the fireman began, very politely, "I'm sorry, but ——"

"What's on yer mind?" roars Sullivan, with characteristic elegance. "Come, shpit it out!"

Easy Come, Easy Go

"Mr. Sullivan," the fireman began again, "I'm sorry, but I've got to ask you to ——"

"Aw, fergit who ye are," says Sullivan, puffing away like a furnace, then grabbing a cigar from the boy's basket. "Here, shtick this in yer face an' shtick around."

"Mr. Sullivan," began the fireman once more, not liking his job but still persisting, "I'm sorry, but it's the law."

At which the enraged Mr. Sullivan jumps up, strides forward, seizes the cigar boy by the arm, and roars, "Git out or I'll hit ye wid this Jew."

The fireman at once seemed to feel that the law, after all, was theoretical rather than practical, and, like some others we know, rather difficult of enforcement. He beat a hasty retreat, and Sullivan grinned at the scared youth.

"Aw, I wouldn't have hurt yuh, son. Here, lamp this and quit yer tremblin'."

And he tossed a ten-dollar bill in the basket.

Poor Sullivan, he was pretty well broke toward the end of his career, but always generous in his queer gruff way.

Several years after the Pittsburgh incident just related, and when he was practically down and out, he entered a well-known Broadway resort and going up to the proprietor, a man well known in sporting circles, tried a touch.

"Why, John," protested the proprietor, "I lent you a hundred just the other day."

Looking hurt and surprised, the old ex-champion leaned over the bar and growled out plaintively, yet with something of his old bullying air, "Is there any man that would refuse John L. Sullivan a friendly loan?"

Whether for old time's sake or the effect on the large crowd at the bar, I don't know, but anyway the proprietor relented and turning to the cash register, opened it, and came back with a hundred-dollar bill.

"All right, John," he said; "you're welcome to it."

Once more Macbeth was on his native heath, and pounding the bar, Sullivan in his old half-sullen, half-boisterous way ordered drinks for the crowd, and threw back on the bar the hundred-dollar bill.

Just as the bartender was handing him his change, in the form of a fifty-dollar bill and others of smaller denomination, a sister of charity approached the bar, soliciting contributions. John saw her, and without a second's hesitation swept the smaller change into his pocket and handed her the fifty-dollar bill.

I have always admired him for his going on the water wagon and "shtickin' there," as he used to say, rather more than for these generous gestures. That decision took more gameness than did any of his battles in the ring.

I had but one real conversation with him after our fight in New Orleans. Long afterward, it was, and I was anxious to see whether he had forgiven me or still cherished hatred for me because I had defeated him and ended his career. We had been asked to pose for a photograph for some newspaper or magazine, and the request finally brought about this first meeting in years.

While we were waiting for the photographer we had a little chat together. He had, he told me, been recently married, to a woman about his own age, whom he had known very well in his boyhood, their families having for years lived in the same neighborhood in Boston. And he seemed very fond of her and smiled as he talked of how happy they were. It was certainly a more peaceful and, I think, a happier period than any other in his stormy career; and it was rather touching to see this old gladiator, now stout and gray, but with the same old pink complexion, growing enthusiastic over his bride, not a young girl, you know, but one who was growing old like himself.

I was pleased, too, by certain signs that he had forgiven me, for while he said nothing at all about the fight he was so friendly that I felt he cherished no resentment toward me.

It was a great blow to him when his wife died, not so long after this conversation. He never got over it and it helped to shorten his life, his own death occurring a few years later. But it's a fine epitaph to write on his stone—that, though for years he had drunk all the whisky east of the Mississippi and much that flowed west of it, too, once having signed the pledge he never went back on his word.

As to the question of placing him on the rungs of the ladder of fistic fame, I think he should come first for sheer personality, perhaps, and not lower than third in actual fighting ability, if judged at his prime. The nearest rivals whom he fought—Kilrain, Slavin and Mitchell—were not his equals. Kilrain, a mighty hitter and a fair boxer, was defeated by him; also Charlie Mitchell; and the latter's one draw with Sullivan can be charged off to the old inconclusive London rules. Mitchell, too, lacked the crude strength of Sullivan; and gained much of his success through sneering at his opponents, frequently actually "kidding" them into defeat. If ever a man could flick another on the raw it was Charlie Mitchell. He holds one title still, that of world's champion goat-getter.

Frank Slavin, of Australia, I think, could have come nearer to defeating Sullivan, had they ever met. He was a big raw-boned fellow, a hard-hitting, two-fisted fighter, could stand a world of punishment and was one of the greatest sluggers I have seen in action. A bout between the two would have been a battle royal, but Sullivan, at his best, would pretty surely have thrashed Frank in the end.

The Style of Kid McCoy

Before taking on the three men who equaled or could have beaten Sullivan—Jeffries, Jackson and Fitzsimmons—perhaps we should in passing touch on two or three others who were quite prominent in the eighties or as the century came to an end—Peter Maher, Kid McCoy and Tom Sharkey.

Maher, the Irish giant, can at once be ruled out, for while perhaps the heaviest hitter of any fighter in my time, he lacked aggressiveness; never seemed to care much for his trade. All he had was punch, with a capital P perhaps, but that rarely is enough to beat the ablest fighters, unless through chance and a lucky blow. But in ruling out him or any other under discussion from consideration for the very top rungs, it should not be considered as seriously reflecting on them, for though at the bottom of the first ten, we have selected only a few fighters from the great number that fought during the past forty-five years. Even to be listed among them, if my ranking and opinion are of any value, is tribute enough. They were all mighty men in their time.

A man infinitely more clever than Maher, and more scientific than Slavin or Kilrain, was Norman Selby, the famous Kid McCoy. He was as shifty and as fast as lightning; but two faults prevented him from realizing on the investment Nature had given him—his fondness for pleasure in his off hours and his lack of control when in the ring. He would box several most beautiful rounds, then turn crazy enough to fling his expert science to the winds and slug toe to toe with the heaviest slugger, which for a light man was suicide.

Of a totally different type was Tom Sharkey, who, too, stands among the almost great, but for very different reasons.

(Continued on Page 72)

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

What a pathetic figure he is today

Once a champion—now only a wistful onlooker! It was only a few years ago that he was one of the best golfers in the country. Today he limps over the course watching the players he once outmatched!

Shattered health due to tooth neglect! It all began innocently enough with several tooth cavities. Then like so many other people, he put off going to his dentist! As a result, several abscesses developed and seeped their deadly poison into his system.

Then came rheumatism and a heart disorder that made him practically a cripple. Neglected much longer, these hidden wells of poison might have caused his early death.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

© 1925, Lambert Pharmacal Co

The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

Authorities agree that clean towels are absolutely essential to the maintenance of good health.

That's why thousands of offices, factories and stores throughout the country have voluntarily selected Scottissue Towels for their washrooms.

Scottissue Towels are *always* clean, *always* fresh, *always* white, *always* absorbent. At little cost, they provide an individual never-before-used towel to each person, every time. A safe, comfortable, convenient towel-service, everybody can afford.

Scottissue Towels are being used daily in many new ways, because of their extraordinary drying, cleaning and absorbing powers.

For Kitchen Bathroom Automobile Office Factory

(Continued from Page 70)

He comes in that class simply because of his make-up, his great bulk and thick stone-wall body, and his ability to absorb punishment. In appearance he was picturesque enough, as any who ever saw him raring and tumbling about the ring or looming up behind his famous old bar on East Fourteenth Street, New York, will remember. He was, minus the horns, like a great bull, or a shaggy bear standing upright, but he never learned enough, not even of the rough A B C's of boxing, to make his great strength tell.

As an instance of his lack of alertness and adaptability, I can recall telling Gus Ruhlin, the Akron giant, who had previously been beaten by Sharkey, how to beat Tom in the return match by a very simple expedient. I had spoken to Gus once or twice about this, before the battle, and on the night of the second bout tried further to drive in the idea as we talked in his dressing room.

"Gus," I said, "don't forget that straight left. When Sharkey rushes, just stick it out and he'll bang into it. It's all you'll have to do."

As I said this I noticed a hole in the wall that opened into the next dressing room, which, as it happened, was the one Sharkey was using that night. And two heads—Tom's and his negro second, Bob Armstrong's—were conveniently planted at that hole.

Still, I went on with my coaching, as though those two heads weren't there.

Bob Fitzsimmons

"Yes, Gus," I continued slowly, so that the listeners could take it all in, "that's the way to lick him. When he comes rushing, swinging his old right, you stick out that left of yours and he'll run into it." Then for emphasis I added, still not looking at the hole or the two heads behind it, white above black: "Why, Gus, Sharkey's hearing all I'm telling you now. But that won't make any difference! He'll start rushing, just as I say; you poke out your old left and he'll run into it; see if he doesn't. He can't fight any other way."

The two pairs of eyes disappeared; but their being hep, as I said, didn't make any difference, and what I prophesied came true. Though he had heard all these instructions, as soon as the gong rang Sharkey came on with the old bull rush, swinging his right wildly, and slow Ruhlin's straight left beat him. Sharkey somehow couldn't learn a thing.

So for all his ruggedness and crashing fist, he does not class either with the greatest of the old sluggers or the very best among the new. Dempsey, for instance, would very soon get inside his wild swings and wear him down with a body attack while close in.

Up to the new century, then, there were only three really great fighters who could have ranked with or possibly shaded Sullivan—Peter Jackson, James J. Jeffries, and Robert Fitzsimmons, of Australia, with Frank Slavin, of the same land, not so very far behind.

Fitzsimmons, who reigned as both middleweight and heavyweight champion, has been described with the other fighters of the first-named class, but we cannot pass him by in discussing this without some further slight word. He was truly an extraordinary specimen physically, and possessed considerable personality, though of a very different sort from Sullivan's. The latter excited awe wherever he went, while Fitz's small red head and freckled fighting map, his huge chest and blacksmith's arms rippling like a waterfall with muscles, and his rickety underpinning provoked amusement if not laughter—that is, among the spectators, never on the part of his opponents. Once they had felt the might of his fists, they had only respect ever after. For he carried something that strongly resembled dynamite in those huge fists of his; and they were never idle either, hitting from any angle possible the deadliest punches. And he was a regular fox for cunning; no red Indian ever showed more guile or more ability to stand punishment.

You must not think of him as he appeared in 1914; but in the nineties, particularly in '97–99, when he was heavyweight champion. When the new century broke he toppled over into the second division, and gradually went down until he was no more than a third or fourth rater. But one must note that he was born in 1863; at eighteen fought his first bout; continued in the ring professionally for thirty-four years, and fought his last battle in 1914, when fifty-one years old! That is certainly a remarkable record. And he exemplified better than any other fighter I know the truth which in these ratings I have tried so often to drive home—that a man must be judged at the height of his career, not at his decline, if one would gain any true line, not only on the individual but on the respective merits of the old and the new fighters.

As in the case of Young Griffo, the greatest natural fighter of the light men, I sometimes start to rank others ahead of a man I knew, and again and again come back to my old conviction that if not the greatest of all heavyweights, he was equaled by but one; and half of the time I won't even allow that exception. Perhaps you won't guess the man, though you would at once if your memories of the fight game went back as far as mine, for I refer to Peter Jackson. He was never champion, but was robbed of his just deserts. In his case Fate robbed him by drawing the color line. Sullivan was champion during all the years that Jackson was at the front, and never would give him a chance. If he had, great as the first-named was, I know behind whom my wagers would have been placed. For Sullivan went out as the new school of boxing came in; and Jackson acquired too much skill, coupled with hitting power, for John L. to have had much chance. Fitz, too, had greater science than Sullivan and too much craft, and Jeffries showed more power.

I know, too, something of Jackson's talents as compared with those of Jeffries and Fitz, for I never worked so hard in all my life as on that long night when I fought Jackson. And I had youth then, too, for I was in my prime, twenty-four years old, and when I fought the others I was considerably older. But with my youth gone and something of my speed, neither Jeff nor Fitz kept me so on pins and needles as did this black man; I never did so much of what we call "tin-canning" in my career. Every trick known to boxing I tried; and invented in those sixty-one rounds a whole lot more. I honestly believe I was quicker that night than ever before or since—I had to be—and it took more out of me than any scrap I have ever had; I felt the effects of it and was tired for eight months afterward.

A Long-Remembered Punch

I can remember hard punches given me, that final one of Jeffries in our last encounter, for instance, and the unexpected and so-called solar-plexus of Fitz, but none so clearly as the continuous bing-bing of that beautiful one-two punch of Jackson's. As I recall it after thirty-four years I quiver still.

And what an equipment he had! A beautiful sinewy bronze body that a sculptor would admire; rangy height; long reach; a wonderful straight left; a great right for head and body; a fine assortment of uppercuts; marvelous skill at blocking—ducking he did not need, he was so tall and had such reach; and light footwork too. And he was game to the core and possessed a great fighting brain that adapted itself quickly to any situation or emergency that arose in a fight.

He could do everything, in fact. Why, merely to prove that he could abandon science, which he had in such a fine degree, he took it into his head, when he met Slavin in London, to slug with that very great slugger, bang-bang, toe to toe. And he did it successfully.

Then, for variety's sake, in exhibition bouts with Fitz and Choynski, he fell back on science and made them look like schoolboys, just reaching out that wonderful left of his, tapping them, tapping them on the forehead, and so keeping them away or throwing them off balance. They couldn't even get near him. When later Jeff finally defeated him, Jackson was fast declining and in the middle stages of consumption.

Not for sheer personality—for in that Sullivan easily comes first, and Jackson was usually rather quiet and unassuming—but in fighting and boxing ability, Jackson stands first or tied for that place, possibly, with Jeffries. A black man, yes, but I feel for him the profoundest respect.

Almost on a par with him, if not quite, comes James J. Jeffries, who was born in 1875, became champion in 1899, retired, undefeated in 1904, only to reappear again and wind up his career so sadly in 1910, in the battle with Johnson which, however, should not be considered in summing up his

(Continued on Page 74)

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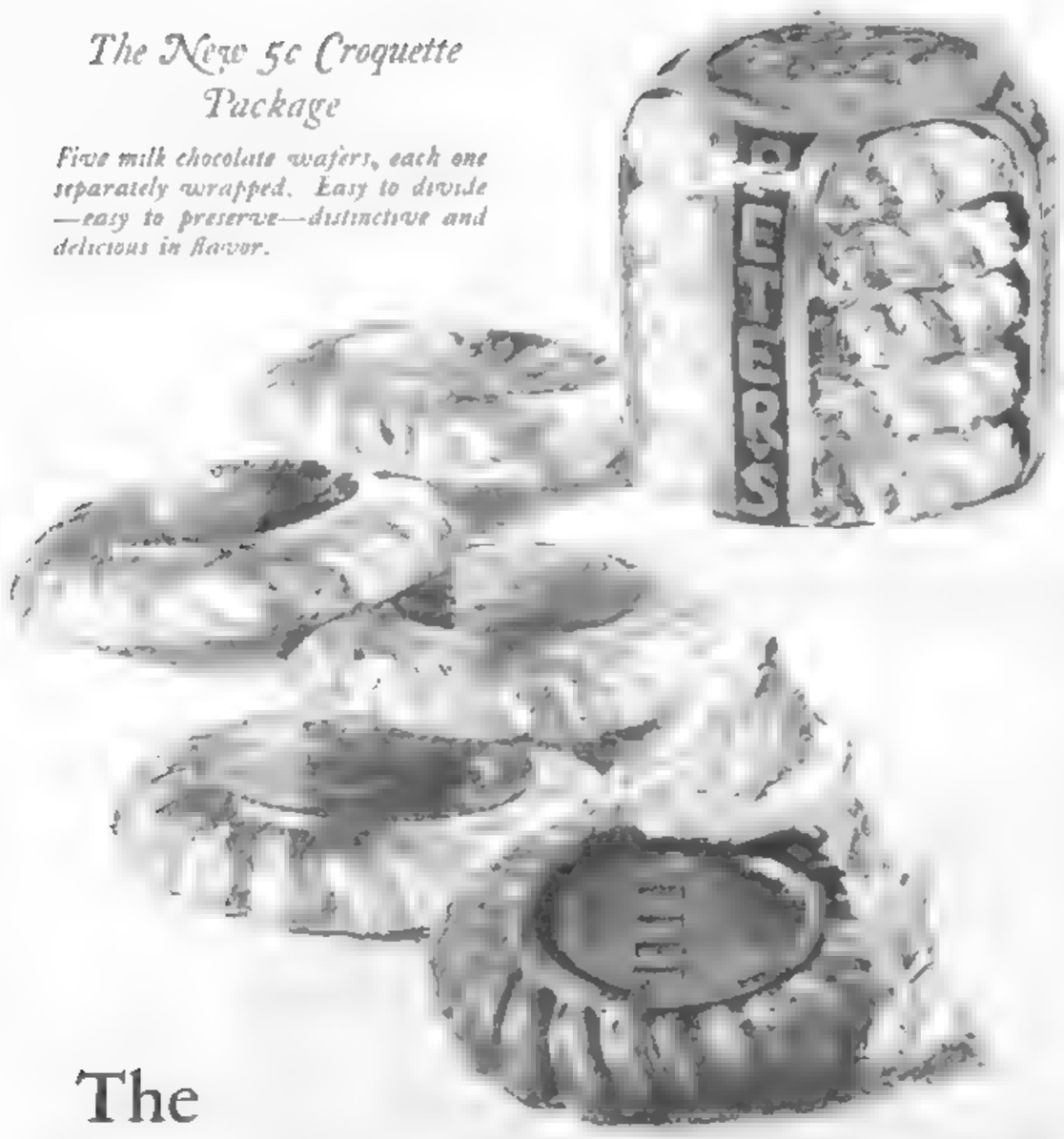

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(Continued from Page 72)

career, he had been out of the ring so long and was then but a shell of his former self.

In '98, at the start, he was nothing but a raw untrained youth, good enough, as we described him in The Roar of the Crowd, just to rub one of my legs or perhaps test me out in roadwork in my preparation for the Fitzsimmons battle. But as he developed he added to his superb physique and two hundred and thirty pounds the hardest-hitting left any man ever had, and great speed, too, considering his poundage.

His peculiar crouch was taught him by the clever Tommy Ryan, once the middleweight champion; and it proved very effective. But he owed most of his success, not to any natural boxing ability or any he acquired, for the total of that wasn't so much, but to Nature and his ancestors. He had no such beautiful build as Jackson or Wills, Dempsey or McCarthy, but was by far the most powerful, and more rugged even than Sharkey. When he crouched, placing his right forearm in front of his jaw, and bent forward with his left hand out, his right paw and forearm were so huge that all you could see of his face was the forehead and eyes. And he bent over in such a position that the only blow with which you could touch him was a left-hand hook, and that only on the forehead, which wasn't exactly made of eggshells either.

If his opponent started rushing he would usually stick to this crouch, and by merely extending his left would give him a couple of two-inch jolts, and yet with that two-thirty pounds behind them the man would be knocked clear across the ring. If he added another inch to the two of his jolt, making it three in all, and landed properly, he could knock any good man down or out. No living man could stand up against the power Jeff had when he was twenty-five or twenty-six. And any man who did not use every trick of the trade to keep off, or who went at him too open, was sure to be licked. And one could not run into that left, either, though it was still, and stand up. And furthermore, when he remained in that crouch, he was very difficult himself to get at.

Like Hitting a Wall

The only way to coax him out of it I found was the method that Fitz tried with more or less success in the second fight with Jeff. In the first, Jeff was still a kid and a trifle nervous, and did not use the crouch so well, though after a few rounds in which Fitz carried the fight to him, Jim finally gained more confidence and knocked him cold.

So to help matters a little, Fitz on the evening before their second battle placed plaster of Paris on his hands; and in the morning these unnatural bandages had hardened beautifully. Now Jeff had his crouch down better this time, and in it was practically impregnable; but Bob began to fiddle and feint until he tempted him out of it and got him reaching, at first just a little beyond the range of his usual two and three inch jolts, finally so far that Jeff straightened up altogether and went after Bob.

Meantime Jeff's face was a sight to see from those plaster-of-Paris casts, and, exasperated out of his usual apathy, he began to grow angry. But all of a sudden Fitz, feeling tired by his footwork, resorted to aggressiveness again. And immediately Jeff, turtlelike, retired within his crouch. Bob was exhausted by his efforts to get at him, and before long was knocked cold. This was the second time that Jeff turned that trick; and it should be here noted that he was the only champion who gave each of his three principal contenders a return match and came out successful in all; which fact in itself stamps him as a remarkable man.

I know myself not only how hard it was to get by his peculiar defense but also how difficult it was to inflict much damage. When one by a left hook would land on him it was like punching one of those concrete pill boxes machine gunners used in the war, or a caterpillar tank. In landing on all other fighters, even the sturdiest, I have always experienced a sort of resilience or give of the body as my fist sank in. But Jeff—well, it was like hitting an unyielding stone wall.

I dwell on this physique of Jeff's because it was unique and it really had so much to do with his victories. He was fast, as I say, for his size, and had a powerful left, but it was his strength and stamina, together with Tommy Ryan's development of his defense, that placed Jeff at the top, or, as as I usually wind up by deciding, on a par with Jackson.

He would have surpassed even Peter the Great had he ever taken the proper interest in fighting. He always appeared to me as if he never cared much for the game; he had courage of the passive sort, but not pugnacity; lacked the temperament of the fighter. Had he possessed Carpentier's dash and spirit, comparison with any fighter from the days of Jem Mace on, would have been like joking. Still, Jeff had enough, as I can testify

After Jeffries the game declined under the two succeeding champions—Jack Johnson, who held the heavyweight crown from 1910—I do not count the joke title which he won in 1908 from Burns—to 1915, and Willard, who took it away from Johnson and handed it over, without much argument, to Jack Dempsey four years later.

Johnson, hailed as great by many, really earned the tribute on only one count, that of defense. To all appearances he was the perfect champion, being quite as beautiful to look at as Peter Jackson, and another bronze statue, but strangely enough he fought flatfootedly and his footwork, when he tried to carry the fight and was going forward, was very poor. And though an expert blocker, and skilled in all tricks of defense, he never showed much of either offense or, for that matter, of heart.

The Bout in Havana

This weakness shows up in almost all his important battles, way down the line in the bout with Choynski at the start of his career, and in those later with Marvin Hart and Sam Langford, who would have defeated him had the fight gone twenty rounds; while his victories over Ketchel and Fitzsimmons do not add much credit, since Ketchel was a middleweight and smaller than Johnson by many inches and pounds, and Fitzsimmons forty-five years old with a half-crippled arm. Even in the battle with Jeffries, Johnson was mortally scared until he found that Jeff was but a useless hulk. He never defeated a really good man in good condition.

Still, he was a really superb defensive fighter—so great, in fact, that sometimes I have thought that he could have held off such sluggers as Sullivan, Dempsey, and Slavin. But when I recall the savage attack of these three and their dominating personalities, I feel sure that the fainter-hearted negro would have been first overawed—then defeated in each case.

And Willard, it seems to me, had an even poorer claim to the title of *real* champion. At the battle in Havana, in 1915, he was even less aggressive than the cautious Johnson, forcing the fading negro, who was old for a fighter and worn by dissipation, to lead to him most of the way. He was a big strong giant standing six feet six in his stocking feet and weighing two hundred and fifty-eight pounds—nothing more. Even this strength of his he did not seem to prize highly, for I never saw a man enter a ring in poorer condition than he did at Toledo when he lost to Dempsey. He was footsore and weary and soft.

It would not be too much to say that not only were these two men inferior to Sullivan, Jackson, Jeff and Fitzsimmons, and the modern Dempsey, but to Sam Langford, who was a contemporary of Johnson's. Langford was handicapped by race prejudice, and a certain amount of indifference, for which that prejudice may partly account. For he had fighting instinct, intelligence, craft, fine footwork, two good hands, and skill on both the offensive and the defensive. In fact, he was one of the few really fine all-around fighters that came in my day. But he was content, much of the time, to tour the country like some happy-go-lucky salesman, glad to get enough to eat and to drink, and so taking on any bout that would bring in the needed cash. When he met Sam McVey he had a "hang-over," yet he fought twenty most vicious rounds, and McVey was almost of championship caliber and displayed no such caution as did Johnson and, more recently, Harry Wills. It is a shame that, because of his habits, Langford cannot be placed where he might have been.

There was another fighter of these days who, like Darcy, was robbed by death of a splendid career—Luther McCarthy. With his height, reach, fine arms and general intelligence, he should have gone to the very top if he hadn't been killed in the fight at Calgary with Arthur Pelkey, who, by

(Continued on Page 76)

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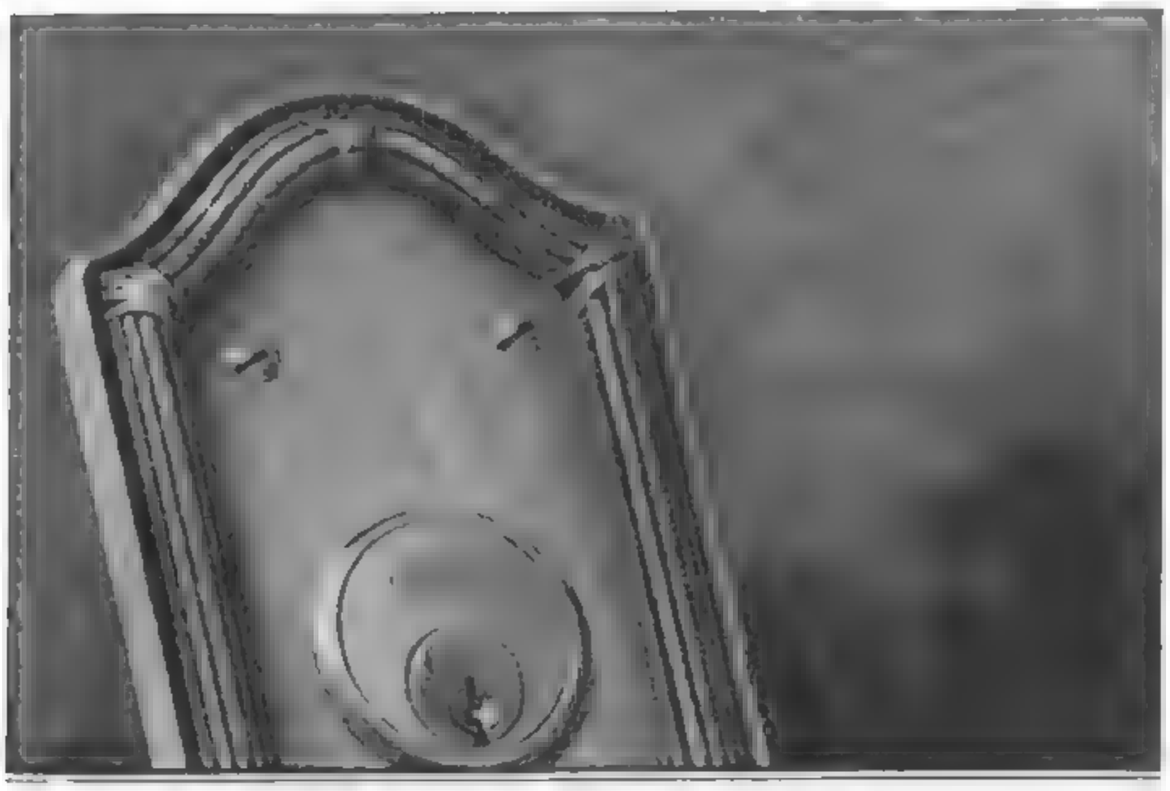

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the way, was innocent and always regretted the tragedy.

Which brings us down to the modern men; among whom the champion Dempsey, Harry Wills and Tommy Gibbons alone are worth serious discussion, though a little study of Carpentier and Firpo on the side may also prove profitable to those interested in boxing.

Regarding the last two, these things might be said—first that Firpo, who came within an inch of winning the crown, is not such a wild swinger as some people think. He has a very fine right-hand punch. However, he knows nothing of boxing and has little fighting intelligence; and if you allow him ambition, courage and awkward strength, and that beautiful right for head and body, you have given him good measure and running over.

Carpentier is not great, but certainly extraordinary as a personality and a showman; also deserving of great credit for the good he has done the game. He is, however, too weak in vulnerable parts of the body ever to class with the great. Unlike Fitz, who had most of his weight above his waist, the Frenchman has most below. His powerful legs are those of a heavy, but above he is nothing but a welter with a very frail torso, so frail in fact that it is a wonder he has stayed so long in the limelight. He began, too, at an early age, his first professional bouts taking place when he was but thirteen; and he had no proper training, the system of boxing in France being inferior to that in this country. Had he been taken in hand, when young, by proper instructors, his spirit, smartness and powerful right would have turned him into one of the greatest of all light heavies—and in saying that I bar none I have seen.

Superior in fighting power to either of these two, and at his best only a little below Jack Johnson, is Harry Wills. Possessed of a splendid physique, quite as beautiful as Johnson's, he, too, like Johnson, lacks aggressiveness—seems afraid at critical time to let the punch go. Most of his good work is done at close quarters, when he holds a man with one arm and inflicts considerable damage with the other.

Now he has fought a few good fights, but also a number of bad ones. In some he has shown heart, in others a discouraging lack of it. If he could acquire that and would fight more consistently, his strength and hitting power, supplemented by his great cleverness, should place him above Johnson. But he has been so far too much of an in-and-outer to occupy any higher rung.

Tommy Gibbons

That fine fighter, Tommy Gibbons, of St. Paul, I used to think, too, was overcautious. Now, perhaps, I ought to take that criticism back, since in his last two bouts he has begun to let his punches go. And although almost thirty-six and therefore old for a fighter, he looks better now than at any time since he entered the ring. And there is no doubt that he is the cleverest boxer of all the heavyweights still in active service—his one defeat by the middleweight champion Greb not counting against him, for Tom had just received word of his father's death and took the news to heart. Besides, Greb is an exception among boxers, making good men look foolish by his slapping tactics for a few rounds. For that matter, he accomplished that same thing in training quarters with the champion Dempsey, and Gibbons had previously defeated Greb on two occasions. So, taking him altogether, Gibbons has, I think, science enough to beat even Dempsey. If he learned in that fifteen-round bout at Shelby, Montana, not to fear Jack and can only gain a trifle in power—there's the rub—Tom will make a lot of trouble for the champion before they are through.

Now there is a peculiar and very popular delusion afloat about Jack Dempsey. He is hailed everywhere, at least by the great majority of people, as superior to the fighters of all countries and times. That is natural, for every generation since history began has liked to think of its heroes as invincible. And then Dempsey is chock-full of fighting spirit; and his swarthy complexion, especially when made darker by the sun, his fierce scowl, and that four days' growth of stubble on his chin create considerable awe in the heart of the peaceable spectator. But these things do not impress so much an old-timer who has seen champions, and very fierce-looking ones, too, climb up the ladder only to fall with a most sickening thud.

So let us study his style for a moment not in a critical spirit, for I like Dempsey and know that he is considerable of a man. He is boyish and frank and takes kindly to criticism; but the game means more to me than any individual, no matter how much I may personally admire him, and the following criticism should help a little, I think, toward a better understanding of the game.

Now it may surprise many to hear him called just a slam-bang fighter, without much of science or boxing knowledge, but he is just that. He has a surplus of fighting spirit, with a savage attack, but is far too open, can be very easily hit, is bad at long range, knows little of feinting and the finer points, and nothing of how, when in danger, to cover up. Nor is he, as is popularly supposed, much of a one-punch man. Fulton is the only man he ever beat that way, and the tall plasterer, as everyone knows, is handicapped by a glass jaw. The others Dempsey has defeated he brought down with a succession of many blows. Now this in itself is not a criticism, for great fighters have won success that way. It was his namesake's method, but the latter had other assets, which the newer Jack lacks. And the present champion, to be considered quite as powerful as folks think him should at least have a more powerful punch to make up for his obvious faults.

Standards of Hard Hitting

And, speaking of really hard hitting, here are what I consider some excellent examples:

In the fight between Sharkey and Fitz at Coney Island, Tom swung and hit Fitz on the jaw and knocked him dead cold. Thinking that all was over, the spectators began to put on their coats, preparing to leave the arena. But all of a sudden they sank back into their seats, for the referee never reached ten; at eight the gong sounded for the end of the round and Fitz was saved by a hair. They picked him up and carried him, still unconscious, to his corner. In the middle of the intermission he came to, and when the gong sounded again he walked to the center of the ring quite groggily, then steadied himself, and hit Sharkey Sharkey, who possessed an even sturdier physique than Dempsey—on the jaw and knocked him cold. The fight was over

Gus Ruhlin, a tough man, met Jeff in San Francisco. Jeff hit him once with his left, and the two hundred and twenty pounds of Ruhlin doubled up like a jackknife and crumpled to the floor. You could have heard his moans a block away.

I myself had Jeff licked for twenty-two rounds at Coney Island—he himself confessed it to me later. I went up for the twenty-third too cockily, and while I was planning what I would do as champion of the world he suddenly hit me. I don't remember anything about it, but my seconds tell me I went sailing through the air like a bird, my neck hit the ropes and I lit on the ground, unconscious

Now Dempsey's worst punch never achieved anything like the above-mentioned results. It is by no means so hard as people think; and not sufficient, I maintain, to offset his faults—that is, if you are attempting to rank him above older and better fighters.

He has not paid the penalty of these shortcomings yet—since he has not been tested by first-class men, Gibbons being the only really clever one he ever fought, and Tom, I think, in that bout did not have the proper attitude, having entered it merely to stay, which is no way at all of winning a fight. Even at that, Dempsey did not knock him out or down, and delivered no really very damaging punch.

He met Willie Meehan, fat Willie Meehan, only a second rater, five times. Several of these bouts resulted in draws, and the referee of the last match tells me things looked dangerous for Dempsey before he managed just to pull through. And he was so tired after one or two rounds with the aged and soft Willard that after flooring him six or seven times in the first round he had no strength left to finish the helpless man in the second. With Willard's face a sight, the latter's handlers threw up the sponge.

The light Carpentier, welter from the waist up, had him decidedly groggy, and Firpo, a foreigner ignorant of both English and boxing, hit him a blow in the first fifteen seconds of fighting that badly dazed

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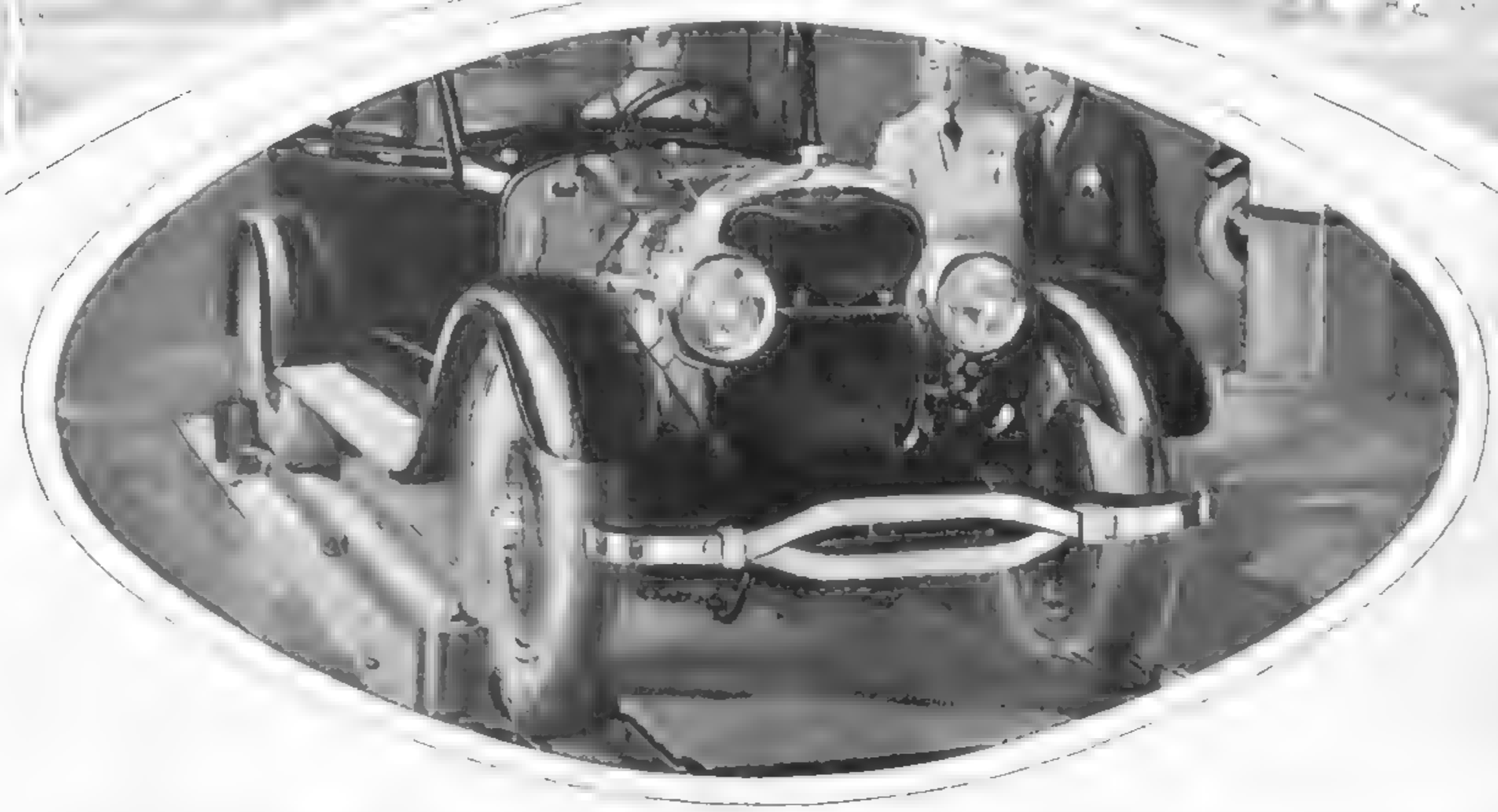

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Superior Quality Milk Bottles

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him, and a little later sent him scudding through the ropes. Had Firpo been cooler and known a little about boxing, he could have finished Dempsey when he climbed back and stood there, jaw sagging and hands down. Can anyone imagine Jeffries or Fitz or Peter Jackson or, for that matter, Charlie Mitchell or Frank Slavin starting then to club a helpless victim on the head instead of getting set and coolly putting over a clean knock-out punch?

Again: Bill Brennan was defeated by a novice, Floyd Johnson; Johnson by Willard, Fred Fulton, and Tiny Herman, all second-raters, and yet Brennan badly beat up Dempsey for twelve rounds, gave him a bad lacing, in fact, before Dempsey finally brought him down with a last-minute blow.

Here you have the supposedly unbeatable champion groggy with the light Carpentier, tired with the soft Willard, held even by Meehan, almost out with Firpo, and badly beaten up by old Bill Brennan—and all this when the supposedly invincible champion is still young and in his prime.

Once more: Carpentier fights Ted Lewis, a welter, winning only in a questionable decision; but, not long before, Lewis had fought Leonard, who is a lightweight. Yet Carpentier easily hit Dempsey and badly jarred him. A sort of ring-a-round-a-rosy reasoning, yes, but it points a truth. For here you not only have Dempsey having trouble with the five mediocre men mentioned above, but also having trouble with men who would have trouble in beating a lightweight. I can't imagine Langford, for instance, in any such difficulties.

Now some of Dempsey's friends claim this for their champion: That Willie Meehan was his hoodoo; that when he met Brennan he was out of condition; that he let the Frenchman and Gibbons stay.

I am convinced that he fought for all he was worth in each of those fights. He is a fighter, not a boxer, and just can't hold himself back. His very temperament won't allow him to fight under wraps; and he frequently, through lack of control, knocks out his sparring partners in practice, with big gloves. Even if the excuses were plausible, it is too long a string of alibis to urge in defense of an unbeatable champion. It never looked as if Sullivan, for instance, in his youth was going to be licked at any stage of any of his fights. He just walked right through them. No one ever gave him a close race.

A Game, Rugged Fighter

Furthermore, Sullivan, the greatest of all sluggers, and the one whom Dempsey most nearly resembles, could at his best, not only hit a more powerful punch but was also a better judge of distance than Dempsey, was a far cooler man, knew more about feinting, and had a greater all-around assortment of blows, though in this he was never the equal of Jackson or the highly scientific men, who had the advantage of that new school of boxing that came in at Sullivan's decline.

Jeff, too, after Ryan took him in hand, had a better straight left, a more impregnable defense, and was far the superior of Dempsey in sturdiness. And I am sure that science could very badly beat Dempsey—that is, science, like Tom Gibbons', plus weight and a little more power, especially in the left hand. Willis, too, six or seven years ago, with a little more aggressiveness might have turned the trick, but his hands now are not what they used to be, and for a fighter he is getting along. They have kept him waiting quite a time. As for the old fighters, no man who is so nervous, so open, and such a poor ring general as Dempsey, and so easily hit, would have had much chance with the best five. Only his gameness and savage attack at close quarters have so far carried him through what may with justice be considered only a fair field.

If one has still any doubt, not that Dempsey is a game rugged fighter, but that he is quite vulnerable and possible to beat, the Firpo fight should prove convincing enough.

I sat near the ringside that night with my chin almost on the ropes, and watched the two men come on—Dempsey, pale under his stubble and quite nervous, though that is not always a bad sign, if a man can control himself when once the action starts, and Firpo unsmiling as always and looking dreamily as though his mind were many thousand miles away—in his beloved Argentine.

Well, hostilities began. And what did Dempsey do? Simply walked straight toward Firpo, telegraphing his blow, an intended left for the body, as clearly as though he had a gun in his hand. Still, Firpo retreated a little, apparently unable to believe that Dempsey would let him know so clearly what he was going to do. However, Jack did just that and let fly; then, almost in the same second, so open was Jack, Firpo unloosed his powerful right with a corking good punch and landed on Dempsey's cheek. Just an inch lower and Firpo would have been champion of the world. There was a chance of that still, for Jack was already dazed, and this in the first fifteen seconds of the fight.

Then followed a fierce rally, Jack not covering up, but following his fighting instinct and letting right and left go in a swift succession of blows—a bad course with a scientific man opposite him, since he had been dazed by that blow—but safe, luckily, with a crude man like Firpo. And Firpo, having no defense, fell. The referee did not wave Dempsey into a neutral corner, but allowed the champion practically to stand over his fallen man and slug him when scarcely up. If Dempsey had been forced to stand off and retire properly, Firpo would have had time to get set and the result easily might have been different, for those five falls told heavily on the foreigner.

And then what followed? After all that clubbing, Firpo was still strong enough, Dempsey sufficiently open for Firpo to blaze away and shoot a right that knocked Dempsey, crumpled like a jackknife, clean through the ropes.

Firpo's Lost Chance

He was helped back by the press men—an allowable assistance, I think, in spite of the discussion about it, for there was a deep trench around the platform and no man, no matter how fresh, could have climbed back without a ladder. When the rules were made the makers didn't figure on a ring pitched at such a height. And Dempsey at least got through the ropes without help, when once on the platform. So far, so good

But there was the champion, his jaw sagging, knees threatening to buckle, and his hands useless at his sides. He was ripe for the slaughter if ever man was. But instead of letting go one well-executed punch, Firpo simply rained a flurry of blows on the side of the head; the round ended; Dempsey dragged his feet to the corner, and Firpo's chance was gone. For—a few whiffs of ammonia in the intermission and Dempsey's brain cleared; with the gong he stepped to the center of the ring, delivered a few body blows at Firpo, weakened by those five knockdowns, and emerged, supreme for the moment, but not for all time; and by no means superior to the leaders in the group that follows below.

LEADING HEAVYWEIGHTS

1. Peter Jackson* *(Australia)*—James J. Jeffries *(U. S. A.)*
2. Bob Fitzsimmons *(Australia)*
3. John L. Sullivan *(U. S. A.)*
4. Frank Slavin *(Australia)*—Jack Dempsey *(U. S. A.)*
5. Sam Langford* *(U. S. A.)*
6. Jack Johnson* *(U. S. A.)*
7. Jess Willard *(U. S. A.)*
8. Tom Sharkey *(U. S. A.)*—Harry Wills* *(U. S. A.)*
9. Charlie Mitchell *(England)*—Kid McCoy *(U. S. A.)*
10. Jake Kilrain *(U. S. A.)*
11. Peter Maher *(Ireland)*—Joe Choynski *(U. S. A.)*

* Colored fighters

For courage, smartness and personality, Carpentier should come way up in that group; but he is too frail and light for any practical ranking.

And in fairness to Gibbons I prefer to leave him out, too—for the time. I do not want to place him definitely now in the position to which his showing to date would entitle him, but would rather wait a few months, when he will have had one or two fights with the best men; then a surer line can be gained on him. Now the data on him is meager, less than on the other fighters in the table, all of whom have fought many twenty, twenty-five round or finish fights, or who have been matched with enough good men to furnish sufficient grounds for comparison. Gibbons so far

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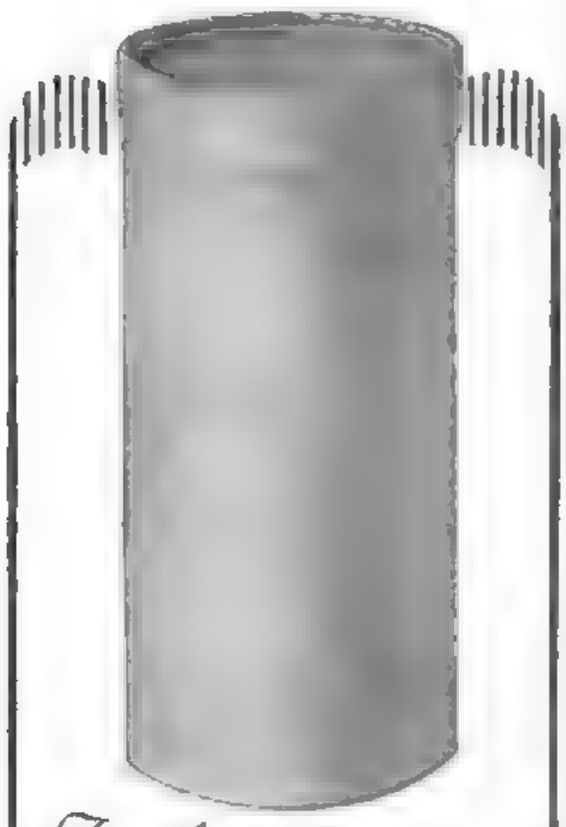

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(Continued from Page 78)

has fought too few men that amount to anything, and his best achievement, his fight with Dempsey, is rather a negative one, after all, since he held on much of the way, with his eye only on the prizes to be gained by merely staying with the champion.

Not long ago we were chatting about prospects and I asked him—Gibbons, I mean—"If you meet Dempsey what do you really think will be the result?"

"I think I can lick him," Tom replied simply.

"I know that," I went on; "that's what they all say; but honestly now, do you mean that you can lick him or simply *stay* with him?"

"I mean, *lick* him," he said, with a smile of confidence.

I liked that, but of course my next question was, "Why didn't you beat him in Shelby, then?"

"Well, you see," he replied seriously, "I thought he was better than he was. And now I've found out that he's not such a man-eater as people think and can't hit half so hard."

All of which must not be considered as a prophecy, but simply an example of the proper spirit, as well, perhaps, as showing one reason why champions stay so long at the top.

The Fall of a Champion

But now, before I close this article, I have been asked to describe the fall of a champion, so will relate one, not as fine and dramatic as that of the original Jack Dempsey, told in the preceding number, but one quite as eloquent, I think, for other reasons. At the same time the account may serve to clear up any mystery still attached to that much-discussed fight—the one between Jeffries and Johnson, in 1910, at Reno.

The circumstances were these:

After Jeff retired, undefeated, from the ring in 1904, Johnson won the so-called title from Burns, and at once the newspapers' began a deliberate campaign to coax Jeff out of his retirement, the more particularly because Johnson had done a number of things that had offended the public. But Jeff, time after time, refused all the offers.

Finally, however, after six years of having had it put up to him every minute of the day that he was the one and only White Hope of the race, Jeff yielded and signed to fight. And, happening to meet him at the Hotel Cecil, in London, not long afterward, I agreed to go on to California to coach him for the bout.

On my arrival at his camp I was warned by everyone in quarters that he had a terrific grouch and that he wouldn't box or do any kind of training. All he would take in the line of exercise was fishing. He was getting up at five in the morning, roaming over the hills, and doing all his road work with a fishing pole! I looked him over, found him to be in very poor condition, and thoroughly surly.

It looked ominous, so after two or three days I managed a heart-to-heart talk with him.

"Jeff," I said, "this won't do at all. You must do some boxing. What you need more than anything else is to put on the gloves. You've been out of the game a long time; and it will take a long time to come back; for you're fighting a clever man. You're not a very clever boxer yourself, you know, but I'm in fine condition and I'll box like Johnson. We'll start with ten rounds, then work up gradually to twenty. And soon you'll be in great shape."

I had him all pepped up, I thought.

"Yes, that will be fine," he said.

So we boxed next morning and I found he had forgotten everything he had ever known, even the old crouch that had been so effective. But I jollied him along.

"Tomorrow we'll be at it again," I told him. But next day came and he refused to put on the gloves; and a week passed in the same old way, with Jeff just sulking and fishing.

At the beginning of the tenth day of my stay I went to his wife.

"Why, he's so out of shape," I explained to her, "that even when boxing with me he doesn't know whether he's standing on his head or his feet; and as a fighter I'm an old man. Can't you persuade him somehow to put on the gloves?"

Evidently she made the effort, for next day he boxed a few rounds; but he was as bad as before. Still, not wanting to discourage him, I tried not to show him up.

On the way out I ran into his wife, who had witnessed the sparring.

"You see," I whispered, "he's not in shape at all. I could hit him whenever I liked."

Somehow she resented this.

"He could have if he had wanted to," she answered coolly; "he wasn't half trying."

"Just like a woman," I said, laughing, then left her. It was plain she wouldn't be of much help.

So I tried another system, coaxing him to try handball, and making the game as close as I could to interest the apathetic ex-champion. Sometimes I let him beat me, pretended chagrin, and all that, and got his spirit aroused a little; but this improvement lasted only a few days.

And then he continued to grow, if anything, more surly, so much so in fact that when the news came that the governor had called off the fight, his trainers were afraid to go to the hammock where he lay and arouse him from his nap to tell him the news.

But the fight was on again; and I found out one thing—that, for all his apparent indifference, his mind was really concentrated on the fight; he was brooding, and dangerously, upon it.

Soon he turned cold to me, and grew suspicious of every move I made. You know how people act when they are uneasy and feel that someone is on to them. Well, he seemed to feel that way about me.

For days this thing continued, he as loquacious as a clam, sunny as a thunderstorm—doing perhaps ten per cent of the work he should have done, and the rest of the time just sitting around the camp or by the brook with his fish pole, brooding. He was no more like the old Jeff than an inmate of an old folks' home is like Jack Dempsey. Why, he couldn't even tell when the fish were biting or distinguish between the suits at pinochle.

Well, the morning of the fight came. He dragged out of his room, and one look told me he hadn't slept all night. Then a strange thing happened; like a lonely lost dog he warmed up to me. And knowing that it was too late now to do any work, with the fight just a few hours away, I just soothed him and talked to him like a father to his boy, asking him "How's the old champ today?" and all that sort of thing.

Once in the machine, however, and on the way to the fight, he sank into gloom again and began to worry over the fact that Billy Delaney, his old trainer and mine, was to be in Johnson's corner.

"That's pretty tough," he complained.

Two Scared Fighters

"What's that got to do with it?" I shot back sharply. "Think it over—seriously now. What fight did Delaney ever win for you?"

"That's so—but ——"

"You talk like a child," I retorted. "Forget about Delaney. You've got to fight Johnson."

When we got to the dressing room we put Jeff on the table, and Farmer Burns began to rub his back. And all the time Burns was rubbing Jeff the tears were running down the old fellow's cheeks, his charge was so little like the Jeff of old.

Finally Jeff got off the table. I winked at Burns to cheer him up and to tip him to cheer up Jeff, and whispered to Jack, his brother, "Push him around the room. It may limber him up a little."

Jack tried to follow my instructions, but it was a sad job, for Jeff fell up against the wall—a sight to behold, weak and shaking in the legs, and like a man in a dream or doped.

Then the orders came to enter the ring.

I led, Jeff followed, dragging along behind, but I was hoping all the time that a few stiff punches would wake him up.

Once in our corner, I went over to Johnson's, under the pretense of looking at his gloves. I never saw a man who looked more scared in his life. So there were two pretty sick-looking fighters in the ring.

"Well, I'm glad you showed up," I said to him, trying to get a little word in for Jeff. "I didn't think you'd be here."

Then I added, "Jeff's in great shape tonight and you thought he wouldn't be. So here's where you get your licking." And he actually believed me; but still he was too scared to talk, just showed his teeth in what folks at a distance thought was a good-natured smile, but really was one of fright.

Here Delaney interposed. "Don't let him worry you, Jack," he said to Johnson. "Jim's just trying to get your goat." And still Johnson didn't answer. That wit for which he was noted had quite deserted him.

Then, thinking I might stir Jeff up, I returned to his corner. "Jeff," I whispered, "this fellow is scared stiff. All you have to do is just tear into him like a madman."

He couldn't talk either, just sat there with that unforgettable blank look on his face and breathed a long deep sigh.

I knew right there that the fight was over.

Then the gong sounded—for the worst fight ever fought between two champions. There was Jeff, making at the opening of the battle a few little attempts as feeble as those a tired man makes at the end of twenty-five rounds; and Johnson so frightened that all he did was to tap Jeff now and then with blows so light that they wouldn't have cracked an eggshell.

In the second round Johnson began to realize that Jeff didn't have anything. He grew a trifle more confident and did a little better, but still through fear didn't have strength enough for one good punch. And all Jeff did was to lunge now and then, very feebly.

In the third round, in clinching, Johnson found that he could shove Jeff away like a baby, and discovered how weak he was. He gained heart from then on and hit Jeff a right-hand blow over the eye.

And I said to Jack Jeffries, "If you want to save your brother from being licked, do it now and — quick!"

"Jim," he asked, "do you think he's licked already?"

"No," I replied. "He was licked the day he made the match."

Jeff's Own Story

So it continued, the white man tottering and Johnson clubbing him, till the fifteenth round came, when Jeff staggered wearily over to the side like some tired drunk coming home with the milkman, and just sat down, exhausted, on the ropes. So he was counted out, sitting on his haunches, there on the lower rope.

We managed to get him home, where, with all his clothes and his shoes on, he fell on the bed, and in five minutes you could have heard him snoring five blocks away.

"Early this morning," his wife remarked as she gazed sadly on the fallen fighter, "I heard him moving in his room. I went in and he wasn't walking in his sleep but wide awake, just sitting there, looking up at the moon and stars."

"Why didn't you tell me that?" I asked irritably, feeling sore over the way Jeff and his whole camp had acted. By not standing out against him and so working with me, I felt that they, too, had contributed to his defeat.

"He made me promise," she finally answered.

"Just as I thought," I told her. "He's been worrying constantly; in fact, every minute since the hour he signed for the fight."

And since post-mortems will always be held, one was—over this battle ten years later—when I visited Jeff at his ranch. Sitting by the fire we fell to talking of the fight, and he admitted to me that after his retirement he had never intended to fight Johnson or anyone else, but that he had yielded to a tempting offer to go on the road with a theatrical company at the time the newspapers were full of the White Hope talk. And he had been cheered so, and seemed so popular—more so than he had ever been as champ—that he finally agreed to sign.

"I was so glad when the fight was over," he confessed to me there by the fire, almost I thought with the same deep sighs that escaped him as he stood up to fight. Then he added, after an eloquent pause—"Jim, I went through hell."

And when, a little later, I asked him about the old story the newspaper had printed, declaring he had been doped, and inquired why he hadn't denied it, he replied, "Jim, it wouldn't have been of any use. They wouldn't have believed me. But I was drugged by worry and Johnson's punches—that was all that ever drugged me."

This is the true, if somewhat sad, story of the passing of a great champion. Isn't it funny that they never know when to quit? I have always flattered myself that I do—so I will now—before this bout with the pencil grows too long drawn out.

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(Continued from Page 50)

No one replied. The two boats beached simultaneously. Simultaneously the men stepped out, half on either side, into the shallow water, marched in four files with military precision and measured step straight up the bank, diverged at an angle at the top, halted, made a smart left turn and stood rigid, forming thus a wide V within whose arms were the camp.

"If George M. Cohan could see that!" murmured Betsy under her breath.

"Hush up!" warned Marshall under his.

"Somebody ought to sing about Dear Old Glory," returned Betsy, unimpressed, but in the same tone.

"Will you hush up?" repeated Marshall. "Don't spoil things. But I will say it's pretty good for only one rehearsal."

"So that's what all that shuffling was last night on deck! It kept me awake. What next?"

"Sit still; I'll tell you when."

Benton had not debarked with the crew. He now uprose, a fine square figure of a man in his neat officer's uniform, stepped ashore, walked solidly down the V and took his place just inside the apex.

"Come on," Marshall gave the signal.

"Do we salute or anything?" Betsy clutched at him eagerly.

"Certainly not," Marshall whispered rapidly; "just come ashore."

They stepped ashore. Marshall ignored the dumfounded two. Betsy smiled sweetly and proffered a good morning, to which she received in response only a gulp. This was contributed by Fleshpots. Eats-'Em-Alive was too much occupied by his emotions, which were mixed. They consisted of relief, uncertainty, rage, puzzlement, apprehension and thoughts of Tahiti in chemical, not merely mechanical, mixture. As the company ascended the small bank, Eats-'Em-Alive and Fleshpots slowly followed. Marshall for the first time seemed to become aware of their existence. His manner was crisp and forceful, but informed by an elaborately ironical politeness. Gone were the drawl and the vagueness, and with them in some manner had vanished the soft quality from his undeniable good looks.

"I have news for you," said he, addressing Eats-'Em-Alive. "It may perhaps prove to be disconcerting news, but I beg you will give it your intellectual and not your emotional consideration."

"What the dev——" began Eats-'Em-Alive, and swallowed. A vision of coconut palms and dusky forms swaying to the beat of a drum beneath the swooning tropical moon while the surf broke and fell on the silver strand inhibited the rest. This had all the earmarks of the most gigantic of practical jokes. Another vision flashed before him with drowning-man rapidity; that of a barred window and a heavily padded room and Marshall chained to a ring in the wall making paper dolls. But it did not seem to comfort him much. Marshall now included Fleshpots in his attention.

"My dear sirs," he continued elaborately, "I bring you the glad tidings that at last, after this long delay, which I assure you I regret as much as yourselves, you are at entire liberty to depart at any moment for whatever part of the globe you may select. No matter where, even though your fancy should turn to the icy mountains of Greenland or the coral strands of India or," he added, "Tahiti. I feel I have caused you much inconvenience and I would make amends, so I insist on presenting you with tickets—quite complimentary—and on prepaying your expenses. You need feel under no obligation. It is but slight return for the service you have rendered us."

Something in Marshall's manner rather than in his fantastic speech held his hearers dumb for a moment. There must have been in it a ring of sincerity, for Eats-'Em-Alive almost instantly recovered; and the breadfruit-flashing-spray-coral-strand vision faded away.

"I want to go back to my mine and immediately," he said with all his old harshness. "What new tomfoolery is this?"

"Ah," said Marshall with a shade of delicate regret, "that, I should have stated, is the only exception! To anywhere else in the whole wide world it would be my deepest pleasure to—ah—deport you." He paused for an instant for the effect. Eats-'Em-Alive tautened and became warily watchful. Fleshpots, though physically he remained as rotund as ever, seemed to collapse like a pricked balloon. "On the property you mention you are at present trespassing and cannot be permitted to continue to do so."

"Trespassing, you fool!" Eats-'Em-Alive found his voice. "That property——"

"—— belongs to me," interposed Marshall sweetly. "Unfortunately, before beginning your admirable operations you neglected the small formality of filing on it. I discovered this omission and, through Mr Arbuthnot, filed on it myself."

"So that's it!" roared Eats-'Em-Alive. "Claim jumping, eh? Well, let me tell you, young man, you'll find it's not so simple. You will find out there are such things as courts of equity as well as courts of law before you're through. You can't get away with that stuff! As for you"—he glared at Arbuthnot—"you traitorous——"

"Rogg! Pierce!" spoke up Marshall.

The two huge sailors stepped briskly to either elbow of Eats-'Em-Alive and looked inquiringly toward their skipper.

"We will confine ourselves to the subject in hand," said Marshall crisply. "In fact I'll do the talking here. Another word out of you and I'll have you gagged." He paused for a moment; then continued in his former manner. "You will go back to the mines," he said with an air of concession, "but only for the purpose of packing what personal belongings you may have left there and to inform your amiable Oriental confrere that the game is up—*fini*. Then I should be happy to send you to your courts of equity, should you so desire, or to the law courts—or the criminal courts. But the mine must thereafter be a prudently closed chapter in your lives. Give due consideration, please, to my use of the word 'prudent,' for I am sure we shall wish to continue to the end our charming relations. There is no sense in facing the inevitable disagreeably. All consideration will be shown you in your temporary return to the scene of your regrettable miscalculations. Now if you have anything to say, the floor is yours, provided you remember that my wife is present."

"You'll do as you please, I suppose," said Eats-'Em-Alive blackly; "but you haven't heard the last of it. And," he could not forbear adding with a sneer, "if you make your high-handed claim jumping stick, much good may it do you!"

Marshall looked at him steadily.

"I see I shall have to speak plainly," he said after a moment. "I know perfectly well that there is nothing on that claim, and I know perfectly well where the expected profits lie. Make your mind easy there."

"Well, you'll never get it then, no more than I," snarled Eats-'Em-Alive with a certain malignant satisfaction; "and let me tell you, if you try it you'll find that somebody has blown on you. Two can work at that, my friend. You and your swell plant!"

He cast a withering glance at the immaculate sailors in their white uniforms.

"Pardon!" X. Anaxagoras spoke up, stepping forward. "I wish to remove a slight misapprehension due to a mistake in introducing me under the name of Tomlinson. Permit me to present my card."

Eats-'Em-Alive stared at the bit of pasteboard for a full twenty seconds, then dashed it to the ground with a howl of rage.

"The grubstaker!" he yelled. "Of all the ——"

"Precisely," X. Anaxagoras interrupted him coolly and with a decisive gesture that imposed silence. "Returned from India, to which no doubt your careful foresight had traced him. The part owner for whose benefit you have so kindly constructed the admirable underground workings which cannot but prove of great value in our future operations."

Eats-'Em-Alive turned toward Arbuthnot, who stood in the background.

"I'll get you for this, young man," he promised with savage deadliness.

"You'll get nobody for anything," interposed Marshall sharply; "understand that once and for all. A complete record of this case will always be on file, available for the proper authorities, and complete means of identification—even," he added with a relishing pride, "to a set of fingerprints you have obligingly but unconsciously made for us from time to time. Say," he said, dropping all mannerism, "do you two realize that you are common or garden crooks and we've got you with the goods on?"

The men before him experienced a curious sensation as of being held in a vise and compelled to look down a long vista. It lasted but a second. Marshall had turned to X. Anaxagoras, who was leaning against a tree.

"My dear fellow, may I trouble you for a match?" he requested, fumbling in his pocket for his pipe.

But he did not light it. The pent-up fury of Eats-'Em-Alive broke out. He was quite reckless of consequences. Thwarted hopes, resentment of indignities, oppositions, chafings of spirit and helplessness burst from him in alternate purple and blinding blasphemies. So sudden and spectacular was the explosion that for an appreciable time nobody could gather his wits. Marshall stared, his pipe half raised to his lips; Rogg and Pierce, within hand touch on either side, stood paralyzed. X. Anaxagoras raised his hand quietly.

"Stop it!" he commanded, without raising his voice.

Eats-'Em-Alive stopped it. Absolute silence fell.

"Pardon me," said X. Anaxagoras smoothly, "your emotion is natural, but its expression ill-timed. I can well understand your aggravation and disappointment, not only at your plans going so signally awry but also at what must amount to a considerable financial loss. You must have spent a considerable sum. We will examine your books. I presume you have kept a record of your expenditures. You will be reimbursed for whatever Mr. Arbuthnot, who will be my engineer, decides can be taken over for our purposes."

"Oh, I say, Sid!" expostulated Marshall.

"I prefer it that way," insisted X. Anaxagoras.

"It's Quixotic!"

"I feel greatly indebted to these gentlemen for having evolved so simple an expedient. Permit me; I will feel better about it."

"It's your funeral," grumbled Marshall, "but I wouldn't do it. I think they're lucky we don't put them in jail."

X. Anaxagoras smiled finely and turned away from Eats-'Em-Alive to address Fleshpots. The latter, quite crushed, and with a look of almost comical alarm on his fat face, had taken no part in the foregoing.

"Thus," he continued, "you can return to your friends able to substantiate whatever fictional material you may care to inflict upon them. Clear field ahead," he said with a shade of kindness in his voice; "better move straight in it."

Fleshpots choked and looked as though he were going to cry again.

"I—I appreciate this," he managed at last, "and you bet your life I'll run straight."

"It was your money, wasn't it?" asked X. Anaxagoras.

The fat man nodded, unable to trust his voice.

X. Anaxagoras turned again to Eats-'Em-Alive.

"In common justice I must clear up one last point. Your engineer has not double-crossed you, as you believe. Through grubstaking the owner of the mine and through certain financial advances, I became, as I see Maxon's notebook has informed you, part owner of his claim. This interest I have never actively considered, owing to friendship for the family. I find you at work preparing to steal it. Observing one obviously honest man in your charming group, I confide to him the situation. Not wishing to be accessory after the fact, he kindly volunteered to procure the necessary evidence. That's all there is to it. Quite simple."

To this Eats-'Em-Alive vouchsafed no comment. X. Anaxagoras waited a moment, then turned away. He turned back again as though struck by a sudden idea.

"By the way, it's absurd, of course, but I can't help asking. Of course your name isn't Maxon, but I have no curiosity as to that. But by the remotest chance in the world, you don't happen to be a—real-estate man, do you?" he asked hopefully.

"What's it to you?" growled Eats-'Em-Alive. "Find out if you can!"

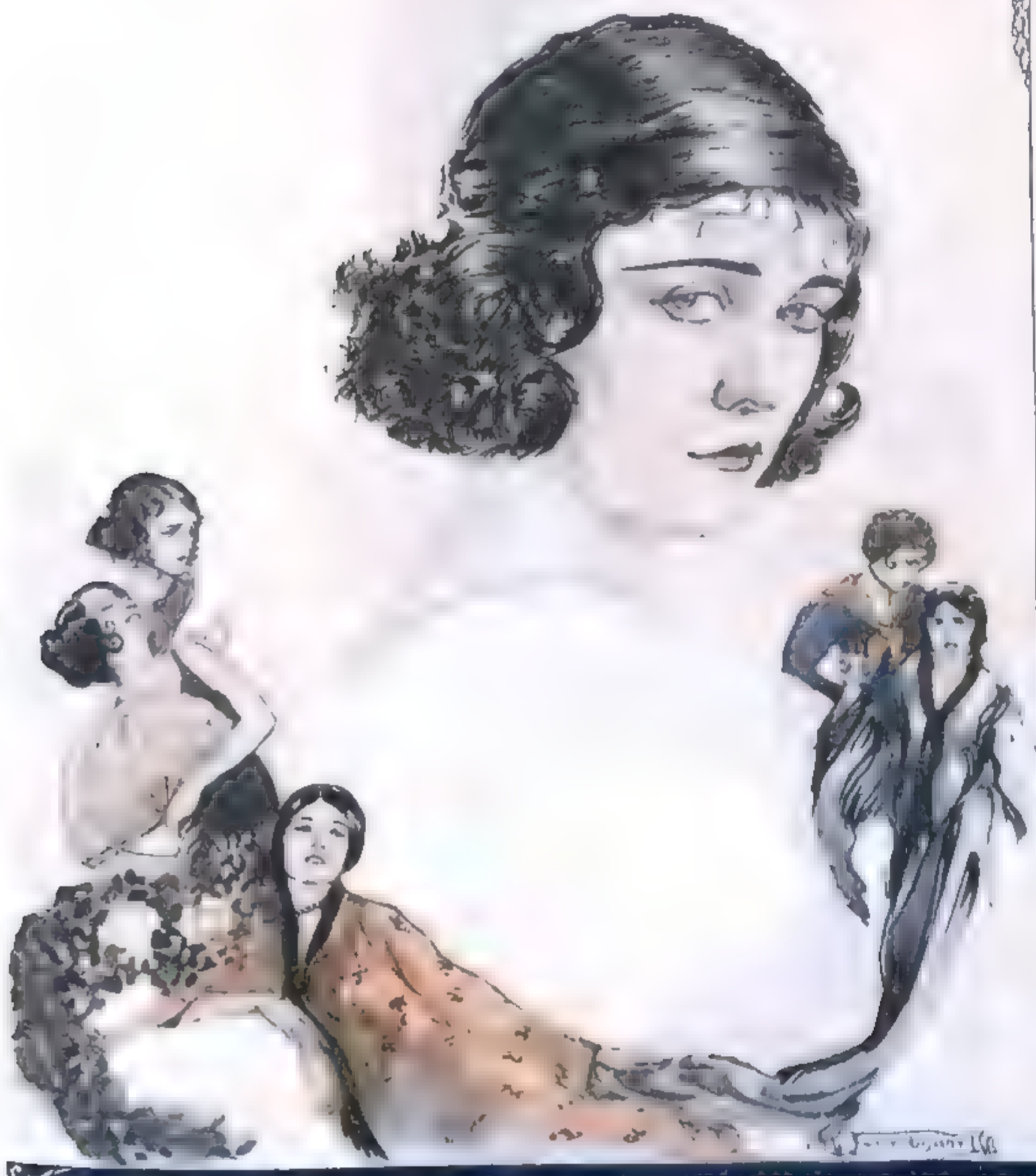
"It would gratify me so much if you were," murmured X. Anaxagoras.

"Well, I'm not," sneered Eats-'Em-Alive. He glanced toward Fleshpots.

"I'm not now," said the latter, "but I was once, if that helps any. But why?"

(Continued on Page 87)

Personalities of Paramount



Pola Negri

DO not attempt to solve the enigma of Pola Negri's personality in cold daylight.

She is of the theatre, theatrical, and the logic of her magnetism is the divine logic of art, as potent as the perfume of the tuberose which sways the senses.

People who saw her first picture, "Passion," left the theatre feeling that they had experienced an electric storm, yet this was but Pola Negri's first attempt.

With her first American productions this extraordinary Polish girl swiftly picked up all the threads of American screen technique and in the same gesture inflamed ten thousand audiences with the determination to miss no Paramount Picture she ever made.

If you did not see her in the "Spanish Dancer," "Shadows of Paris," "Forbidden Paradise" and "The Charmer" you have hours of intense excitement in store.

Joseph Hergesheimer, famous author, is now at work on an original story for Pola Negri's next Paramount Picture.

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT

Paramount Pictures

A Party Everyone Can Enjoy

If you had a great big group of friends of all ages and conditions, from grandparents to school children, and from rich families to poor, what kind of entertainment could you all enjoy together in a party?

A *photoplay*—the pictures and accompanying music of the screen. The reason is that the movies contain something for everyone, sentiment and merriment, adventure and romance.

It is the emotions of men and women that are universal, and it is of the emotions that the photoplay tells, starting gasps, sighs, tears and laughter.

Paramount Pictures make life brighter and gayer and more exciting, touching the greyest of days with a little color of rose.

You thoughtful people appreciate the influence of the screen today, and you see that no competent judge of entertainment values can deny that Paramount's long leadership has been earned season by season.

Ask "Is it a Paramount Picture?" and go. You can know no more, whatever you ask, if it's the best you want.

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

Modern decorative ... offer so many ways of getting character into a room. In floors, for instance, dull monotony is fast giving way to colorful Belfor Inlaid. The rich design is Pattern No. 2047 1.

NAIRN

Such beauty and economy are found only in

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NAIRN LINOLEUM
Belflor Inlaid—a new line of 46 marble-ized pattern effects of rare beauty Made in light and heavy weights
Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid
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Moiré Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect
Granite and Marengue Inlaids—popular all-over mottled effects.
The edge shows you that the inlaid patterns are permanent the colors go through to the burlap back
Battleship Linoleum—heavyweight plain linoleum—made to meet U S Gov't spec
Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum In six colors.
Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain colored flooring
Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum Has a tough glossy surface
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"A Quality Product Since 1888"

Different from anything ever seen in flooring—and inexpensive, too! A special process had to be perfected before the soft clouded colors which make *Belflor* Inlaid so lovely could be produced. And to the same process is due the surprisingly moderate cost of this new Nairn Flooring.

So now with no undue strain on the family budget you can work out the newest idea in interior decoration: *Cover wooden floors with colorful Belflor Inlaid.* Rooms have so much more charm and character when floors harmonize with the general color-scheme.

Whether you want rich, deep-hued effects for dining-room or library, patterns in sunny pastel colors for the sun porch, delicate tints for nurseries and bedrooms, you'll find them all in *Belflor.* You'll find, also, appealing designs for kitchen and bathroom.

Bear in mind that *Belflor* Inlaid is a permanent flooring. It possesses the same rugged strength found in all the other Nairn Inlaid Linoleums. And Nairn durability and value have stood supreme for nearly forty years.

Belflor Inlaid never needs refinishing. Its colors will not wear off because they go clear through to the burlap back. An occasional waxing keeps *Belflor* in perfect condition.

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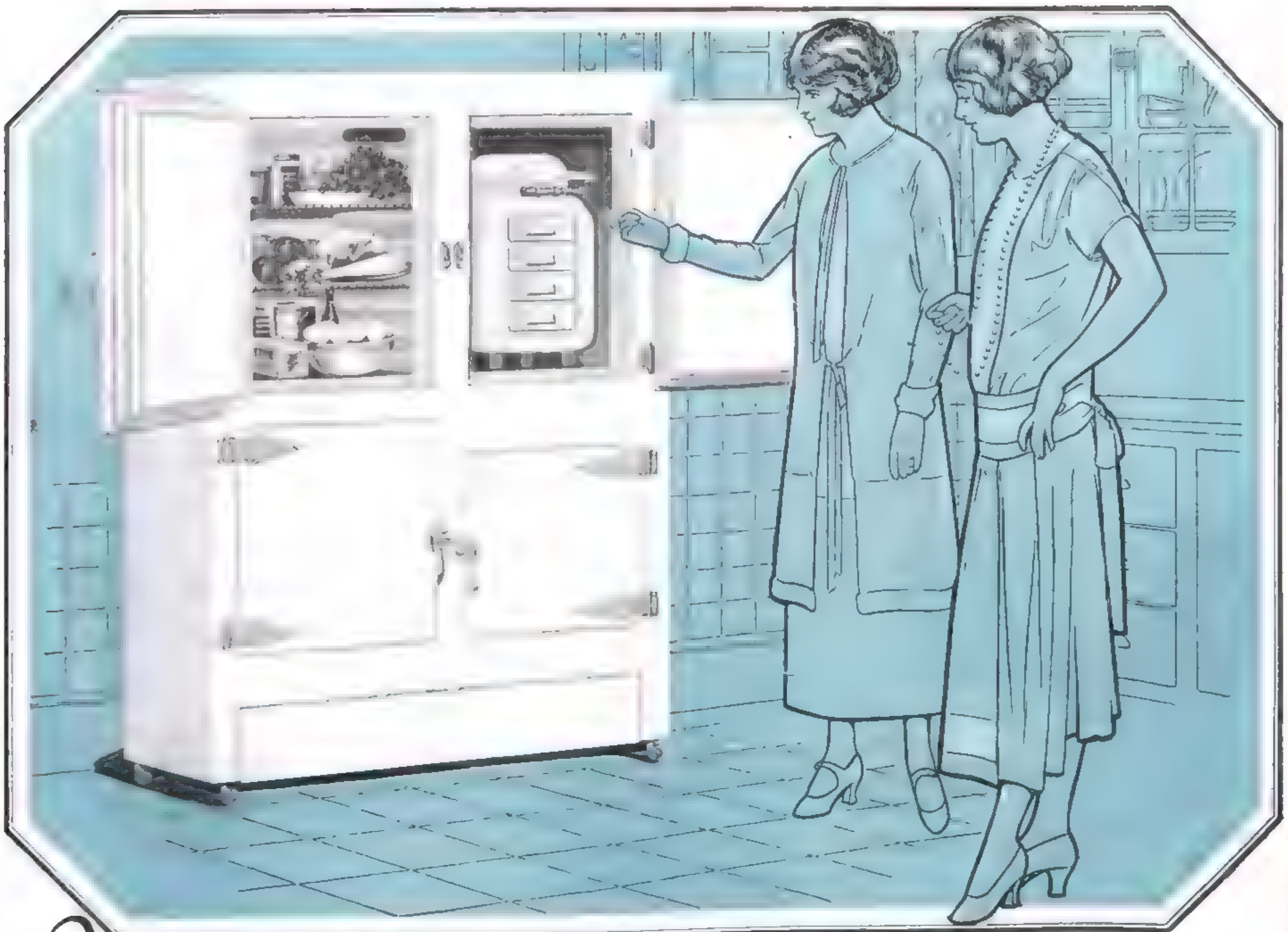
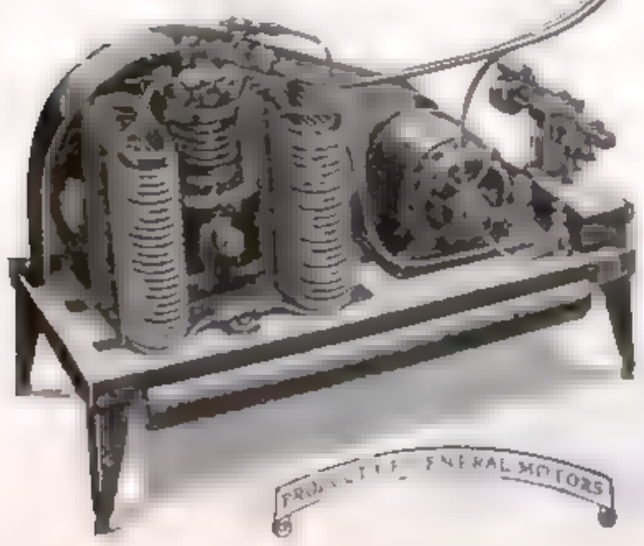


Make your Ice Box *a* Frigidaire

How Your Ice Box Is Quickly Converted Into a Frigidaire

1. *The frost coil is placed in the ice compartment of your refrigerator as shown above*
2. *The compressor (shown below) is placed in the basement or other convenient location.*
3. *The frost coil and the compressor are connected by two small copper tubes, and a connection made to your electric wires*

That's all. Your refrigerator becomes cold and stays cold. You have Frigidaire electric refrigeration.



IT'S EASY. The cake of ice now in your refrigerator is replaced by the Frigidaire "frost coil," which is *colder than ice and never melts*. You enjoy, immediately, the full convenience of Frigidaire *electric* refrigeration.

Frigidaire maintains a constant, *dry* cold—keeps food fresh and wholesome in any weather—makes dainty ice cubes and delicious desserts for your table—saves the possible annoyance of outside ice supply—adds greatly to the convenience of housekeeping. And Frigidaire is *not* expensive. In many localities its operation costs less than ice.

Prices
(f. o. b. Dayton)

For converting present refrigerators into Frigidaire	$190 up
Frigidaire complete with Cabinet	$245 up

There are thirty-two household models of Frigidaire—twelve complete with cabinet, and twenty designed for installation in the standard makes of refrigerators. One of these models will exactly fit your needs. There are also Frigidaire models for stores, factories, hospitals, schools and apartments.

Frigidaire—pioneer electric refrigeration—is backed by the General Motors Corporation and by a nation-wide organization of over 2500 trained sales and service representatives.

Write for the Frigidaire book, "Colder Than Ice." It gives complete information.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation*, Dept. B-13, DAYTON, OHIO

Makers of Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants, Electric Pumps, Electric Washing Machines and Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration

Delco-Light Company of Canada, Limited, 245 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

Frigidaire
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

(Continued from Page 82)

X. Anaxagoras looked past the bewildered Marshall toward Betsy with a smile of triumph.

"It does, thank you," said he; "it assures a prophet honor in his own country."

xxx

THEY all returned to the yacht in the kicker, leaving the cutter and dinghy to strike camp and follow. Nothing was said until they had reached the deck. Eats-'Em-Alive was merely morose as a badger. Fleshpots, on the contrary, though silent like the rest, had that peculiar air of subdued eagerness which characterizes an enthusiastic dog that has done wrong, has been chided therefor, is suitably abashed, but from a humble attitude watches eagerly with experimentally questioning tail for the first sign of relenting. Marshall led the way to the cabin.

"It is early in the day," he observed courteously, "but in all the circumstances a drink might be in order."

Eats-'Em-Alive made no response, but retired to the transom of the little cabin, where he stretched himself out full length and closed his eyes. Fleshpots frisked the least little bit of a frisk, then instantly became abject again until he could see how it took.

"That listens good to me," was the frisk, uttered almost with the old-time manner.

It seemed to take all right. The attitude of the three men was quite matter of fact, almost as though nothing had happened. Betsy was removing her hat before a small mirror.

"It really feels as though it were going to be hot today," she threw over her shoulder casually.

Marshall set out a bottle of Scotch, a carafe of water and some glasses.

"Say when," he advised Fleshpots. His tone was quite friendly. He poured himself a small drink, passed the bottle to Arbuthnot and sat down luxuriously beside him and opposite Fleshpots. "Here's how," he said, raising his glass.

"Drink hearty!" returned Fleshpots jovially.

He ran deliriously three times around the lawn, chased his tail rapidly for a moment, then flopped down, his mouth open in doggy good fellowship. Barring a trifling error of judgment, now happily in a rapidly to be forgotten past, all was right with the world.

X. Anaxagoras had not seated himself; but, glass in hand, was wandering back and forth. He stopped finally opposite the recumbent figure on the transom.

"There's only one thing I'd like to know," said he. "Of course I can't insist on it; indeed, our position as hosts forbids my insisting on it; but I would greatly esteem your confidence in us to the extent of explaining how you obtained your knowledge of the mine."

"You be damned!" returned Eats-'Em-Alive without opening his eyes.

X. Anaxagoras sighed.

"Ah, well, it is of slight present importance," he said; "and I appreciate your reticent nature. Of course, I can obtain the information later. I merely thought the narrative would enliven our wait and perhaps save ourselves considerable trouble—and yourselves some risk of later investigation. As you will." He turned away. "However," he added over his shoulder, "your friend here is a man of the world, with social charm and experience; perhaps he will favor us."

He strolled across the cabin, seized the bottle, poured a drink, and with the graceful gesture of a presiding officer who provides a speaker with the usual materials, set it and the water carafe before Fleshpots.

"You have the floor," said he, and seated himself.

"Hear, hear!" cried Betsy, taking another chair.

Marshall applauded vociferously.

"Speech! Speech!" he cried.

Fleshpots' blood, which had run decidedly cold, was running warm again. The first drink, which was no slouch of a drink, be it said, was hazing over agreeably any slight bumps and inequalities of the smooth past. The effect was to remove it all to a remote impersonal distance, and it was evident that the real villain of the piece lay over there on the transom. Fleshpots had a vague alcoholic impression that he was more sinned against than sinning. He had been led into this thing. Weak, perhaps; but who of us but has at times a momentary weakness? These people evidently looked on it that way. The difference in their treatment of him and that devil over there proved that, and the influence of an expectant audience worked on the natural instincts of the after-dinner speaker. He sipped the fresh drink and fumbled in his pocket. Marshall instantly passed him a cigar.

"Thanks," murmured Fleshpots, accepting it and striking a match. "Do you know, folks," he said after a minute, "believe it or not, this is the first crooked deal I ever tackled, and so help me it will be the last. I got into the thing and I couldn't let go; but never again, believe me! It shows," said he philosophically, "that a man ought to stick to his own game. Any chump ought to know that, but we all got to learn once anyway. Well, I've learned!" He wagged his head. "That's always been my advice to a young fellow making a start, 'Stick to what you know'; and here I go and do it myself!" He sipped again at his drink. "But it did look good the way he"—he nodded toward his ex-partner—"put it up. Why, folks, it looked like a cinch; it was absolutely air-tight! Not a chance in the world for things to go wrong—according to him! It sure did look like easy money the way he doped it out."

"There is always the unknown factor," murmured X. Anaxagoras.

"You said a mouthful! But tell me," he asked, "is the thing itself on the level? Is it as rich as he made out?"

"Oh, yes, the gold is there all right."

"It looked straight," returned Fleshpots with relief. "I wasn't a boob there anyway; and it looked like the scheme was good too. Oh, I didn't go into it with my eyes shut." He shook his head. "I don't know really whether I was a boob at all. There's luck in any game. I thought I'd checked her all up pretty careful before I went in. It would have gone all right if you hadn't happened along. Say, I wish you'd tell me was it just luck you came, or did you know?"

"It was not just luck," replied X. Anaxagoras with an amused smile; "but I did not know."

Fleshpots puzzled over this a moment.

"I don't quite get you," he confessed at last.

"I could not explain it to you in a few words. It has to do with certain cosmic correspondences of what one might call receptive effort toward existing needs."

"I expect so," said Fleshpots vaguely. "Was it anything he might have figured out if he'd been onto his job?"

"If," X. Anaxagoras assured him gravely, "he had really been onto his job as a human entity, he might very readily have figured it out."

"Never play the other man's game!" repeated Fleshpots earnestly. "Look where it darn near landed me!"

"You were going to tell us how you got onto it," Marshall reminded him.

"Why, it was this way," began Fleshpots, with the relish of the born raconteur: "I got onto the thing, but I didn't think much about it, except that it was a good yarn, until he came along and doped it all out and sold me the idea. I had a little money handy just then, so I said I'd put that in, and he would run it, and we'd divide three ways with Hwang Tso. He doped it out that we'd need ——"

"We know all that," interrupted X. Anaxagoras. "What we want to know is how did you get onto the story of the mine, and where did you get hold of that notebook?"

"You do?" queried Fleshpots amazed. "Where did you get that?"

"Doped it out from circumstances," replied X. Anaxagoras. "You got smuggled Chinese labor so it would scatter and you couldn't be traced; and you split with Hwang Tso instead of hiring him so he'd play the game your way; and so his men would put up a fight if necessary, and all the rest. Go on."

Fleshpots stared at him in admiration.

"You doped it out!" he said at last. "Well, I'll hand it to you! You certainly had me fooled to a fare ye well—and him! You're not such fools as you looked."

With one accord Betsy, Marshall and the healer of souls arose and bowed.

"Proceed," urged the latter.

"Well, you see," Fleshpots obeyed, "this woman works for a man who belongs to the same lodge as I do. He knows about her, and one night when we were all yarning together and having a few drinks at the clubrooms he tells the yarn."

X. Anaxagoras made a movement of vexation.

"I didn't suppose she'd talk about it to anybody," said he; "and if she did, I didn't suppose Collender was the sort of man to give it away."

"Oh, he didn't mention no names, or say where it was, or anything. He just told it like a yarn he'd read. He made it a good yarn. It hit my fancy. You see, I'm a sort of collector of yarns that way." Fleshpots was by now in the full swing, he was enjoying his rôle, and quite happy, savoring his drink for artistic pauses. "A little while after that a woman I have known—er—quite well"—he gave to the phrase a delicate intonation, shrugging his shoulders slightly in deference to a mixed audience—"went to work in the same office. She got chummy with this Mrs. Maxon. They used to lunch together; by and by they split up a sort of apartment. Mrs. Maxon never said much, but you know how it is with women. My friend got onto little pieces of it, and she told them to me. Pretty soon I said to myself, 'Hullo, that's the one Collender was talking about.' I didn't think much about it, except that it was an interesting yarn. I told it to *him*. Then he doped it out. It was easy to get the notebook through my friend, you see, and that gave us all the dope we needed."

A moment of truth and rare illumination came to Fleshpots, together with a sudden desire to justify himself yet further. He leaned forward and the self-satisfaction faded from his face.

"I wouldn't have touched it, folks, ordinarily. I make good money. But it looked like a chance to do something. I was getting dead sick of the jolly-up life I was leading. I had a hunch to get out somewhere and do some of the red-blooded things a man reads about. I was sick of the same old stuff!"

"The spirit of adventure stirred," supplied X. Anaxagoras not unsympathetically.

"I guess that was it," admitted Fleshpots a little shame-facedly. A flicker of humor crossed his countenance. "I didn't mind getting away just then for a little while too," he added. His face sobered again and his joviality seemed to shrink. "You can't play any game but your own, probably." He finished almost drearily. "A man is born useless and ornamental, and he's got to stay that way." He uttered rather a cracked echo of his usual laugh.

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THERE was no further hitch in the rounding out of this admirable episode. Arbuthnot proved to be most practical. On his voyage and during his necessary stops he had acquired information and worked out plans for development, including labor, in a manner to arouse the admiration of his new employer. He had even thought to charter a suitable gas boat to transport the piratical band of Hwang Tso, and to instruct it where to go and when to be there. He had also used part of the sum X. Anaxagoras had intrusted to him for the purchase of a dozen rifles.

"Probably unnecessary," he said, "but they're good things to have aboard."

"Excellent things to have aboard," agreed Marshall; "but we'll try my scheme first."

Accordingly, when they had dropped anchor in the hidden cove, he, Arbuthnot and Fleshpots went ashore alone. Hwang Tso could hardly suspect this combination. Eats-'Em-Alive was considered too unreliable. On the other hand, it would be to the interest of Fleshpots, if he desired his money back, to play fair. They found the Mongolians waiting patiently, smoking their little pipes and playing games of their own. Hwang Tso sat in his usual place in his usual attitude. To all appearance he had not stirred hand or foot in the interim.

"You b'long long time gone," was his greeting.

"Yes, long time," said Marshall.

Fleshpots was licking his lips in an agony of nervousness. This movie stuff did not appeal to him at all. He was very uncertain of his ability to do convincingly any good imitation of Miss Pearl White escaping the sinister slant-eyed heathen. He remembered her doing that very little thing; only, her escape was from an opium den. Besides he had no trapdoors, or passing limited trains, or racing automobiles, or any other of the proper accessories with which Miss Pearl had been lavishly supplied. And if he had had them, he wasn't lively enough.

"Where boss?" asked Hwang Tso.

(Continued on Page 89)

Easter Eve!

IT'S a good idea to have a box of Romance Selections arrive Saturday evening—even if you have to send it by post.

Romance Chocolates are especially made for "occasions." That explains the care taken in the choice of their ingredients—their rich and smooth chocolate coatings, and the wide variety of delicious pieces in each box.

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Romance Selections are packed in 1, 2 and 5 pound packages.

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The new *bronze mosaic* roof

Richardson recommends it especially for a house of tan brick

You've never seen this beautiful new bronze mosaic coloring on a *roof*.

But some Fall you've come upon a woodland clearing when red oak leaves have just been blown upon the frost-browned grass. That is the coloring of this roof—an unstudied blend of rich reds and soft browns.

Frankly, the bronze mosaic roof is not one for a white house, or a house painted canary yellow. On a darker house it is unusually beautiful; particularly on one of tan brick, with a contrasting trim. Here, it blends in perfect harmony with the house itself; it makes the roof and body *one*. And yet its rich coloring serves to emphasize the graceful sweep of a pleasing roof line against a background of trees or sky.

This distinctive Richardson Multicrome Roof is formed of shingles on each of which are blended in endless variety slate flakes of tile red and Richardson's rare weathered brown. The bronze mosaic effect is secured by applying them just as they come from the bundle.

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50% thicker than the ordinary roof

The Multicrome Roof is built of Richardson Super-Giant Shingles—extra large, extra heavy. Its 50% greater thickness adds both beauty of texture and years of endurance. Its base is sturdy, long-fibre Richardson felt. Its waterproofing is Viskalt—99.8% pure bitumen, especially vacuum-processed. Its surface is slate in close, overlapping flakes—further protection against weather and fire hazards.

The Richardson Multicrome Roof represents the maximum roof value at a moderate price. It is economical to lay and equally good for new or over-the-old-roof jobs

This, however, is but one example of the beauty secured in Richardson Multicrome Roofs.

Other rich blends of color

The *opal* roof, for instance, is similarly formed with weathered brown and jade green slate flakes. It is particularly good-looking on a house of creamy stucco.

And for a white colonial house nothing could be more attractive than the *onyx* roof; where opal and bronze mosaic shingles add interesting touches of color to a jade green background.

There are other new colorings, too; likewise suited to different types of homes.

Before you build, before you re-roof; by all means see these new roof colorings.

To help you choose

With these new colors you can make the roof one of the most effective units of your decorative scheme. It is all-important, of course, that the coloring of the roof be in harmony with the rest of the house. Only then can it contribute its full share of beauty to your home.

To help you choose the roof which will make the most of this opportunity we have prepared an authoritative booklet fully illustrated in color. It shows page after page of beautiful homes in different architectural styles. And with the Richardson Harmonizer which it contains you can see the complete effect of 54 different combinations of body, trim and roof colors.

The booklet also gives valuable information on the principles of any harmonious color scheme. It is called *What Color for the Roof?* The price is twenty-five cents. If you are planning on building or re-roofing, this booklet will be worth many times its cost. Write for your copy today.

See the new colors at your dealer's

Meanwhile, go to your nearest dealer in lumber, hardware or building materials. Ask him to show you these and other beautiful Richardson color effects, in solid as well as blended tones. Ask him, too, why the points mentioned in the panel at the left make their beauty *lasting*.

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(Continued from Page 87)

"He come pretty soon," replied Arbuthnot.

The short interchange had permitted time for a close approach, which was so arranged that the bodies of Arbuthnot and Marshall interposed between Hwang Tso and the rest of the long room.

"What he mattah with you?" asked Hwang Tso of Fleshpots.

A dawning hardly of suspicion but of watchfulness crossed his beady black eyes. There was nothing really to suspect, but Hwang Tso possessed the sixth sense of the intelligent professional outlaw.

"Hwang Tso," Marshall sharply called his attention to himself in a low voice, "mebbe better so you keep quiet."

The Chinaman's eyes shifted to look into the barrel of an army automatic held hip high and not three feet from his rotund stomach. For ten seconds he stared without blinking, probably estimating chances should he raise his voice to the fan-tan players at the other end of the room. Then he lifted his eyes to Marshall's face, at which he stared for another ten seconds.

"All light," he said at length. "What you want?"

The moment of real tension was over. Fleshpots mopped his brow. They told Hwang Tso the situation in terse sentences. It is probable that an understanding of most of the details escaped him; but he gathered distinctly that the game was up, resistance would be futile in the long run, and that he and his men might just as well go peaceably. He asked only two questions.

"He go too?" He indicated Fleshpots. "He no hab got?"

Marshall assured him that such was the case, and added a few terse sentences to the effect that it was better to go quiet and lose money, and keep skin. Hwang Tso listened to the assurance, but he kept his eye on Fleshpots. What he saw probably satisfied him more than what he heard. He reached for his pipe, filled its absurdly tiny bowl and began to smoke. He said nothing, but seemed to withdraw into some remote and mystical world of his own, leaving his sleek brocaded form seated upright in the chair, its feet close together and parallel, the polished jade bracelets on its yellow arm slipping softly together with a click. Marshall turned and went out, followed by the others.

"There will be no trouble," he told those who had awaited anxiously on the yacht.

"Did you get the arms?" asked Betsy, scanning the small boat.

"I didn't try; I didn't need to. All we wanted was a convincing hearing. We got it. Hwang Tso is very far from being a fool. When the gas boat comes for him, he will go like a lamb. You'll see."

They saw. The Chinese and their mat bundles flocked to the beach like a lot of laundrymen. They knew nothing about it; they simply obeyed their brigand of a leader. If he had told them to fight, they would quite cheerfully have attempted to do so. It was nothing to them, one way or the other, and they were quite satisfied. In each man's capacious pocket was more actual cash money than any one of them had ever before possessed. X. Anaxagoras had ascertained that wages had never been paid. What arrangement existed between themselves and Hwang Tso was obscure, but the fact remained that they had at least received nothing from the white men. With Arbuthnot's help, X. Anaxagoras calculated the amount that would be due on a wage basis. He had borrowed the necessary specie from the very considerable sum a yacht like the Spindrift had to carry on as long a cruise as this, and had distributed the proper amount to each man personally. Hwang Tso watched the performance with puzzled brow. He could have seen the sense of their bribe earlier in the game, but not now. It was one of the inexplicables, to be accepted with Oriental fatalism. However, his practical sense was still working.

"I no get?" he inquired.

"What for you get?" exploded Marshall; but X. Anaxagoras stopped him with a gesture.

"Your contention is not without justice, in a way," said he blandly. "I do not doubt that you gave up a modest but steadily lucrative business in small banditry in your own country, and went to considerable expense and certainly consumed considerable time on the basis of representations made to you by these men. To be sure, the deportation officials will kindly relieve you of the expenses of the return journey; but there you are! It was through no fault of your own that this little enterprise failed; and therefore it is quite natural that you should expect some return."

This, of course, meant nothing specific to Hwang Tso, but he caught an encouragement from it.

"I get?" he repeated.

"One thousand dollars," said X. Anaxagoras. "The boss he pay you."

"All light," agreed Hwang Tso, with such satisfaction as is felt by one who expected nothing and gets something; and turned his eyes toward Eats-'Em-Alive.

The latter disclaimed any such intention, with a spirited reminder of his old manner.

"Nevertheless," X. Anaxagoras interposed firmly, "you'll pay him. It is precisely the sum you considered it worth while to offer Rogg here as a bribe. So you are able to do it, and you're going to. After that we're quits, and I think you're well out of it on mighty easy terms."

In the end so it was; and Eats-'Em-Alive was embarked on the gas boat with the Chinese, and so departed from their sight forever. The last they saw of him he was standing on the fantail delivering in the direction of the Spindrift an animated oration accompanied by emotional gestures. He, too, had gone aboard like a little lamb—though of rather a naturally morose disposition—but once safely beyond the strong arms of Rogg and his confrere, he had blown up. Unfortunately the engine of the gas boat was a two-cycle and the staccato popping of its exhaust prevented his words from reaching those to whom they were addressed. The captain and one-man crew of the gas boat, however, to judge by their grinning faces, were having a good time.

Fleshpots begged hard not to be sent along until later. He dreaded the journey with his late partner. But he found that a frost had set in.

"Possibly," Marshall pointed out, "you have forgotten your share in this transaction."

Fleshpots had, indeed, forgotten that he was in any way to blame. He was quite crushed. On the receding gas boat his short thick figure could be discerned as far from the orator of the occasion as the craft's dimensions would allow. He had been assured that his reimbursement would follow when determined; less, of course, the wages paid out to the Chinese.

"Of course, you're perfectly right," Betsy remarked thoughtfully to the others. "He's just as much a crook as the other man. But I'm sorry for him."

"Which shows the power of social manner," said her brother.

XXXII

IT WAS arranged that the Spindrift was to take X. Anaxagoras to the nearest port, where he would leave them in quest of the labor and necessaries for continuing the development under Arbuthnot. Then the yacht would resume its cruise. But immediately it appeared that no one wanted to push off without knowing more about the prospects. They recalled that Arbuthnot had ventured the opinion that two days more work would probably bring the tunnel into the pocket. Finally Marshall put it up to the crew, and was gratified by the hearty response. They'd never done any of that sort of work, but they were willing to try, if Mr. Arbuthnot would show them how. As a matter of fact, they were just as curious and interested as the after cabin. By request, Arbuthnot made his explanations of the situation, as he saw it, on deck where all might hear.

"The point is this," he told them: "We've broken through the solid rock and come out into a mixed rubble of bowlders and such stuff. That indicates we are now working in the débris that filled up the country below the ancient waterfall. Also, we have just arrived at a solid hanging wall to our left which shows marks of water erosion. That would seem to have been the face of the old waterfall. Just how high up on that face we are, of course, I cannot say. The thing to do now is to work downward until we strike bed rock. That will be the floor of the basin. See?"

"And that's where the gold should have accumulated," supplemented X. Anaxagoras.

"Exactly; there, and possibly in lower riffles also. Maxon never had a chance to find that out."

"And then all we have to do," cried Betsy, "is to scoop it up and put it in the bank!"

Arbuthnot smiled.

"I'm afraid it isn't quite so simple as that," said he. "There will have to be an awful lot of excavating and timbering and hauling and washing of gravel and earth for each lot of metal. It will look more like getting out material for a gravel walk than gold mining."

"No gorgeous glittering nuggets?" cried Betsy, disappointed.

"That is hard to say. It is always possible, and there are sure to be nuggets from time to time; but no one could rely on them, and it is possible to make a very rich haul without actually seeing any gold at all—that is, until it is washed out."

With this warning, however, the last work was begun. Marshall had promised that if there were any nuggets the discoverers should keep them as souvenirs. With this in prospect the sailors went to work enthusiastically. From time to time one or the other or all three of the principals descended the shaft and watched for a time. It was not particularly inspiring. Some of the men worked with pick and shovel, or occasionally with sledge and drill, on the hard, densely packed rubble. Others carried out this loosened material and hauled it up to the dump. Still others cut and lowered the necessary timbers. The job lasted longer than the estimated two days; due, Arbuthnot told them, to the inexperience of the men and to unforeseen difficulties of formation. At the end of the fourth day, however, he emerged from the shaft and sculled himself out to the yacht.

"I think we're ready for our pan test," he called up, with a trace of subdued excitement. "If you would come ashore ——"

They piled into the boats and came ashore, all of them, to the last man. At the dump they found grouped the men on the working shift. A miner's bucket filled to the brim with fine gravel and earth stood by the winch.

"This is from next the bed rock," said Arbuthnot. "We struck it today."

He scooped a flaring-sided miner's pan half full of the gravel and, followed by the rest, with it descended to the stream. Here he allowed water to flow in until the earth was well covered; and then began to give to the mass a rotary motion by means of a skillful and rhythmical twist of the wrists. Some of the water and a good deal of the gravel began to whirl out over the sides. This process he repeated a number of times, until the coarser contents of the pan had all been discarded and there remained only a quantity of tiny pebbles and of jet-black sand.

Arbuthnot now worked more delicately. After a moment he straightened his back and stood up. Those crowding about could see that the pan now contained merely a half dozen tablespoonfuls of black sand.

"Oh," cried Betsy in disappointment, "is that all?"

Arbuthnot gently inclined the pan. The remaining water caused the sand to spread in a long cometlike fan. The coarser grains rolled fastest and went to the end; the finer grains clung together and stuck along the crack. And then at the top there slowly formed a sharp apex, and imperceptibly, as the water continued to drain, the apex changed color, showed a tint of yellow, gleamed pure, became gold.

"There you are!" cried Arbuthnot with satisfaction.

The satisfaction was not at first shared by the others. The yellow was so very minute in its flourlike quality, the amount so very small! It did not seem worth while! Arbuthnot had to explain at length that for a single pan taken at random, this was actually a very rich and encouraging prospect. It proved that the pocket existed. And if there was a pocket in which the gold had lodged at all, then it must follow that in crevices and dips, and the like, the pure metal would probably be found. And even if, as was most unlikely, the ore proved to be no richer than the sample represented by this one pan, that would be sufficient to pay handsomely. They were encouraged, and perhaps reassured, but they were by no means thrilled.

"Let's try another," suggested Arbuthnot then. "It's always possible we might blunder on a nugget."

They returned to the dump, preceded by Roggsy. By a sudden movement he had escaped from Rogg and was in antic mood. He thought he knew where they were going, and instead of stopping at the dump he disappeared down the shaft.

"Darn that monk!" ejaculated Marshall. "Now I suppose somebody will have to go down after him."

The transfer of another clubman is here recorded

Mr. Schroeder leaves the "Tried-'em-all" for another

Some smokers appear to have begun their pipe-smoking with Edgeworth and have stuck to it ever since.

Others, of more adventurous or more inquiring nature, have evidently started out to "try 'em all" before signing up with any one brand.

Mr. Schroeder's enthusiasm for his final favorite is evidently based on a pretty broad knowledge of the field.

His "life membership in the Edgeworth club" carries conviction. Read his letter:

Messrs. Larus & Bro. Co.,
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Gentlemen:

I have been reading with a great deal of interest the advertising you have been running in The Saturday Evening Post, particularly the [illegible] in which the letter from Mr. K. J. [illegible] stated that he was a member of the "Tried-'em-All Club."

It may be of interest to you to know that I was a member of this same club up to about four years ago, when I resigned and joined the "Edgeworth Club." I don't mind telling you that I was employed in one of the largest tobacco companies in the country for about twelve years, and my loyalty to this company compelled me to smoke the brands of pipe tobacco which they manufactured; but try as I would, I could not become a steady pipe smoker. After I left this company several years ago, I tried Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Tobacco, and I have been smoking it ever since.

Now, I have a life membership in the "Edgeworth Club" and take it from me, it is "some club."

Respectfully yours,
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Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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"Won't he come when he's called?" asked Arbuthnot.

"On shipboard, yes. On land, only the good Lord knows."

They panned out another charge of the gravel, and then another. Both showed strong color. In fact over the second lot Arbuthnot exclaimed in some excitement.

"You've got a rich thing here!" he cried.

"But I want a nugget!" insisted Betsy.

Arbuthnot gave it as his opinion that the nuggets would be more likely found nearer the bottom of the pocket. That would be days and days away. All this gravel—even that already taken out and on the dump—would have to be carefully washed; it was valuable.

"If you could be here a month from now ——"

"But we can't," broke in Marshall; "we must get on—tomorrow, or next day at least."

"I shall send you the very first one found," X. Anaxagoras consoled her. "And each of you boys shall have one, too; that's a promise."

They began to gather their tools in preparation for departure, and turned away down the trail.

"We've forgotten Roggsy!" cried Betsy.

They called. They whistled down the shaft, to no avail. Arbuthnot lighted one of the acetylene torches.

"I'll get him in a jiffy," said he, putting foot on the ladder; "no trouble at all."

His head disappeared down the shaft. The bystanders heard an exclamation, then the sound of a quick light scrambling, then a laugh. Roggsy shot out of the shaft and ran on three legs to a short distance, when he turned chattering. Arbuthnot's head reappeared.

"The little beggar was lying doggo just down the ladder," he laughed, "and he climbed right up over me. By Jove, I was startled!"

Rogg tried to call the monkey to him, but in vain. He made a few cautious steps, but Roggsy hopped out of the way. A more rapid advance merely caused the little animal, still on three legs, to skip nimbly into the brush; whence, however, he instantly reappeared when the pursuit ceased.

"What's he carrying?" wondered Betsy.

"A rock," replied Marshall disgustedly. "Probably he intends to brain me with it. He's got one of his fool fits on. What in thunder did you let him get away for, Rogg? We've got to catch him now if it takes all night, or he'll never mind again. Spread out, men—slowly now!"

The sailors, who had played this sometimes aggravating game before, when the ordinarily docile Roggsy had had one of his fool fits on, quietly and unostentatiously formed a wide encompassing circle and began to move toward the center.

Roggsy skipped nimbly and joyously here and there in high enjoyment; then at last, when he saw capture inevitable, gave one long leap to Betsy's shoulder, where he snuggled down in a furry comfortable ball, his small wise eyes blinking around on each in turn.

"You naughty child!" cried Betsy, reaching up for him.

"Take that stone away from him," advised Marshall. "I'll bet he hasn't quit his idea of beaning me with it yet."

Betsy held out her palm, on which Roggsy obediently deposited his missile. She was about to throw it from her, when her eyes widened.

"Look here!" she breathed.

She held out what looked to be an ordinary earth-incrusted bit of rock about half the size of her fist. On it were four marks or gouges where evidently the monkey had placed experimental teeth. They gleamed dully yellow. Arbuthnot snatched his sheath knife from its case and scratched the surface of the stone.

"Here's your nugget, Mrs. Marshall," he chortled; "and by Jove, it's a good one! Good old Roggsy!"

XXXIII

THE night before the Spindrift sailed, leaving all in order under Arbuthnot, Marshall was visited by a singularly vivid and arresting dream. He thought that before him stretched indefinitely into the landscape horizon, as far as he could see, a long elaborately set banquet table oppressive with food. On it were literally tons of food, prepared in the most variegated fashions, all the garnered fruits of the earth, and flesh and fowl of every known or guessed sort. He was the only guest, and he sat at the head. As he looked down the endless vista of food, somehow the long ribbon of the table seemed to be swaying in a kind of rhythm, back and forth, like a gentle breeze through tall grass; back and forth, back and forth, in ripples. And little by little this rhythm became vaguely familiar; finally, after the mysterious fashion of dreams, it took to itself words: "Ornamental and useless! Ornamental and useless! Ornamental and useless!" The dream rocked back and forth. Somehow it became terrible. He wrenched himself awake and found himself repeating the phrase.

All the following day, in the preoccupation of departure, the rhythm swung through his thoughts. The words, he remembered, had been used by little Fleshpots to describe himself; and he had added, Marshall remembered, that he was born that way and it was useless to try to escape his fate. Marshall rebelled at this.

"The man's not right," he muttered to himself. "He could get out of it ——" He did not complete the sentence.

He was at the wheel. A cool breeze was blowing from the northwest, and the day was sparkling and laughing, with radiant waters and blue and airy mountains brushed with the bloom of purple grapes. Marshall smiled to himself as he wondered what the psychoanalysts would make of it; they were strong on dreams. He grinned as the thought crossed his mind that it could probably be ascribed to the fact that the yacht was out of grapefruit. He definitely dismissed the subject. Slowly there came to him that happy vacuity of mind, the momentarily lulled alertness of the helmsman in clear waters and with a fair wind. His eyes were wide and unfocused; his senses alive only to the sun and wind. Of his conscious mind merely enough remained on guard to hold the ship true. And gradually the dream rhythm possessed him again—ornamental and useless—ornamental and useless—over and over again. For a second he actually seemed to himself to be standing at the head of that terrible table. With a jump into focus his mind realized that it was not a table; it was the long narrow yacht's deck. Then he slid out of focus again, and it became an endless yacht stretching on and on and on.

"Here, wake up! You'll be asleep on watch!" he told himself roughly, giving to the wheel an unnecessarily vigorous turn that caused the foresail leech to shiver, and the sailors on watch to look up in inquiry. In a little panic, his mind stampeded from the instant of disquieting illumination. But the silent inner alchemy had done its work. We sail our surface seas of life, but only rarely are we privileged to glimpse the deeps where continents are forming for future nobler races, and then we rarely look.

XXXIV

BEFORE turning in that night, Betsy went aft, stood for a moment by Marshall, happily steering his little ship, and then descended to her cabin, where she slowly prepared for bed. But after she had glided between the sheets she did not at once snap off the electric light. For a long time she lay staring up at it quietly, her hands clasped behind her head. Later she became conscious, by their cessation, that for some time a murmur of voices had been coming from the main cabin. The door opened and closed softly. Marshall came in.

"Hullo!" he said in surprise. "Not asleep yet?" He began to chuckle. "What do you think," said he, "when I came off watch and came down in the cabin, there was that precious brother of yours dressed up in his hospital clothes and with his infernal pad and pencil sitting behind the table! He hasn't done that stunt since the year one. I began to think he'd outgrown it."

Betsy sat up in bed.

"Tell me all about it!" she cried.

Marshall looked at her, a little surprised at her vehemence.

"Oh, I had to play his game, of course. When he gets that way you can't get out of it. Why, in Vancouver there, when I hadn't seen him for two years, I couldn't get a human word out of him until he'd finished his stunt."

"Yes, but what, exactly?" Betsy insisted.

Marshall sat down and began leisurely to unlace his shoes.

"Oh, I don't know. He made one of his comic-opera probes, and finally informed me that my vital processes were now normal and my vibrations greatly heightened.

(Continued on Page 92)

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or some such rot. Told me gravely I was cured—I don't know of what—and informed me I could now get along without further treatments. What treatments, I'd like to know. He certainly is a weird specimen when he gets that way!" He chuckled again and began on the other shoe. "Of course, he's a good psychologist, I don't doubt, and an exceptionally able man," he added conscientiously; "but that's out of my line. All I care about is that he's the real thing—and then some. But I could brain him with an ax when he gets on one of those eerie rampages of his. You can't talk sense to him. I had a sort of plan I wanted to talk over with him; but dog-gone it all, I'll be darned if I'm going to have him act as though he'd hypnotized me into it; as if he'd had it first and hung it on me. Well," concluded Marshall comfortably, sitting up straight, a shoe in each hand, "I'll let him sleep it off and talk to him tomorrow. He's got a good head on him when he isn't acting foolish. I won't "

"What plan?" Betsy interrupted him to ask.

"Oh, I don't know exactly; it isn't quite a plan," returned Marshall nonchalantly, with a sort of boyish indifference. "To tell the truth, I think I'm getting restless. You see, I'm getting in such fighting trim, what with this life and all, that I'm feeling my oats. I feel like striking out and tearing things up a little." He laughed deprecatingly and laid the shoes down carefully, side by side. "I say"—he glanced at her—"I wonder if you'd mind it very much if we cut this trip short and stowed the old boat for a while, and took a look somewhere on land."

"I'd love it! I'd love it!" cried Betsy. Her eyes were shining. Marshall stared at her a moment, surprised at her vehemence. She lay back and closed her eyes. After a moment she opened them again. "What do you want to do?" she asked.

"Well," said Marshall, "I don't quite know yet; we'll see. Maybe I'll get Arbuthnot after he's through here, of course—to help me open up dad's old Delta holdings for farms—get in roads and irrigation and make it productive instead of useless. I don't know. But I thought, anyway, that we might quit the yacht at Vancouver and go east by the Canadian Pacific. Benton can take her on around through the Canal. Then we can lay her up for a while. Of course, we'd see that the men had good places first. Or perhaps we'd be doing something or other where we could use some of them."

"I'd like to keep Rogg," put in Betsy. "But the Delta thing wouldn't take long."

"Oh, I don't quite know yet. We'll have to see. Something a man can bite on. But you're for it?"

"Yes, I'm for it," replied Betsy. She was too wise to press yet for details, to attempt to crystallize first stirrings.

(THE END)

THE ANCIENT FEUD

(Continued from Page 11)

Pacific Slope I ain't allowed no women folks to figger conspicuous in my scheme o' life."

"Which means," suggested the wistful-eyed old Dan'l, "that you've been plumb free to act as you wanted to act?"

"I sure have been plumb free," announced the other, not without a touch of pride.

"Which same," proclaimed Dan'l, "is uncommon luck, considerin' how the cards fall in the ol' game! But if we're goin' to eat, hombre, we've got to agitate ourselves. For there's Sary blowin' that horn ag'in, and when Sary is riled the ridin' is hard!"

"Sary?" questioned the newcomer, with a morose light in his eye.

"I mean Tillie," amended the man who called himself Dan'l Creel, as he shouldered his hoe.

II

LEMUEL, before hobbling up to the trim-walled cabin beyond the pine grove, thought long and deep on the problem immediately confronting him. Seldom, indeed, had the reflective processes operated to sway that single-minded nomad in his course. But on this occasion, after a second spell of muttering cogitation, he disposed of Yuma by picketing the old pack horse in the haylands below the side hill. From his pack rolls, after another meditative pause, he extracted his battered old revolver and a scarred old rifle wrapped up in oil-stained baize. Slowly and affectionately he wiped them off with a tattered bandanna, indulging in a determined side shake of the head as he dropped the antique revolver into the abraded belt holster which he had buckled about his waist. But the rest of his duffel, on second thought, he secreted in the cow shed. And if his mind was troubled his air was insouciant as he strolled on to the cabin with the supper smoke going up from its chimney.

There he found Dan'l washing up at a tin basin on a split-log stool beside the open cabin door.

And Dan'l, with one end of the roller towel in his hand, looked intently and distastefully at the firearms with which the newcomer stood so pregnantly decorated.

"Have you-all announced me?" demanded Lemuel, with a head movement toward the open door.

"You're sure set on stayin'?" demanded his host, a frown of perplexity on his face.

"I be!" proclaimed the other as he leaned on his long-barreled rifle. And that, Dan'l knew, was an ultimatum.

The latter's mien, however, was one of mingled meekness and perplexity as he moved closer to the doorway.

"Salaria," he said, "there's a stranger out here as asks to be took in."

The silence that prolonged itself was not without its effect on the two waiting figures.

"Say it louder," commanded Lemuel with a stiffening of his loose-boned old body.

"Salaria, there's a homeless ol' hiker out here askin' for a bed and a bit o' grub. Kin you-all take him in?"

"Tell him this ain't no road house," was the slightly delayed but unequivocal reply, accentuated by the slam of a stove door.

The gaze of the two men met and locked. For a moment, but no more than a moment, the ghost of a smile flickered about old Dan'l's mouth.

"He's a pore ol' feller almost on his last legs," he plaintively explained.

"Be I?" hissed Lemuel, with a movement of indignation.

"Ain't he got enough manhood to show himself?" demanded the Olympian voice from within. And Dan'l, by pantomime, implied that the time was ripe for Lemuel to present himself to his hostess. When the newcomer showed signs of hesitation, in fact, the other pushed him gently but firmly in through the narrow doorway, whispering as he did so, "Ride 'em, cowboy!"

Lemuel stood there, less at ease than he pretended, studying the Amazonian figure confronting him. He felt himself being inspected by a pair of shrewd old eyes that hardened perceptibly at the sight of his rifle and lingered with no undue amount of sympathy on the worn old pistol holster at his hip.

"You-all tryin' to founder yourself in your ol' age totin' round that mess o' hardware?" demanded the woman with whom time had dealt more lightly than she was now dealing with him. "Or are you aimin' to institoot a shootin' gallery among the Siwashes out yonder?"

Lemuel breathed deep, for, however unfriendly her note, she had at least failed to recognize him.

"I'm a lone musher, ma'am," he said with quite unlooked-for quietness, "askin' for bed and board until I kin move on."

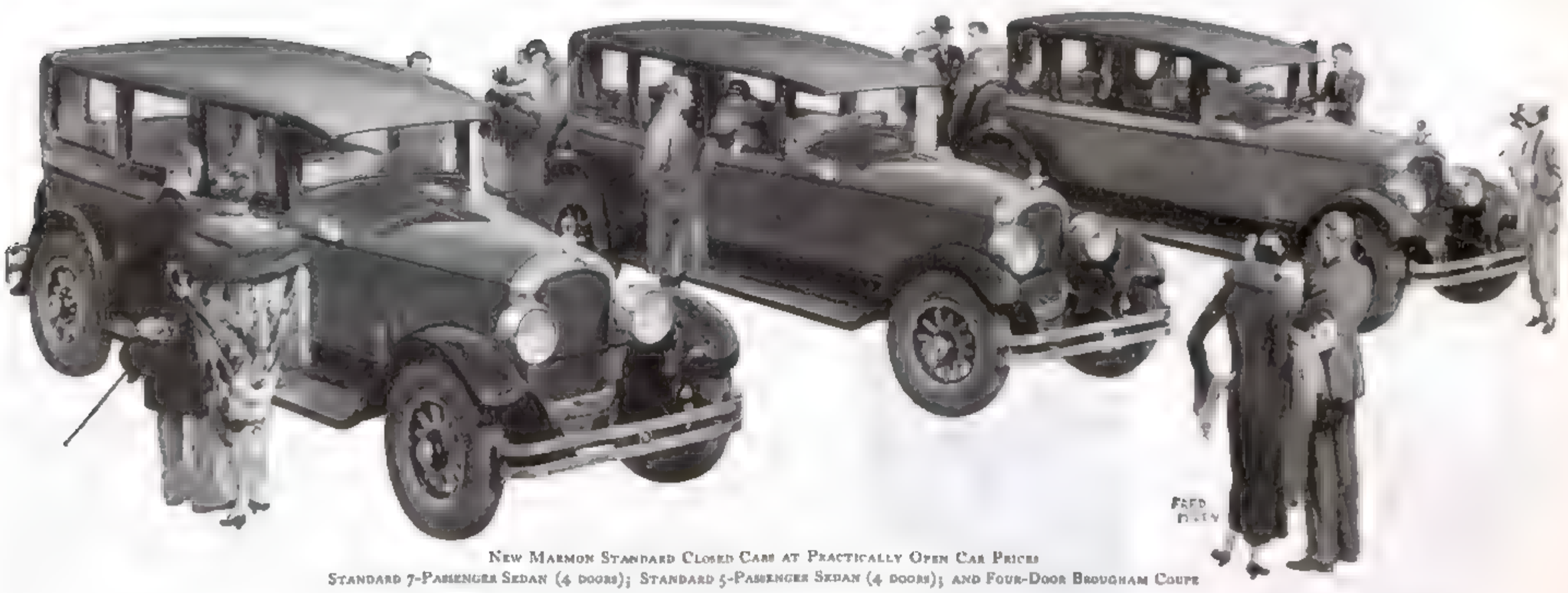
"I ain't harborin' no hoboes in this house," announced the portly queen of that demesne. "And I ain't seein' as well as I might since that lumberin' ol' fool out there broke my specs last winter, but to me you-all look considerable like a moth-eaten pig widgeon who's frittered his life away blacksnakin' round licker joints and pi-rootin' round lumber camps and pool rooms instead o' workin' steady and layin' up for the ol' age that's overtook you. What's your name?"

Lemuel Terman's answer to that question was not as prompt as it might have been. In his hesitancy his eye even sought that of the meek-faced old man standing beside him. But Dan'l was discreetly looking in another direction.

"What's your name?" repeated the woman beside the stove. And the old warrior from below the Line quailed a little before the piercing small eye he found fixed on his person. (Continued on Page 94

The NEW MARMON

"It's a Great Automobile"



New Marmon Standard Closed Cars at Practically Open Car Prices
Standard 7-Passenger Sedan (4 doors); Standard 5-Passenger Sedan (4 doors); and Four-Door Brougham Coupe

"*The* New Marmon line, with closed cars as its strong point, has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of prospective buyers of fine cars—beyond a doubt."—*From an editorial in a leading automobile publication*

At practically open car prices, the New Marmon Standard Closed Cars have naturally attracted the greatest interest. All New Marmon Standard Closed Cars have: modern, comfortable, undivided front seats—full-sized, divan-like rear seat, ample for three—four (4) wide doors (no "climbing over" front seat occupants when getting in or out)—spacious leg room, no cramping—custom-type fitments and refinements—and all are mounted on the famous Marmon six-cylinder chassis of 136-inch wheelbase.

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TYPICAL because *absolute dependability*—and nothing short of it—was L. J. Johnson's aim when five years ago he determined to make the Outboard Motor a practical means of water transportation instead of a clever novelty.

For example, take Mr. Ohme's 4000 mile journey on Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and down the Mississippi River to Moline, Illinois. Many such cruises as this attest Johnson's true marine engine dependability.

That's how the Johnson owner *knows* that his Johnson will always take him where he wants to go—and bring him back. That's why more Johnson Motors were sold during 1924 than any other make.

The Johnson is the *one* outboard motor that can be instantly attached to all types of boats and canoes without altering some styles of boats.

It drives a rowboat from 7 to 9 miles per hour, a canoe from 9 to 12.

Johnson is the only really portable motor—its complete weight is

Only 35 Pounds

35 pounds—complete and ready-to-run.

The Johnson is vibrationless. Its only sound is a gentle purr.

It is easy to start and safe to start at any temperature. The ease of handling a Johnson is a revelation.

Power Increased in 1925 Model

In the 1925 Johnson, power has been increased 25-30%.

Improved Super-Quick Action Magneto makes starting easier than ever.

Johnson Shock Absorber Drive (Patented) is standard equipment. This Drive permits running over submerged obstructions without injury to motor or propeller.

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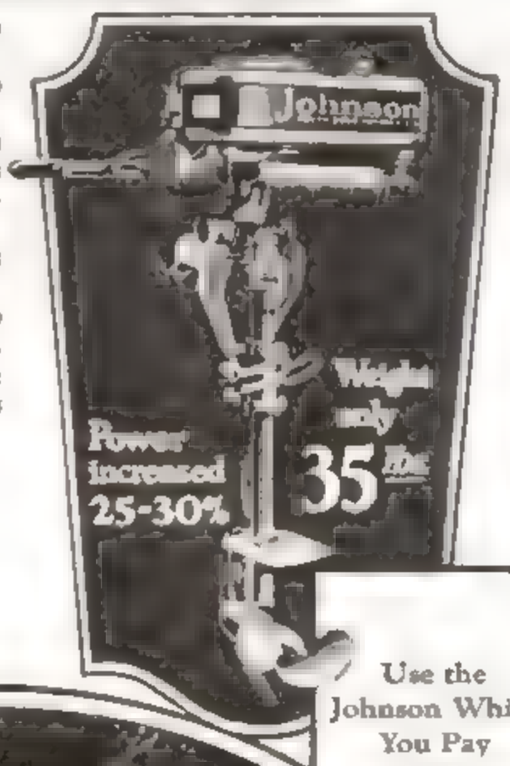

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Gentlemen: Kindly send me the name of the nearest Johnson dealer, your FREE catalog and details of the Deferred Payment Plan.

Name Address

City State

(Continued from Page 92)

"It's Mullins, ma'am," he finally answered; "Bill Mullins."

"Where d' you hail from?" was her next question.

"From Lower Californy," was the slightly retarded reply.

Salaria's sniff was both audible and unmistakable.

"From the section where there's more lazyin' round in the sun than any state in the Union!" scoffed the woman of the house as she noisily placed a crockery plate and cup on the table between them. "If you wasn't such a decrepit-lookin' old has-been totterin' on the brink o' ruin I'd sure tell you to mush on!"

"There was a time," averred Lemuel, stung beyond endurance, "when you thought diff'rent!"

"Who pinned medals on you-all for ever readin' my mind?" challenged the other. "I've learnt what men is, this last forty years, and if I had my say there'd be a bunch o' them browsin' on seaweed down where the mermaids live. Kin you do an honest day's work?"

"I kin try, ma'am," was the newcomer's slightly tremulous response.

"You'll do more'n try if you roost long around this layout. Git them fool guns off'n your carcass and set down there at the table end. Park them shootin' irons outside, mister, and keep 'em out o' my sight. For you'll sure travel a heap farther on a hoe handle round this region than you will on a rifle bar'l. And you, Asaph Irwin, if I hear o' you snoopin' off to the hills to shoot wild game with this wanderin' arsenal I'll lay a broom handle across your ol' back!"

Still again, as Salaria stooped to place the hot biscuits on the table, the eyes of the two old men met; but no spoken word passed between them.

"Them berries in the upper field is lookin' fine, Sary," finally ventured old Dan'l as he buttered a biscuit.

"That natcherally means we'll be short o' berry pickers ag'in," said the morose-eyed woman at the head of the table.

"These here tea biscuits," proclaimed the newcomer, with a plainly coerced effort at gallantry, "is sure as light as thistledown!"

"They may be light," acquiesced their maker, "but they're a-goin' to prepare you for heavy work. Kin you-all milk a cow?"

"I kin not," Lemuel replied with dignity and promptness.

"Then Asaph'll teach you," was the equally prompt amendment. "And if you wasn't such a rickety-lookin' ol' wreck I'd figger on havin' you cut valley hay for the lumber-camp outfits down the river. But there's no reason you can't hoe and run a one-hoss cultivator till fruit-pickin' time. And cut up a jag o' firewood when you're restin'!"

Lemuel looked off into space.

"They was a-tellin' me back at Elk Crossin'," he observed as he emerged from his coma, "how there's been quite a run o' rich strikes up in the Kispiox Valley."

"Rich strikes o' what?" demanded Salaria.

"Gold, ma'am," answered the old prospector.

"I starved on them rumors," was the acidulated retort, "for thirty good years o' my life. They're the work o' wildcatters for the delooshon of two-legged rabbits. The only sure gold in this country is what you coax out o' the soil with a hoe. And I aim to have a roof over my head when I git as pappy and palsied as this worn-out ol' bean eater I've got to watch like a reservation buck!"

Lemuel, conscious of the thrust of a shoe toe against his shin under the table, interpreted the movement as an intimation that the subject stood either a distasteful or a dangerous one. So, with a slightly baffled look on his seamed old face, he lapsed into silence for the rest of the meal. But, having pushed back his plate, he automatically reached into his pocket for his pipe and tobacco. He was arrested in this movement, however, by an even sharper kick against his shin. And old Dan'l, the visitor noticed when he looked up, was indulging in a dumb show obviously intended to convey the message that pipe smoking was not allowed within those walls.

"I'll meet you back o' the hay shed when I git my chores done up!" explained Dan'l in a stage whisper as Salaria stepped outside for her dish pan. "So melt away quiet, pardner, or she'll sure be pickin' you out to dry them dishes."

Lemuel promptly and adroitly absented himself from the imprisoning walls. He was sitting on a fir stump, smoking his pipe and studying the last of the wine glow on the upper peaks, when old Dan'l crept up to him through the evening shadows.

"I've been doin' a spell o' thinkin' since you-all blew into this outfit," announced Salaria's husband as he took out his pipe and lighted it. "And I reckon the best way o' playin' out this game is to put the cards plumb down on the table. All we're deloodin' is ourselves. I ain't Dan'l Creel any more'n you're Bill Mullins. You're Lem Terman and I'm Asaph Irwin. And I've been thinkin', Lem, about that wrong I done you down t' Yuma nigh on forty years ago. I allow I was a horn-swiggled polecat for a-doin' it, but I took your woman away from you. I run off with the female you loved, without figgerin' on how it was sourin' your heart and spilin' your life. But what you've been sayin' today has sure showed me the evil of my ways. And I want to right that ol' wrong. Lem, I've thought this here problem all out, and I'm a-goin' to give you Salaria back. She belongs to you. And I don't want your declinin' years clouded with the thought that an ol' friend ever cheated you out o' your own."

Slowly and deliberately Lemuel refilled and relighted his pipe.

"Asaph," he finally said, "it's plumb generous of you-all to be ready to make amends that way. But it ain't for me to come between man and wife. You and Salaria's been happy now for nigh on forty years, and time's mated you more'n the law ever could. You was more enterprisin' than others, and you beat me to it. Bein' first on the claim, the mine is sure yours, to have and to hold and do with as you-all see fit!"

"That's the p'int I'm a-raisin', Lemuel," contended his old friend. "You allow I've a right to do as I see fit with Sary, and my conscience says this ain't the time for thinkin' o' myself. It'll come hard, I reckon, goin' out in the world and startin' life over ag'in. But there's an ol' wrong to right and I'm sure aimin' to make amends. I want to right myself with you and Salaria, Lemuel, for all time. You're an ol' man now, and ——"

"I ain't so old and molderin'," interrupted the other with a rising note of asperity, "but what I can fry my own bacon and pick my own trail."

"It's plumb satisfyin'," proclaimed the stolid-faced Asaph, "to know you've a roof over your head when the winter snows start comin' down. And a fireside to warm your ol' bones at when the wind's whistlin' through the valley."

"Mebbe so," conceded Lemuel. "But them is comforts I ain't inured to. With you, I reckon, they're sure second nature. You-all need a woman's lovin' care. And it ain't for me to come hornin' in between an ol' man and his comfort. You're a quiet-lovin' fam'ly man, Asaph, and I'm a empty-headed ol' roamer who ain't got land nor lodge."

"Then you-all aim to ramble on?" asked Asaph out of the silence that lengthened between them.

"Eventually," acknowledged Lemuel, "I aim to mush on. But I ain't so plumb craven that I'm goin' to be stampeded down this valley by a petticoat."

"Assoomin' you lay over a spell," the other somewhat timidly suggested, "it's natcherally understood that any words as passes between us here is not handed on to Sary?"

"Natcherally!" retorted Lemuel with the ghost of a cackle. "Kin you-all play checkers?"

"I sure kin," was the wistful-noted reply, "but Sary burned my checker layout seven years back."

"Sufferin' cats!" said Lemuel under his breath. His slow head movement was pregnant with sympathy touched by incredulity. He leaned closer to his companion, with a fraternal finger clasp at the other's sleeve. "I've got as nifty a checker layout as ever you seen in that pack roll o' mine. And I'll bet Yuma and my last eight bits I can beat you five games out o' seven!"

"I was reckoned the best checker player on Atlin Lake in the ol' days," retorted Asaph, not without a touch of pride. "And if you-all aims to play me on them terms you're destined to travel light when you head north ag'in!"

"I sure vision a deep and engrossin' game takin' place in this valley," said Lemuel as he rubbed his bony hands together. "And all I says is, 'Ride 'em, cowboy!'"

(Continued on Page 97)

The Recreation Club

Something Your Town Should Have

A Civic Benefit to the Community . . . as well as a Profitable Enterprise for Investors

A complete recreational service—available to all.

One building, one management—that insures the best of environment and atmosphere. Here the public finds every facility for enjoying billiards, bowling and other health-giving indoor recreations. The café and refreshment accommodations add to the convenience and pleasure of patrons.

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Everybody likes activity—actual play—a part in the game. It's more beneficial than being a spectator.

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They may be operated by individuals, companies or civic organizations.

Well managed, they are big money makers.

They yield double dividends—a splendid return on cash invested—and an inestimable benefit to the town. The respective attractions, being centralized, contribute to each other in patronage and profits.

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ADDING BOOKKEEPING CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES

(Continued from Page 94)

Asaph paused in the twilight to look apprehensively over his shoulder.

"How about Sary?" he inquired.

"You mean she ain't approvin'-minded toward games o' chance?"

"I mean she's plumb set against seein' me or any other man wastin' time," Asaph was forced to admit.

And Lemuel sat turning this over in his mind as a squirrel turns a nut over in its paws.

"There's considerable Sary don't know about either you or me," he finally asserted. "And if we indulges in the sure frivolous pastime o' checkers, we does it private. Savvy?"

"I savvy, pardner," assented Asaph. But his brow darkened again in the waning light. "We'd best git back to the house," he said as he rose creakingly to his feet, "or like as not we'll be findin' ourselves locked out!"

"Salaria's considerable different to what she was in the ol' days," remarked Lemuel as they hobbled back side by side.

"I guess runnin' that Skagway eatin' house for eight long years kind o' hardened Sary," explained Asaph, unconscious of the note of wistfulness that had crept into his voice. "And none of us, I reckon, is as young as we once was."

"Mebbe not," acknowledged Lemuel. "But life in the open has sure left me a wonder, for a maverick o' my age. Feel them muscles. Hard as iron. And look at that noo hair a smear or two o' tallow has brought back on my scalp!"

"A reg'lar three-year-old!" ejaculated Asaph, with a faint tinge of mockery.

"As sure as pumpkins," agreed Lemuel as they plodded cabinward through the deepening twilight.

III

LEMUEL, for all his outward air of docility, had no intention of remaining long under the rooftree of Salaria Irwin. Invariably, when in that Amazonian presence, he felt cramped and confined. Even when compelled to acknowledge that she stood without a peer in the matter of grub rustling he was oppressed by a craving for the open trail and his own camp fire. And during his first week on that little fruit farm he toiled as he had never toiled before. He eradicated the humble garden weeds and transplanted strawberry runners and chopped firewood, and under the monitorial eye of Asaph's wife even assisted in a Saturday afternoon of enforced laundry work.

Sunday, it is true, brought a relief from these labors, but it also brought a new kink in the threads of destiny enmeshing him. For when he and Asaph stole forth for a morning of surreptitious and soul-satisfying fishing in the upper river, Lemuel, unduly excited by his first strike, lost his balance on the log end where he stood and toppled into the water.

Now Lemuel was no swimmer and he surely would have gone to a watery grave had not Asaph swum out after him, tugged him ashore, and warmed his bony figure and dried his saturated clothes before a hastily made bonfire.

This accident and rescue, for obvious reasons, was not discussed before Salaria. But when working side by side in the turnip field the next day Lemuel and Asaph exchanged words as to its outcome.

"This may be a dispiritin' pastime for a man o' my nature," proclaimed Lemuel as he leaned on his hoe, "but it's sure better'n bein' nailed down in a pine box!"

"You said it right, hombre," acknowledged his comrade. "And seein' I saved your life, Lemuel, I reckon you're a-goin' to act reasonable."

"Impart your layout, pardner."

"I was figgerin' that out o' gratitood you-all would be willin' to lay up here over winter," ventured the wistful-eyed Asaph. "I was hopin' you'd hang around, rememberin' that checker game we ain't yet settled satisfactory. And when the work lets up in the fall I was thinkin' we could strike up into the higher country and git a spell o' game shootin'. I was also assoomin' we could lay out a trap line this winter and git away from Sary afore she dens up and grows more'n usual peevish."

Lemuel, troubled in spirit, thought long and deep over this problem.

"You're askin' considerable from a roamer who's always went his own way at his own call, Asaph," was Lemuel's final answer. "But there's no viper meaner'n a man without gratitood. You sure grabbed me back out of a watery grave, pardner, and I aim to show I'm beholden to you for that service. Since you put it up to me thataway, I agree to lay over."

"Kin we shake on that?" demanded the much-relieved Asaph.

"We kin," replied the other. And they solemnly shook hands on it.

It was not until the dinner horn sounded from the cabin that the matter was again spoken of.

"Asaph," said Lemuel as he mopped a moist brow and shouldered his hoe, "it mebbe ain't seemly for me to dwell on such things, but I've been a-thinkin' we'd have a spell of easier skiddin' if we handled Sary diff'rent."

"Sary plumb handles herself," Asaph lost no time in pointing out.

"Then, hombre, we've got 'o make a united stand agin her."

Asaph did little more than shake a dolorous head.

"You'll git less ambitious, comrade, when you git to know her better."

"I ain't aimin' to see my manhood took away from me," proclaimed the old musher stoutly.

"Ain't you, now?" complained the other. "Then try smokin' inside them cabin walls!"

Lemuel came to a full stop, obviously for the purpose of making his ultimatum more impressive.

"I be a-goin' to smoke in that house," he proclaimed, jutting his jaw.

"When?" inquired the incredulous Asaph.

"Today!" averred the incendiary. "Right after I've my dinner et, as most ev'ry man who ain't had his spirit obliterated does. And if you wasn't steeped in humility you'd be doin' the same."

But Asaph was unable to catch fire from that mounting flame of insurrection.

"There's no use a-naggin' me, Lemuel," was his stolid rejoinder. "I ain't a-goin' to start Sary."

"Sary," announced the revolter, "ain't figgerin' in my feelin's. I'm free, white and of votin' age, and when I wants to smoke, I smoke. And if that ain't settled this noon, there's sure goin' to be hist'ry made around this rancho!"

"Git famous, if you're a-minded," was the most that Asaph would concede, "but kindly count me out o' this here enterprise of coquettin' with copperheads!"

So divorced did Asaph wish to hold himself from that forthcoming contest, in fact, that he abstained from his customary forty winks after his midday repast and went hobbling back to the turnip field while Lemuel was still toying with his second slice of gooseberry pie. Salaria's husband was quietly hoeing his way toward a row end when, a quarter of an hour later, the rebel appeared at the rail fence. He was muttering truculently to himself and he was without his pipe.

"That female," he asseverated as he joined his companion in the field, "is plumb full o' pizen!"

"Why ain't you a-smokin', pardner?" Asaph innocently inquired.

"I ain't a-smokin'," snarled Lemuel, "b'cause instead o' bein' a he-man you're a heap big blanket-squaw! If you wasn't more'n a mock orange, if you wasn't a flat-trodden fishworm for more'n thirty years, a man wouldn't have to park his manhood with the kiotes when he entered this female-stricken valley! Is there an extra pipe around this layout?"

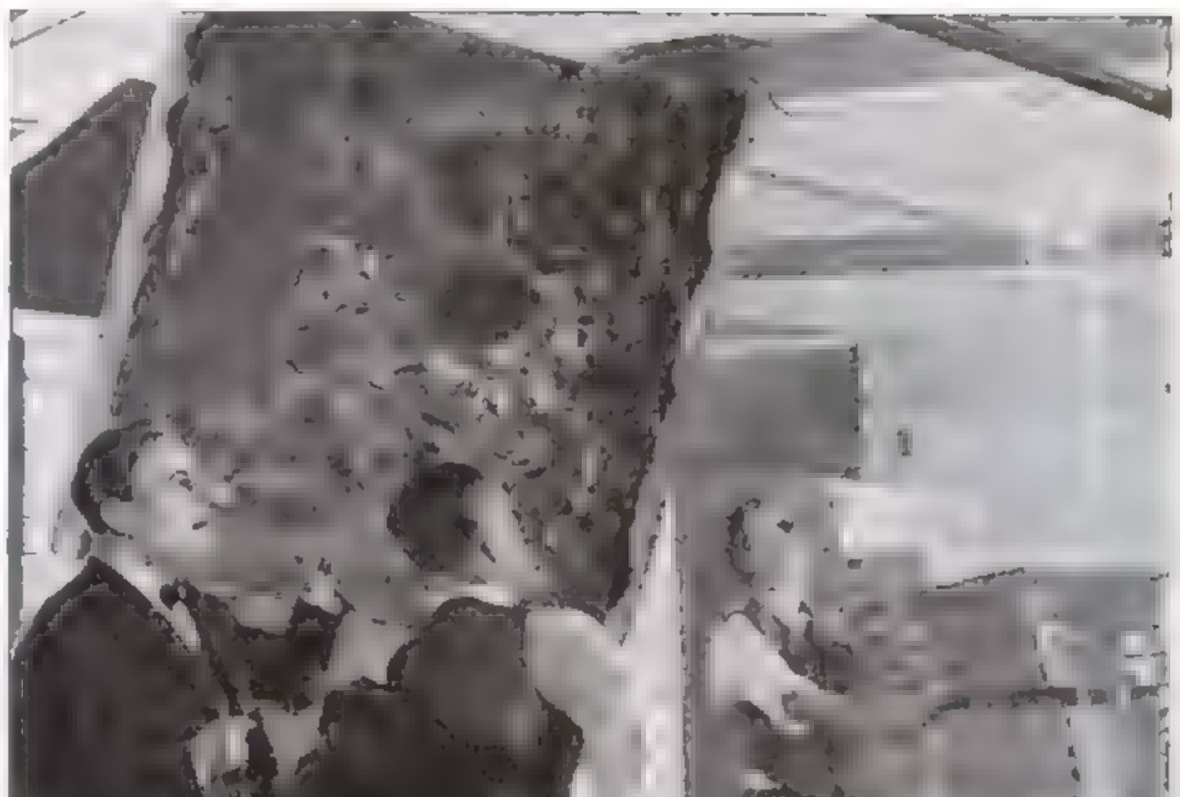
"There's none I know of," said the mild-voiced Asaph.

"Then I'll make me a noo one—a noo one out o' applewood," asserted the tremulous Lemuel.

"What's come o' your own pipe?" asked the guileless Asaph.

"It's reposin' nice and comfortable in that she-viper's cookstove," was the acidulated answer, "along with my bag o' tobacco and the remains o' my self-respect." The man from outside hoed silently and assiduously for five unbroken minutes. "She laid out that pipe smokin' was plumb injurious to a man o' my age. A man o' my age! As though I wasn't as spry as I ever was!"

The incident, however, was not closed. For when Salaria discovered that Asaph was fraternally sharing his own pipe and tobacco with the fretful Lemuel she promptly appropriated both pipe and weed, protesting as she irately consigned them to the river that smoking was as lazifying a habit as two spavined old shirkers could be addicted to, and proclaiming that if her plain-spoken rules couldn't be followed



A piece of pipe cut in half showing how corrosion eats through the metal

CORROSION
The Cancer of Metal—Kills Piping Efficiency

FEW things are more revolting than cancer, yet nothing so strikingly resembles the work of this insidious disease as the ravages of rust in water pipes, in which it seeks a point of attack from the very moment the pipe is installed.

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Yet this cancer of metal, which finds an easy victim in inferior pipe, meets its natural enemy in the rust-resisting properties of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe.

"Reading's" resistance to rust is two to three times as high as that of steel pipe. A "Reading" installation will be giving trouble-free service years after steel has rusted through—and been replaced.

If the first price of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is slightly higher, its *ultimate* cost is far below that of steel.

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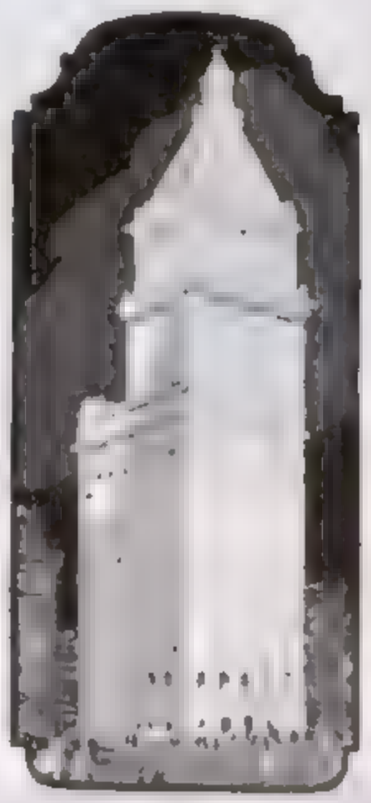

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Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is installed in the Union Central Building, one of Cincinnati's most notable business structures.

there was sure going to be considerable fur flying around that valley.

So Asaph and Lemuel thereafter became more guarded in their movements and more secretive in their pursuit of the elusive pleasures of life. They applied themselves, it is true, to the labors duly allotted them, but a newer peevishness and truculence invaded their day. They squabbled and wrangled and argued and bickered. If they sat subdued and silent about the house, they made up for it by their hectoring and jangling in the open. And this continued until Asaph was harried into choosing a daily field of labor as remote from Lemuel's as the circumstances would permit.

That divorce weighed heavily on Lemuel. At the end of his third day of solitude, in fact, he returned to Asaph, humbled in spirit and mysteriously altered in outlook.

"Sary's an uncommon good manager," acknowledged the old prospector, "but did it ever occur t' you, Asaph, that there's a heap o' room in the outside world?"

"For them as likes wanderin', there is," agreed Asaph.

"Ever have a itch to pound the ol' trail and wonder what's a-goin' to happen to you over the next height o' land?" inquired his companion.

"What can't be cured," admitted the philosophic Asaph, "must be endoored."

"Ever git the thrill of a gold rush," pursued the old spellbinder at his side, "when some sourdough blows in and tells of a big strike over in the next valley where they're gittin' six bits to the pan?"

"If I have," conceded Salaria's husband, "I've sure studied to avoid them thoughts."

"Feelin' too old and done, I reckon, for adventurin' round this earth?" prompted Lemuel.

"I'm as plumb full o' pep as the next man," asserted the indignant Asaph, "but enough mushers has cashed in on these northern trails to make Custer's last army look like a pair o' twins bein' interred."

"And more farm folks has worked themselves to death," amended the other, "than an ord'nary free-livin' man would reckon on! D'you ever picket out your ol' pack hoss and cook your own sow belly over a camp fire and light your ol' pipe and set under the stars and ——"

"Eliminate that pipe-smokin' talk!" interrupted the unhappy Asaph.

"—— and set under the stars," pursued the antiquated troubadour of the open trail, "and smell the pine and mesquite mixed with wood smoke, and see the moon comin' up gold through the timberline air, and roll up in your ol' blanket and sleep like a twelve-year-old boy with a new mouth organ under his corn-husk pillow? Ever know that all-fired soul-satisfyin' sense o' freedom?"

"There ain't no use o' you naggin', Lemuel," was Asaph's all but despairing reply. "Nothin' you can say is ever a-goin' to make me vamoose out o' this valley!"

But the intruder in that northern Eden was not to be turned aside from his newborn campaign against his old friend's peace of mind. While engaged in eliminating the noxious weed from the garden row he improved each passing hour in an effort to remove unseemly contentment from his comrade's bosom. He left the harried Asaph moody, and then morose, and then irascible. But he continued to lay siege to Asaph's home-loving heart. He laid siege to it, in fact, until the latter, in sheer self-protection, asked for a week of silence in which to think things over.

And when, at the end of the week, Salaria rapped her husband's knuckles for being so absent-minded as to overturn the teapot, and sent him to bed supperless for not washing behind the ears as a self-respecting man ought to wash, the die was finally cast.

"I know I'm a-doin' wrong," acknowledged Asaph when he met Lemuel behind the cow shed the next morning, "and I know I'm a-goin' to suffer for it eventual, but I've been doin' a heap o' thinkin' these last few days. And since you've set me to it, I'm willin' to mush. When you're ready to vamoose, pardner, I'm ready to vamoose with you!"

"I'm right glad, Asaph, that the light has broke on your clouded brain," said the old trail pounder. "But when you-all intimates I'm a-drivin' you to this you're sure arguin' from insufficient facts. If you mush, you mush o' your own free will."

"I'm a-goin'!" snapped Asaph. "Ain't that enough?"

"Then when," demanded the still slightly skeptical Lemuel, "do you-all aim to be ready?"

"When we've got a dependable outfit rassled together," proclaimed the other, "and not before."

"Then we can't git busy acquirin' them essentials too quick," proclaimed the restless-spirited wanderer as he inspected the calluses that had thickened of late on an overservile hand.

But the acquisition of an adequate outfit proved a matter of much toil and maneuvering. There was flour and bacon to be commandeered, and blankets to be sequestered. There was tea to be spirited away, and jars of Salaria's fruit jam to be secretly abstracted from their shelf. There were shoepacks to be mended and jumpers to be patched. And even Salaria sat nettled at the new air of quiet industry that had invaded her home.

Yet in spite of this solemn campaign of preparation the day for final departure always seemed to recede into the future. Lemuel was even overtaken by a growing suspicion that Asaph's tactics were developing into those of an obstructionist. He felt, as time wore on and the crossing of the Rubicon was still withheld from him, that he was being tricked and bobweazled by a chicken-hearted companion. And this, in turn, led to further bickerings and recriminations, to further arguments and accusations and counter accusations, so that, as summer advanced, the nerves of the two old conspirators became tauter and tauter and their casual contacts more and more colored with enmity. When Asaph questioned the dependability of the now well fattened Yuma, Lemuel promptly denominated his new partner in adventure as a four-flushing old pretzel, for attempting to criticize a faithful animal that had carried him through fire and flood for fifteen long years. When Lemuel protested against loading down their pack rolls with an undue allotment of strawberry preserve, describing the same as too effete and cumbersome for the open trail, Asaph retorted that he was used to eating regular and eating satisfactory and that he aimed to continue to do so, whether dining under a tar-paper roof or the starry heavens. When Asaph included in his equipment a long-barreled muzzle-loader with a charred stock and a decrepit old army revolver with a missing trigger guard, Lemuel indiscreetly questioned the reliability of such firearms.

"They ain't dude-wrangler decorations," averred Asaph with malignant quietness, "but if there's any trouble-hog misdoubtin' their workin' ability, all he's got 'o do is to keep on frustratin' my weakenin' efforts to remain fair and friendly."

"If they kin bite as well as some false alarms can bark," announced the indignant Lemuel, "there'd be some sure interestin' shootin' around this landscape. And them's my socks, comrade, that you're a-stowin' away so industrious in that duffel bag."

Thus they went on, striving in vain to ease some strange unrest that burned at the core of their being. Instead of joy at the thought of their deliverance they found themselves immersed in dissensions and suspicions which grew sharper as the hour of their departure grew nearer. It was agreed, when the fateful day impended, that they should elude the still sleeping Salaria by stealing forth at the first faint glimmer of dawn, carrying their hunting boots in their hands until they reached the upper river trail, where Yuma was already picketed and the pack rolls were already secreted.

But the early grass was wet and the air was chilly. And when the gingerly stepping Asaph complained that the possession of good boots and the refusal to wear them impressed him as a plumb fool idea, Lemuel stopped and regarded his partner with a cold and hostile eye.

"If you're aimin' to save your face by duckin' this enterprise and havin' Salaria come out and lead you back to farm toil why, linger right here and go on lamentin' gittin' your tootsies wet! But if you're a-goin' to be a free man and face the great open spaces you'd best git around that bend afore your true love wakes from slumber!"

"I've traveled as early and often as you have, hombre, and ——"

"And on one occasion a blamed sight faster," interrupted the truculent Lemuel.

"And if you'd a-ridden as hard as you talked you'd sure have overtook me!" mocked Asaph.

"Well, I'm ready to travel now, and travel far!" proclaimed the other.

"So be I," protested the morose-eyed Asaph. "But I don't see why in hell we couldn't have had a pot o' hot coffee on a nippy mornin' like this."

"And a mess o' corncake with m'lasses, and a couple o' fried steaks smothered in onions!"

But Asaph essayed no retort to that mockery. There was a slumberous light in his eye, however, as he hobbled on after his fellow conspirator and bent under the weight of his auxiliary sack of potted foodstuffs. When they came to the point where the placid-eyed Yuma awaited them they sat down on a broad and pleasant slope of pasture land and gathered their breath again.

"When do we eat?" asked Asaph, morosely exploring his wet sock bottoms.

"When we've put ten good miles between us and this vale of industry," announced Lemuel.

A snort of disgust burst from the other as he reached for the hunting boots that lay beside the duffel bag. He was on the point of repeating his snort, but paused on the threshold of that effort, to the end that he might stare more intently at the abraded old boot which he held in his hand.

"I'd a good elkskin lace in this here shoe, and some thievin' longhorn son o' misery has stolen it off me!"

Lemuel, in the act of tugging on his own travel-worn mukluks, completed that process and then stood quaveringly before his enemy.

"If them imputations is directed toward me," he cried in a voice tremulous with indignation, "I'm retortin' plumb pronto that you're ropin' the wrong steer."

"They ain't imputations," cackled the irate Asaph, with his accusatory finger directed toward Lemuel's footwear. "Seein' there's only one land pirate in this here little party, they're p'inted and unmistakable accusations!"

"Accusations! Well, a-fore you-all git cross-eyed with your own foresight I want 'o lay out to you that I wouldn't soil no mukluk o' mine with the personal belongin's of a dumswizzled ol' skinflint who's too mean-spirited to assert his own manhood before a petticoat."

"I've got manhood enough to know when I've been flapdoodled out of a elkskin shoe lace, and I repeat here, now and specific, that if you say that ain't my lace there you're a yellow-skinned ol' liar!"

"Liar!" cackled the other. "That word, you rheumy-boned ol' serpent, is a fightin' word in the he-country I hail from!"

"A fightin' word, is it?" scoffed the other old figure, dancing about on the dewy slope. "Why, you-all ain't fit to fight a white-tailed rabbit. And you're worse'n a liar. You're a thief, as well. For that's my shoe lace, I tell you; and you stole it off me, and you know it!"

Lemuel's jaw was jutted and his arm was above his head in a gesture of imprecation. But the uplifted hand descended again, and a long and bony forefinger shook as it was directed toward the face of his adversary.

"Git your gun!" he cried, with malignant new lines in his seamed old face.

"I'm both goin' to git my gun and git your hide!" shouted Asaph, already on his way to the pack rolls. "I sure aim to git my gun," he repeated as he kicked the paraphernalia recklessly about in search for his weapon. "And when I git it I'm a-goin' to fill your carcass so full o' holes it won't cast a shadow!"

"You are, are you?" stormed his adversary, emulating him in that hasty search for firearms. "Well, if you-all shoot as loose as you talk, you herrin'-gutted ol' hypocrite, you'll sure be jumpin' your own bullets."

"Why, you dumswizzled son of a she-hyena, I'm sure performin' a public service in removin' you from this here valley you been clutterin' up with your debased ol' bones! So stand stiddy and git ready. For once I git these ca'tridges in here your plumb pizened soul is goin' to soar home through a air hole in your obnoxious hide!"

"I'm ready for you," cried the ecstatic Lemuel as he danced about the greensward with his old revolver in his hand. "And I'm a-goin' to put you in a pine box before Saint Peter knows you're on the way!"

"Then shoot, you renegade Sioux!" yelled the apoplectic Asaph as he brought his old army weapon into play.

They blazed away at each other, gyrating about the sunny grass slope and screaming like Comanches and balancing their guns in tremulous old hands that failed to steady as the fusillade continued. Even the placid-eyed Yuma, intent on an unexpected meal amid those succulent grasses, turned reproachfully about at an uproar so unseemly. And as it kept up, the Amazonian figure of Salaria herself appeared about the bend in the river trail.

One glance at that incredible scene was enough to bring her into its midst. She bore down on the startled Lemuel and indignantly snatched the revolver from his hand at the same time that she soundly boxed his ears.

Then she leaped for the crestfallen Asaph, possessed herself of his weapon, and to him administered an even sounder box on the ears, following him step by step as he backed away in apparent fear of another assault.

"The idee o' you two ol' idlers pollutin' this valley air with your fool powder smoke!" she cried as she confronted them. "The idee o' you two ol' gamecocks fightin' and quarrelin' round this farm o' mine! As for you, Asaph Irwin, you shirkin' ol' groundhog, you're goin' to march straight home and be put to bed—and you're a-goin' to stay there until I say you kin git up!"

She swung about to where Lemuel was indignantly but adroitly tying his pack rolls together.

"And as for you, you cantankerous ol' trouble-maker, you git that wall-eyed ol' cayuse out o' my sight! You vamoose out o' this valley, and vamoose quick, or I'll lay a rope-end about your decrepit ol' shanks!"

"I'm a-goin'," muttered Lemuel as he untethered his pack horse and tightened a cinch.

"And you're a-goin' for good!" proclaimed Salaria as she flung the battered old revolver into the river.

Lemuel did not even look back.

"Come on, Yuma!" he said as he slapped the grizzled flank of his pack horse. "Mush, you ol' alkali eater, mush!" he repeated. And he drew a deep breath as he got under way, a breath of freedom.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU'LL FIND THIS DELIGHT AT ANY FOUNTAIN

Its thirst-quenching quality - its satisfying taste and charm of purity - has won for Coca-Cola tremendous popularity - and caused it to be sold everywhere.

RE-FRESH YOURSELF! FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

$1000

"Write-a-Lifebuoy-Ad" Contest

1st prize $250 · 2nd prize $100 · 3rd prize $50 · 60 prizes of $10 each

[SEE OPPOSITE PAGE]

1

Wonderful creamy lather!

"This is *my* kind of soap" is the comment of the new user of Lifebuoy Health Soap.

"It's the *lather!*" they say—the different, the generous, the creamy, dirt searching, skin soothing, pore purifying lather that is only Lifebuoy's.

Lifebuoy is orange-red—the color of pure palm fruit oil. Its clean, quickly vanishing odor assures you that Lifebuoy guards health.

2

ANTISEPTIC... *protects health*

The first law of health is cleanliness.

Sensible mothers—the Health Doctors of their families—provide the sensible, everyday health protection that Lifebuoy gives. They know that Lifebuoy gently removes germs that hands pick up from the many things they touch.

Its mild, soothing antiseptic lather safeguards health.

3

Health-Beauty

Bright-eyed, sturdy youngsters, a beautiful mother, younger than her years—an alert, successful dad—that's the typical Lifebuoy family—healthy and happy. Lifebuoy Health Soap is so mild and pure, its constant use is highly beneficial to the most sensitive skin.

MEN! WOMEN! BOYS! GIRLS!

Your big reason for liking Lifebuoy Health Soap may win $10, $50, $100 or $250 and be the best Lifebuoy advertisement ever written. Put down, in blank space No. 6, your own feeling about Lifebuoy or why you would like to try it—your personal knowledge of Lifebuoy gained by experience, your conviction as to why Lifebuoy is the one toilet soap above all others, regardless of price, which you prefer to use.

What is there about Lifebuoy that you could *say* to a neighbor that would make him or her buy Lifebuoy? *Write that down—it will be a good advertisement.* To test its value before you send it in, try it on some neighbors —*say* to *them* what you have written down. If what you say results in new users of Lifebuoy, you will know you have written an A-1, result-producing advertisement—one which should stand a good chance of winning a prize.

On these two pages are five miniature Lifebuoy advertisements. To read them may help you. Don't imitate them. Write *your* idea of Lifebuoy in *your* style. Of two equally interesting, convincing advertisements, the briefer will stand a better chance of winning. You needn't draw a picture. The prizes will be awarded on the merit of *the idea* and *the wording*, or "copy," as the advertising men call it.

Conditions of the Contest

Write your original Lifebuoy advertisement in blank space No. 6 (or on plain paper); write your name and address and mail to Lifebuoy Ad Contest, Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass. Enter as many advertisements as you wish to. The judges—a committee of advertising men of national reputation, not connected with Lever Bros. Co.—will select the sixty-three best advertisements, and checks for the prizes will be mailed to winners not later than August 1st, 1925. No one connected directly or indirectly with Lever Bros. Co. is eligible to enter this contest. 1st prize $250—2nd prize $100—3rd prize $50—sixty prizes of $10 each. In the case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Contest closes June 1, 1925.

This contest is open both to users and non-users of Lifebuoy. It is not required that you buy Lifebuoy as a condition of entering. If you have not used Lifebuoy, we will send you a free sample.

For beautiful hair

Big, creamy, stimulating suds! Quick, easy rinsing! Clean, wholesome odor, quickly vanishing. Women themselves discovered Lifebuoy for shampooing.

They say it makes the hair silky, fluffy, lustrous and keeps the scalp glowing with health. *Try Lifebuoy yourself*—for a perfect shampoo.

MEN!

there's kick in it

Absolute, definite, satisfying cleanness that makes skin and body tingle and glow with health, as they have never tingled and glowed before. That's the "kick" you will get from your first big orange-red cake of Lifebuoy.

Write your advertisement in space No. 6 below, or on plain paper, and mail *before* June 1*st to* "LIFEBUOY AD CONTEST" LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SIX?

IN THE EVENT that I win a prize, you have my permission to print my winning Lifebuoy advertisement with my name signed as the author.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

LIFEBUOY protects child-health

Purify sunlight— with *Wellsworth Cruxite Lenses*

DROPS of water and rays of sunlight—could anything be more harmless, more innocent?

Yet the laboratory work of Pasteur and his successors has taught us that even running streams may contain venomous typhoid germs—that a glass of such water can cause the death of a child!

Filtering Light

Light, also, is not as guiltless as it seems. Scientists have discovered an unfriendly element in sunlight—*ultra-violet rays*, invisibly dangerous, like disease germs.

They lurk in every dancing sunbeam. No matter how hard we squint or shade our eyes, these menacing ultra-violet rays come streaming in—bringing their train of ills, sometimes headaches or eyeaches, perhaps brain-fag or nerve depression.

Today, just as we filter water, we can purify sunlight. Thanks to the tireless efforts of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff, a lens has been invented which absorbs ultra-violet rays—the Wellsworth Cruxite Lens.

The beauty of Cruxite is that it invisibly protects you from the effects of the invisible ultra-violet rays. Its delicate tint blends agreeably with your complexion—casts no shadow under your eyes. The colors of Nature are unchanged—each appears in its true value.

Who should wear Cruxite? Probably everybody—particularly those who are often out of doors. The best way for you to make certain is to have your eyes examined at once. They may need correction without your knowing it. But whether they do or not, don't forget to consult your optical specialist about Wellsworth Cruxite Lenses.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH
PRODUCTS
for Better Eyesight

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOUNDATION FOR BETTER EYESIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1833

© 1925 A. O. Co.

DOES FRANCE INTEND TO PAY?

(Continued from Page 28)

Marin's argument that the war was a common undertaking for the defense of what we are pleased to call civilization, and that therefore there can be no crude, soulless reckoning up of debts among the Allies, might impress even us, the creditor, if Marin had been consistent, had he added to the proposed cancellation of France's debt to us some consideration of our contribution to this common fund and effort. But he nowhere advocates cancellation all around, and the uncharging or crediting of the United States with the hundreds of millions spent in this common cause, and quite aside from the item of foreign loans. At this late date he insisted that the French Parliament should urge debt cancellation upon the public opinion of the world, but by debt cancellation he means cancellation of the French debt to the United States.

Government and parliamentary circles now deplore the Marin speech. It looked too much like open repudiation, which is the debtor's act of defiance and ingratitude. France cannot officially question the fact that America loaned her money in good faith, and that France likewise in good faith promised to pay. But while France now awaits the generous and benevolent act of the creditor—namely, cancellation or partial cancellation—one might cite another illustration that is in line with the Marin argument. This is the case of the Russian debt to France. Russia owes France an immense amount. If she pays, France will be comparatively on Easy Street. France has always insisted that Russia must pay. Even the liberal minded Herriot recently stated explicitly that France expects the Soviets to recognize and settle this debt. The Russian losses while that country was listed as an Ally were two million seven hundred thousand dead, nearly twice the total of France, while the official figures of the missing are two million five hundred thousand, or five times greater than those of France. But in this demand on Russia for debt settlement the common cause is unmentioned, because of the fact, doubtless, that some of the money was loaned before the outbreak of war.

Misleading Propaganda

There are more daily newspapers in Paris than in any other city of Europe. Frenchmen are omnivorous newspaper readers; some of these papers have the greatest circulations of the world and penetrate to every hamlet of the country. Many of them are rated as solid and respectable organs of opinion. Others are completely venal. All of them, without a single exception, are completely agreed that the French debt to the United States should not be paid. Many of them now declare, without the *nuances* of diplomatic language that once served as camouflage, that the United States made the smallest contribution to victory, that therefore the debt due her is blood money, and that to France alone belongs the lion's share of glory. What then can be expected of the French people?

Only a few weeks ago a Paris daily that is consistently anti-American printed a cartoon drawn by an eminent artist. It depicted a French mutilated soldier dragging himself wearily to his feet and saying piteously that he must continue to carry on because "the American soldier must first be paid." This cartoon aroused much indignation among Americans in France, and brought a protest from the Paris post of the American Legion, the remaining outpost of the army that was, which annually decorates the graves of American soldiers in France. But the campaign went on. A few days later another cartoon appeared, showing one Frenchman saying sarcastically to another, "I thought the Americans were interested in us, but it seems that their interest is only at seven per cent"—a palpably malicious falsehood, for even a yellow French editor would know that the interest on the debt has never been charged at any such figure.

Admitted that these cartoons are a part of the fulminations of the sensational press. We pass from cartoons to newspaper literature, from which we get the following:

"We have come to the heart of the international debate on the subject of interallied debts. . . . France does not deny the debts that she has contracted to assure the means to defend her existence and the liberty of the civilized world. . . . She does not refuse to pay what she owes, but she intends to pay only what she really owes. She does not intend to be treated with less benevolence and generosity than the Allies have been obliged to treat a vanquished but defiant Germany. . . . In order seriously to establish the state of the debt, it is necessary to begin by determining what each one accomplished in the common enterprise against the powers of prey. . . . Does anyone dare deny that the contribution of France was not superior to that of any of the Allies? France gave the best of herself to assure the safety of all, and it would be a veritable injustice for her to pay all the sums that she borrowed in order to carry the fight to a final victory. . . . It was the military power of France that decided the war."

The foregoing quotation is from a daily newspaper that for decades has been the acknowledged reflector of official opinion in France—the Paris Temps. It has often been referred to as the semiofficial organ of the government, and has been the mouthpiece of the Quai d'Orsay, or French Foreign Office, in matters pertaining to ministerial policy. The quotation is taken from the issue of January 23, 1925, where it appeared as the leading editorial comment upon the speech of Louis Marin two days before, in the Chamber of Deputies. In the face of this, one might again raise the question as to what can be expected of the French people.

The voice of Louis Marin in the Chamber of Deputies voiced the opinion of France. The total of French losses can be recited by every schoolboy. From a professor at the Sorbonne to the humble café waiter in Paris, from the proprietor of a silk factory in Lyons to a peasant in Brittany, one hears exactly the same argument: "The United States has given us money and now she wants it returned. Will our sons be given back to us and our ruins restored?" And soon the Marin argument will be posted on the walls of every village that it may be studied and absorbed. Immediately after the speech, Parliament was persuaded by an agitated government to vote down the proposal that it be officially posted in all public buildings and schoolhouses. Since then several newspapers have combined to secure the necessary funds for distributing it in poster form. These papers assure their readers that the circulation will be nationwide.

Popular sentiment may be summed up in the statement that France does not intend to repudiate or to pay her debt to the United States.

Curious Reasoning

In the arguments for partial cancellation only, some curious ideas crop forth. Although during the time that the American Army was in France we paid on the nail for about everything that was possible to be charged for, including port charges for the ships that brought our men over, it now appears that one important item was overlooked. This is the charge for the military instruction given to American units from their time of landing until they took their place in the fighting line. One authority is cited as follows: "For one year France and her Allies made war for the United States. Who dares say that this does not constitute a credit, leaving aside the question of military knowledge that France gave the Americans from April, 1917, until April, 1918, during which time France lost 350,000 men."

The monetary value of the human life is also weighed. Marin himself cites an authority to the effect that Americans judge a human life to be worth about five thousand dollars, while the more modest French estimate its value at a trifle more than half that sum. Multiplying the French valuation by the number of French losses during the year of American collaboration that is now declared valueless, it is figured that about one billion dollars would cover it. The suggestion has not yet come through that the billion be lopped off the debt, but these figures have been solemnly cited from the Tribune of the French Parliament.

This entire state of public feeling is the natural result of French propaganda in France, considerably aided by the spectacle of the ordinary American tourist. Even now France continues to look upon America as a vast congregation of millionaires. It is unfortunate that the majority of Americans who get into the immediate line of French vision are always occupying the best suites in the best hotels, reserving the choicest tables in the best restaurants, motoring in imported cars from one expensive resort to another, or buying champagne in Montmartre. The average Frenchman can't believe that any American has any real worries, that any American ever sits up at night in his home and wonders and hopes concerning the education of his children or the paying of the mortgage on that same home.

Propaganda is an old and somewhat tiresome story. For years we have heard of that insidious German propaganda in America, and Soviet propaganda everywhere. To this day if the franc suddenly weakens a point on the dollar, the French will tell you that it is German propaganda in America. But tiresome as the subject has become, and righteous as we may believe our cause, it now seems necessary, if we intend to get anywhere along the line of debt settlement or in fact anything else, to reverse the usual propaganda channels, and inaugurate some real up-to-date American propaganda in France. Let the French see something of our side of the question. Otherwise even the memories may fade of the great days when France and the United States were united in the sacred bonds of brotherhood. Perhaps the sentiment of that epoch was smeared on a bit too thick, but then, in any case, everybody seemed more industriously trying to reach and maintain a real and decent international understanding. The war was to end war and make the world a good place to live upon, especially for posterity.

Post-Armistice Debts

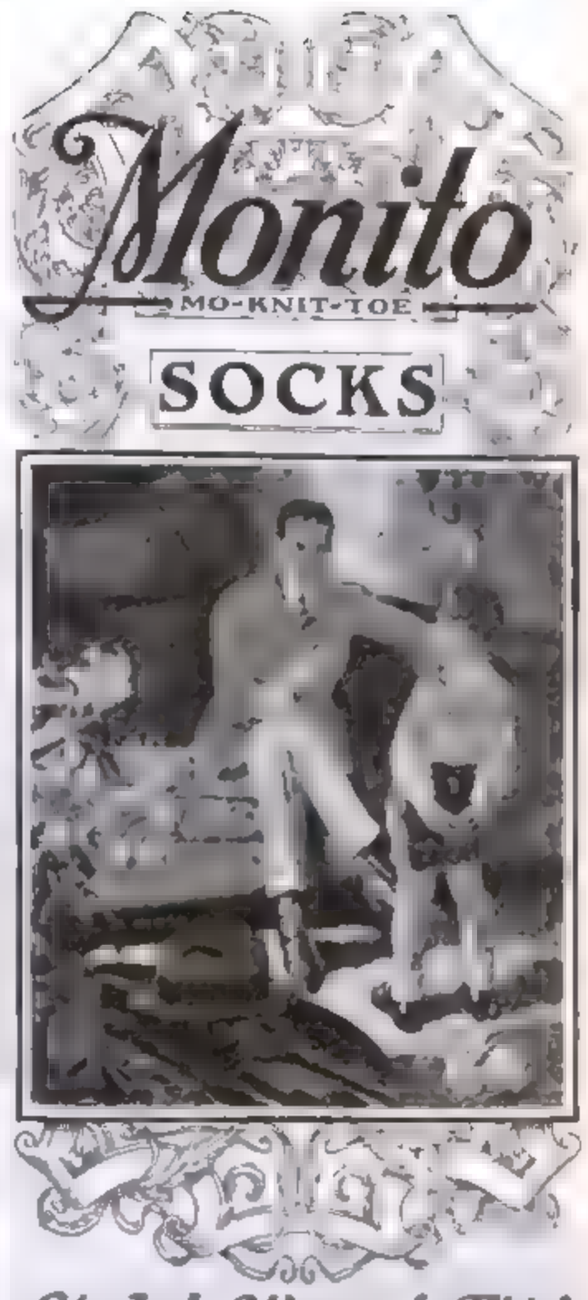
Among the news items that might well be spread throughout France is that one billion dollars of the debt—25 per cent of it—was borrowed after the Armistice, and therefore had nothing to do with the common victory. That might counterbalance the billion that is estimated as the value of French lives lost while the Americans were in French training camps. I have never seen this somewhat respectable sum printed or heard it mentioned in France. I am certain that outside financial and governmental circles not one Frenchman in a million knows about it. France herself does not seem to know what it was spent for. Both England and Italy furnished at least partial statements as to what was done with the money borrowed after the Armistice. The only French explanation that has been given is that it was disbursed by many special commissions that have since gone out of business, and that the labor of going through their vast accounts is too intricate and too great. Therefore the matter has been dropped.

Then we might in a certain measure agree with the suggestion of Le Temps, of reviewing and reassessing the different contributions, by adding the uncharging idea. Our trouble of course then would be that no figures could be agreed upon, in as much as we paid cash for everything purchased in France during the war. The uncharging of the United States has never once been mentioned. The fact that in France we paid trade prices for everything—this in addition to mileage for our trains and locomotives, for the roads that we built and the trenches that our men fought in—while at the same time the credits given for France for purchases in America were at lower rates, fixed by the board of war control, has never once been mentioned. The common purpose and the common account is the thesis of six years after the war. Not once during the war did one hear the idea that everything was in common and therefore could not be charged for.

Active American propaganda in France might also make the point that while much of the borrowed money was spent by France for food and munitions consumed for war purposes, the same being purchased in the United States, also many hundreds of millions of the debt represent credit buying in America of things later sold for cash to the French civil population. Aside from food, millions were invested in raw materials, sold to private French manufacturers for purposes of sustaining trade.

The war stocks that our Army left in France, sold on credit to France and never

(Continued on Page 105)



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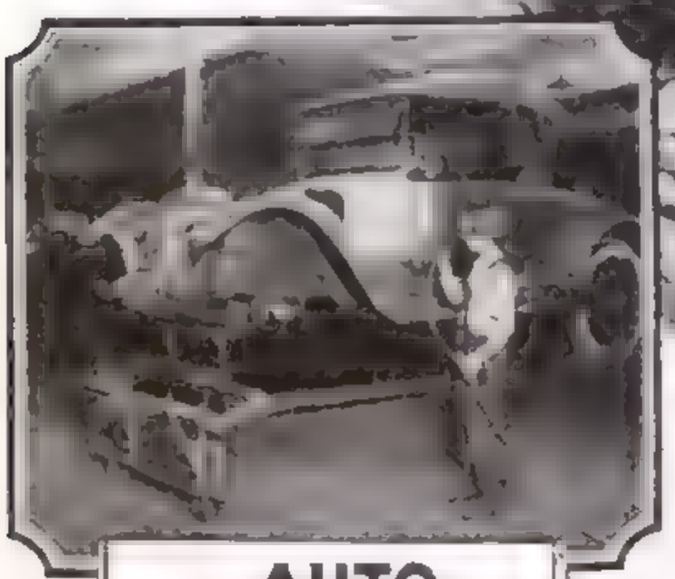

Murcote will stand it

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What is Murcote? In what way is it different from the elegant varnish finish to which you are accustomed?

Murcote is the new kind of lacquer finish, the result of long experimental work by our chemists and service departments. It possesses unique qualities of hardness, toughness and imperviousness. In automobile factories where it has been tested, Murcote has fully demonstrated its superiority.

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One big advantage of Murcote is that the painter won't keep the car as long—probably not more than a week. Each coat dries almost instantly.

Murcote is a special finish—special equipment is required by the Murcote painter. It has to be sprayed on—not brushed.

If you do not know a painter who displays the Murcote sign, we can direct you to one. You will be well repaid for learning all about Murcote. Write for this information.

THIS SIGN

is displayed over the doors of painters who are authorized to apply Murcote.

Painters who have not used Murcote are advised to write at once for full details.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Murphy

Murphy Varnish Company

Newark, N. J. Chicago, Ill. San Francisco, Calif. Montreal, Canada

a Murphy Finish—Murcote

(Continued from Page 103)

paid for, constitute only a small but interesting item. Only a few weeks ago I happened to be motoring along a country road in the South of France. A line of camions filled the road for a mile. They carried signs announcing the proprietorship of a large firm of French contractors. But out on the hood, molded in the brass, were the insignia of the United States Army. Shades of the Argonne!

France while industrially prosperous is undoubtedly greatly financially embarrassed by her enormous task of reconstruction and by her internal debt. Sixty per cent of her budget now represents only the interest on debts, both external and internal, and not a penny of principal. Therefore the entire matter of debt settlement depends upon whether or not she *can* pay. To determine this point is, after all, far more important than to discuss what she ought to pay. The French public has been misinformed as to the financial status of the country since the day of the Peace Conference. They were then told that the Germans would be forced to come across quickly for all damages, and their experts calmly presented a reparations bill of such staggering proportions that the entire world could not have paid it. When the excitement finally calmed down and the French delegates were forced to accept more reasonable propositions, government leaders showed neither ability nor willingness to make the people see the real facts and face them. The people have therefore deluded themselves, while the government has never issued a clear and plain statement of the financial condition.

The other Allies have often declared that the French tax rate is too small and out of proportion to the burden placed upon their own nationals. The French on the other hand insist that they are carrying an extremely heavy tax and that capital is not allowed to escape. It is impossible to get far into the inside of this entirely private affair, but it would appear that the tax books look more severe than they are, and that the revenue does not correspond. The Frenchman is constitutionally opposed to paying income tax, and the collector has his troubles.

Racial Differences

Despite her internal troubles France is not bankrupt, and therefore does not and cannot assume the rôle of the bankrupt debtor. French trade is constantly developing. Her colonies, especially in Indo-China and Africa, are turning out to be splendid markets. She also has a trade outlet in the small nations that she had aided politically, such as Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, and her annual exports have increased by billions of dollars. Nevertheless, if we judge the case from the banker's viewpoint, we must admit that it is unwise to hurry any debtor, and thus perhaps force him on the path toward bankruptcy.

But America has not pressed her friend and ally. The whole miserable discussion originated on the other side of the Atlantic—originated, it is true perhaps also, in the yellow press, and was carried on by jingo political orators. And while it may be that a sure way to lose a friend is to lend him money, it is probably at least as true that no one ever kept a real friend by forgiving a debt. France in her present mood would not even be grateful for such action on our part. We should then be looked upon as Shylock foiled.

At the heart of this misunderstanding is the same cause that is at the heart of a dozen others—the basic difference between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon—the basic difference in character and temperament of races. The Latin and the Anglo-Saxon think differently—divergently.

Fifteen years ago I sat on the *terrasse* of a Paris café with an eminent American journalist, then long resident of Paris, and who has since turned banker. War was not then even on the horizon, and we idly watched a carefree world stroll by. A remark made by my friend then has always remained in my memory. He said: "Americans and Frenchmen play together agreeably, and they fool themselves into thinking that they are alike. We often say that we get along with them better than with the British, despite the handicap of language. That is a mistake. Our Americans come here for pleasure and they like the French gayety and charm. But to do business here is another thing. In studying and trying to understand these people, the essential thing to remember is that they are entirely different from us. We do not think alike. The Latin does not follow the same processes of reasoning as the Anglo-Saxon. He adds, multiplies and subtracts on a system entirely his own. We are both right, according to our lights, just as, probably, are the followers of Confucius. American business men go wrong in believing that the French should think as they do."

A few weeks ago, while preparing this article, I again met this gentleman in Paris, and found him busy compiling statistics for his bank on the subject of the French debt. Our conversation went back to that afternoon fifteen years ago. I reminded him of what he said then, and he replied, "But that is the base of the whole trouble today. The French do not and probably cannot see the situation as we do. The rank and file have now had this Shylock idea shot into their veins. It may take longer than our lifetime to eradicate it."

Different Business Methods

To illustrate this difference in business thought processes: Jones of New York has an affair on with Dubois of Paris, and they make a rendezvous to talk it over. Smith goes along as witness for Jones, while Lepont is the listener-in for the Frenchman. Dubois makes a half dozen solemn promises concerning what he will do, and agrees definitely upon the sum of money that he will accept. If the talk is in Paris the quartet adjourn to a café, where they buy each other apéritifs or liqueurs according to the hour of day. If it is in New York they exchange cigars. Wherever it is, they shake hands solemnly, and make an appointment with lawyers for the following day, in order to draw up the written bond. The hour arrives. Jones is on time, but Dubois does not turn up; Lepont is there instead. He explains, with gestures and regrets, that friend Dubois had meantime been offered better terms elsewhere, and that the Jones deal is off. Jones raves and talks about honor, but he only gets more regrets. He made his mistake the day before in not insisting that a sum of money be exchanged—even a small sum—to apply on the stated total, and getting the Dubois signature then. With that in the Jones hand, Dubois, following all his traditions, would certainly have come through.

Suppose the deal is the other way around. It is Jones who makes the promises, and it is Jones who is to get the money and sign the receipt. Jones having given his word arrives on time. Every promise is nommated in the bond to the last letter. He hedges on nothing. He signs. But from that moment, according to his lights and traditions, he casts about for a way out. He keeps a copy of the agreement with him until he knows it by heart, and heaven help Dubois if the latter makes a slip. In that case Jones will seize every technicality to hold up or nullify the deal. Social amenities are forgotten in the different interpretations of honor and different processes of thinking that beset the pair. They twist and squirm and square off against each other, and their business relations are difficult if not unpleasant.

This same illustration of the difference in thinking can be used in the matter of the international debt. A part of the debt is secured by carelessly and hastily drafted I O U's. The entire debt has been admitted frequently, in public debates of the French Parliament, in interviews with premiers, and statements by the Finance Ministry; but nowhere in the record is there a clear statement of the total, legally verified and ratified by the two governments. There is no document addressed to "Dear United States" and signed "Yours sincerely, France," explicitly setting down in black and white, either the details or total of the great transaction. Much of the debt was made hurriedly in the rush of war. This, according to the French manner of thinking, leaves it all in the air, and properly open to endless argument.

The Frenchman's ideal of business honor is just as fine as that of the American, according to his own way of thinking. The American's word is his bond. In a business matter the Frenchman's word is his bond when it is accompanied by his signature—his name in his own handwriting, upon the dotted line. The American, once he signs his name on the line, often takes every advantage, legal and otherwise, to read it otherwise. One difficulty in the question of debt settlement is that France has the American money and America has the French word.

Yosemite Falls, California

Diplomatic Conversations

The recent indiscretions of French parliamentary orators have resulted in worrying the two governments considerably. France is wondering anxiously whether American public opinion is finally warming up. Therefore various methods and schemes for treating the case are getting careful attention. The British economist Keynes recently suggested that France should now offer one-third of the money she hopes eventually to get from the German reparations bill, to be turned over to America in full settlement and in full discharge. Unfortunately for that scheme, France has already heard some sarcastic American comment to the effect that America might then be compelled to collect from Germany if Germany does not pay France. Therefore the government continues to see the ideal *beau geste*, or magnificent political gesture, that will calm fears and perhaps succeed temporarily in leaving the situation *in statu quo*.

Soon after the Marin speech America was "rejoiced to learn," through the new French Ambassador at Washington, Monsieur Daeschner, to President Coolidge, that France will discharge her "material debt" as well as her "debt of gratitude." Immediately following the Daeschner assurance, Premier Herriot was to make a pronouncement in the Chamber of Deputies; but on that occasion, he—like Poincaré—again discovered the German menace, and instead spoke feelingly about that. However, further assurances are promised and the real *beau geste* may be forthcoming before this article can appear, the *beau geste* that may for once leave out the figures of the war losses, and provide a new form of window dressing to delight the eye of the United States.

We are great sentimentalists, we Americans. We have often paused to hear a hard-luck story, and never yet has a real one found us with our purse closed.

President Coolidge in reply to the Daeschner assurance properly expressed his "deep sense of satisfaction" on behalf of American holders of Liberty Bonds. Also he went straight to the heart of the trouble when he told Monsieur Daeschner that clear understanding must in future be the chief essential of the debt conversations. Certainly, unless facts and figures take the place of oratory and sentiment, by the time any real solution is reached, those of us who may then be able to limp along in the celebration will be as numerous as the veterans of the G. A. R. or the Crimean War. The sacred union of "France—Amérique" that was supposed to endure forever, for the greater good of humanity, will be as definitely forgotten as are already some of the war's greatest aims.

France and America, anyway, must be more businesslike about this business matter; the only other thing to do is to forget it and for everybody to stop talking about it.

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SOME WONDERS OF WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 37)

pushing their coiffures against their partners' faces, and of taking stimulants straight out of someone's flask instead of waiting for a paper drinking cup—or instead of drinking it out of their slippers the way they used to in the wild old preprohibition days, when Aunt Virginia was a girl.

"They make a pretty good argument, these people do; and they are so emphatic and noisy in their statements about all the things for which prohibition is responsible that large numbers of lukewarm prohibitionists and nondrinkers are beginning to believe them.

"There is, however, a very grave flaw in their argument, said flaw consisting of the fact that our English cousins are in a state of nerves over the persistence with which the younger Britons of both sexes are toddling around to dance clubs at all hours of the day and night with flasks on their hips, and doing exactly the same things that the wild young Americans are doing.

"The English feel so bitterly on the subject that great numbers of admirals, bishops, curates, dons, senior wranglers, fellows, generals, barts and ordinary taxpayers have yielded to the great emotional urge of writing to the London Morning Post on the subject; and from their letters it may easily be seen that the British differ widely as to the causes of all this loose living.

"Some blame it on the housing shortage, some on American cinema films, some on American jazz, while the rest vacillate between an alteration in the position of the Gulf Stream, the Labor Party and various other things that have recently come among the British to make life hideous for them. But none of them blame it on prohibition for the excellent reason that there is no prohibition in England, and consequently prohibition can't have anything whatever to do with it."

Mr. Flack looked up in distress at a sweet young thing whose sleepy eyes and wearily pendulous lower lip were neutralized by the vigor with which she had swung the pannier of her evening gown against Mr. Flack's carefully combed hair.

"You have to watch them," he declared somewhat pessimistically. "If you don't have plenty of heavy oily food on the table to make them think about their dresses, they're just as apt as not to kick the table over on top of you or use it to dance on. Rody, see that we get a couple of Welsh rabbits with plenty of shortening, and two Black Cows without ice."

Mr. Flack watched with keen appreciation the calm and quiet manner in which the handsome captain thereupon spoke a word here in Alsatian, another word or two there in Czech, a quick sentence in Hungarian and a few scattered phrases in Albanian, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Kurdish, Polish and Pomeranian, thus sending his well-trained staff hastening hither and yon to make sure that the lightest whim of the eminent guest was gratified in every detail.

"I like to listen to the anti-prohibitionists," said Mr. Flack amiably, when the coat tails of the last waiter had flicked out of sight, "because their first story is the one they always stick to in spite of hell and high water; and they always claim everything in their first story."

"Intimate Revelations"

"The anti-prohibitionists tell you in all seriousness that everyone in the city of Washington goes on a cocktail party every night; and it does no good to point out to them that there are 450,000 people in the city of Washington, so that the law of averages makes it certain that at least 300,000 of them never touched a drop of liquor in their lives, while the pocketbook nerve prevents another 100,000 from ever having the expensive stuff in the house.

"Everybody in Washington drinks in the same way that everyone in Boston goes to the Harvard-Yale football game when it's played in Cambridge in a stadium seating 42,000 people, and in the same way that everyone in New York goes to the seashore for the summer months, leaving only about 5,000,000 to creep dejectedly around the city's deserted streets; but the anti-prohibitionist keeps right on saying that everyone drinks; and when he says everyone, he means everyone.

"You will also notice that every little while someone writes a book of shockingly intimate revelations about court life in Europe or congressional life in Washington, which book invariably reveals nothing whatever except the fact that author has a troublesome liver; and word goes out that everyone—just simply everyone, my dear—is reading it. When the dust clears away from the bookkeepers of the firms that published the books, however, it is usually discovered that the most daring and startling and widely read of these near-revelations has sold a grand total of 22,337 copies, which is a very good sale, indeed, but scarcely enough to place a copy in the hands of each of the 115,000,000 residents of these United States."

Great Expectations

"Nevertheless, you've got to give the anti-prohibitionists credit for believing what they say; and the same thing goes for a number of people who hold peculiar beliefs along other lines of endeavor. When Senator Hiram Johnson, the California thundercloud, develops one of his recurrent attacks of plotitis and gets up on the Senate floor and explains in clear and persuasive phraseology that everything which fails to meet with his approval is the result of a conspiracy against him, it is his fixed belief that such a conspiracy exists.

"And when Senator Royal Copeland, the perpetually becarnationed health specialist from the Empire State, imprisons in his mind the belief that he is going to be the next President of these United States, he does not examine his tongue in the mirror or tap his kneecap with a little rubber hammer in order to find out what causes this fascinating fantasy to flit so persistently around his brainpan. No, indeed! The senator is convinced that because he was once the Republican mayor of Ann Arbor, Michigan, the Republicans of the nation will cast their votes for him; whereas, because he was elected to the United States Senate by the Democratic voters of the sovereign state of New York, the Democrats of the nation will step up to the polls in mass formation and also cast their ballots for him with a reverberating thud that will be heard from the hibiscus-screened Miami retreat of William Jennings Bryan to the palm-bowered Los Angeles palace of William Gibbs McAdoo, so that he will be elected practically unanimously to the glad task of keeping himself healthy in the White House."

Mr. Flack interrupted his discourse to permit a waiter to place before him a sizzling dish of Welsh rabbit and a tall glass filled with his favorite blend of cream and sarsaparilla, known to himself and his intimates as a Black Cow. He immediately cut off a small piece of rabbit-covered toast, impaled it on his fork and posed it near his right ear, whereat a beautiful lady in light green, who was going through a number of violent wriggles in unpleasant proximity to his shoulder, hastily wriggled her partner to a safer neighborhood.

"I sometimes wonder," continued the distinguished author and former minister to Bessarabia, "when letters come drifting into Washington indicating that the persistently stubborn or stubbornly persistent lawyer-cowboy, William Gibbs McAdoo, is planning to reward those who followed the waving plumes of his hair pants during the great 1924 cave-in as soon as he is elected in November, 1928, and when the clothing designers seriously issue a statement to the effect that men will wear pleated trousers in the near future, and when prominent advertisers of corsets, undergarments, automobile tires, noodles, overalls and other commodities continue, day after day, to embellish the scenic beauties of our so-called fair land with expansive billboards showing enlarged and delicately colored representations of said corsets, undergarments, noodles, and so on—I sometimes wonder, when these things force themselves on my attention, why the type of person who represents the nation in government circles and the halls of Congress is not lower than it is.

"It doesn't do any good to start wondering about matters in Washington, however," added Mr. Flack with a nonchalant wave of his rabbit-laden fork, "because if one goes into the wondering business with any seriousness, one will be obliged to wonder what qualities in some of the present cabinet caused them to be named for their positions, and how it is that so many thousands of Washingtonians can endure the deadly dullness of official functions and White House receptions and large dinners without going violently insane from boredom and nervousness, and why so many senators who literally don't know enough to ache when they're in pain are able to persuade their constituents to send them back to the Senate for what practically amounts to a life sentence.

"One can wonder forever about such matters as these without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion; and a conscientious wonderer will soon have so many things to wonder about that he won't have time to eat or even to read those frequent issues of the Washington Post which modestly give its chief editorial writer, Col. George Harvey, full credit for bringing about, by means of his editorials, almost everything known to man, including the rise in the stock market, the popularity of the Prince of Wales, the eclipse, the fall of the MacDonald ministry in England, the latest outburst of indignation in France over the fact that we dare to let France owe us money, and the improvement in the Italian railways.

"I must insist, though, on wondering just what sort of thoughts flit through the heads of non-Washington residents when they gurgle to Washingtonians—as they usually do, 'Washington must be such an interesting place to live in!'

"I suppose they think of Washingtonians as sitting around knee to knee with the nation's best thinkers and receiving constant earfuls on the intimate inside of national and international questions, or as spending most of their time at glittering functions where beautiful members of the diplomatic set tap them lightly on the shoulder with their fans and whisper blinding bits of information that would give half the chancelleries in Europe a bad case of the gripes if they should hear them.

"If so, they are wrong; and it always seems a shame not to take the time to tell them that life in Washington is very similar to life in Keokuk, Omaha, Portland, Springfield or El Paso, but much harder on the feet and nervous system.

"If one goes to a big glittering Washington function, the jam is so great that one has to stand up all through it, and one is lucky to be able to find an acquaintance with whom to exchange airy nothings for three or four consecutive hours on the state of the weather or the President's latest bit of garrulousness. After four hours of this, ninety-nine one-hundredths of the participants in the brilliant spectacle are interested in only one thing, said thing being an easy-chair into which they can hurl themselves and relieve their feet of the indignities to which they have been subjected."

Highbrow Hostesses

"If one goes to an ordinary dinner party, the conversation hinges almost entirely on bootleggers, the pock-marked conditions of Washington streets, the chattiness of the President and similar important matters which are as easy and as interesting to discuss in Tacoma, Galveston or Kennebunk Port as in Washington, D. C.

"Occasionally a highbrow hostess comes on the scene with an obsession that she can run a salon that will make that of Madame de Staël look like a meeting of the clam shucker's union. So she directs the conversation at her dinner table, and makes her guests tell all that they know on given subjects, with the result that those who attend her party carry around in their heads the most remarkable mass of misinformation that has been accumulated since Baron Munchausen got out his ravings in book form.

"This is due to the fact that 99 per cent of Washington's best thinkers get all of their information out of the newspapers, but read the newspapers so carelessly that their information turns sour in their minds.

"One doesn't get intimate insides on national and international questions in Washington; one gets guesses. Washingtonians of the inner political, diplomatic and official set are the most industrious guessers in the world; and the residents of Pebble Beach, Jacksonville or Haverhill could speak as authoritatively and interestingly on approaching national events as the best informed Washingtonians if they would only remove the inhibitions from their guessing apparatus and put out a lot of wild guesses as genuine information.

The most highly respected Washington guessers waste no time in making their guesses on current happenings. Consequently Washington is constantly being deluged by rumors that the President's electrical exercising horse, instead of being animated by electricity, is worked by Frank Stearns, or that the alumni of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania are opening national headquarters in Washington in an attempt to prevent any more desirable appointments being given to Amherst graduates.

"Such inside information as this can be originated by anyone who wishes to work up a reputation for being on the extreme political inside; and if the originator sticks to his story with the persistence which is shown by the anti-prohibitionists, he can make almost everyone believe that he is telling the truth.

"Along this line, it should be added that one of the easiest things to originate is a new Coolidge story; and these stories, furthermore, can be originated as easily in Keokuk or Bangor as in Washington. The basis of 14,900 out of every 15,000 Coolidge stories that are heard in the course of a week is a short answer to a fat-headed question. All the stories are humorous; and the humor is obtained by attempting to twist a New Jersey or Wisconsin or Georgia or Alabama brogue into a Vermont twang. These stories are guaranteed to get a laugh in almost every gathering."

Dinner Stories

"They always start by the narrator asking, with a sly and knowing grin, 'Have you heard the lastest one about Cal and Mrs. Dewington Honeycart?' Everyone at once leans forward, and, with an anticipatory smile, eagerly urges the narrator to go on.

"'Well,' says the narrator, controlling his mirth with difficulty, 'when Mrs. Dewington Honeycart was acting as hostess down at the Waffle Makers Charity Ball, the President came in; and, of course, Mrs. Honeycart was embarrassed and wanted to say something to him that would put him at his ease, so she said, very nicely, "Oh, Mr. President, I hope you won't think the question is too intimate, but you seem so healthy and wiry that I have often wondered about it; and oh, do tell me, Mr. President, whether you got your physique, as Lady Coaten-Vest of the British Embassy says, by playing polo when you were a boy in Vermont?" Well, Cal looked at her under his eyebrows for a minute, and then what do you think he said?'

"It is now evident that the big, humorous climax of the story is approaching, so the eyes of the company gleam with eagerness, and the proper dramatic pause is provided. 'He said,' declares the narrator, twisting down his mouth and attempting to imitate the voice of the village cut-up in Way Down East, 'he said, "Didn't have any polo fields in Vermont when I was a boy."'

"Thereupon the narrator sits back with a triumphant leer and the company roars with laughter. One can get exactly as good a Coolidge story by having someone ask him whether he enjoyed the opening game of the baseball season, and having the President reply no. Or by having someone ask him how often he has his hair cut, and having Coolidge reply, 'When I need it.'

"From the laughter that results from the retailing of such replies, it is easy to see that Washington society—and society in a great many other places as well—thinks that there is something exquisitely humorous and more than a little strange and reprehensible in a simple and unadorned answer to a question.

"This tends to corroborate the recent declaration of Sir Arthur Keith, president of the Anthropological Institute, to the effect that man's brain through the ages has been gradually getting smaller."

Mr. Flack stopped his discourse as his eye met that of a ninety-three-pound young lady in white whose head was pillowed cozily on the chest of a somewhat stupid-looking youth with a scrawny neck. The young lady's eye moved rapidly from Mr. Flack's face to the long coffee-colored drink in front of him, and then back to his face again. Mr. Flack hastily popped a piece of

(Continued on Page 111)

"Mother will try to find a way"

A happy family . . A comfortable home . . Then—*a father stricken down without warning (life is like that!) . . A worthless estate . . Little hearts that cannot comprehend . . "Mother will try to find a way" . . What tragedy is in that familiar phrase!*

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Easy Starting	*incomparable*	Piston seal	*complete*
Flexibility	*increased*	Oil mileage	*increased*
Manifold Distribution	*uniform*	Spark plugs	*cleanest*
Carbonization	*minimum*	Carbonization	*minimum*

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With an oil stove equipped with the patented Kerogas Burner, you get the same advantages you have in a gas range—the same kind of flame under as perfect control—but you spend less for fuel.

The Kerogas Burner uses only one part kerosene to 400 parts air—so you see how little it costs. And your cooking and baking are done quickly and done right. The even, steady Kerogas flame is applied just where you need it. None wasted.

This famous burner gives "a flame within a flame," which you regulate instantly by the turn of a little control wheel. Have it as strong and intense or as low and gentle as you wish. *It will always be uniform, odorless, smokeless.*

Don't buy an oil stove until you see the Kerogas *Genuine One-Piece Brass* Burner. Many of the best makes of stoves are equipped with it, and leading dealers carry them. Be sure that the name KEROGAS is on the burners of the stove you select.

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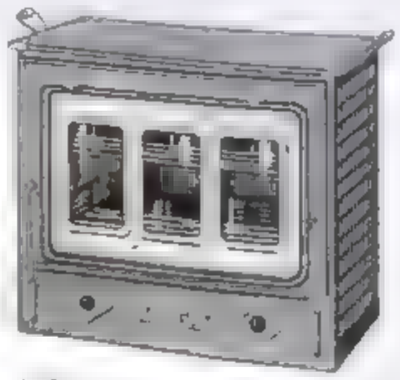
Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. You can get the new *Heavy-Duty Giant Kerogas Oil Cook Stoves* equipped entirely with "Giant" burners. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.



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(Continued from Page 106)

rabbit into his mouth and felt nervously of his necktie.

"They haven't changed," he remarked with some positiveness, but without removing his gaze from the expressionless eye of the young lady in white. "I remember that same approach in Baltimore eleven years ago, and at an inaugural ball right here in Washington about sixteen years ago, and at a couple of parties at Sherry's when I was just out of college, and so on, and so on, and so on. Oh, dear me! Well, let's see; where were we? Oh, yes!

"I hear a number of people indulging in some heavy wondering as to whether the tendencies of the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, Senator William Borah, now that the refining influence of that very distinguished statesman, Charles Evans Hughes, has vanished from the State Department, will result in the recognition of Soviet Russia in the near future.

"The only trouble with that starry-eyed form of wonder, according to some of Washington's more conservative guessers, is that the wonderers are doing their wondering in the wrong pew, so to speak. Instead of being a wild-eyed Bolshevik, Borah is a good deal of a conservative and a man of intellectual honesty—a fact worthy of note when one considers the many intellectually dishonest men in the United States Senate, who leap from position to position for expediency's sake with enough speed and agility to make the nimble chamois of the Alps look, by comparison, like a broken-down cab horse wearing lead shoes.

"Senator Borah is a strange man, and a man who seems to be greatly misunderstood by the country at large. As a speaker, he is the pride of the United States Senate. He is logical, forceful, brief and eloquent; and any other senator who is foolish enough to think that he can butt in on one of Borah's speeches and trip him up or push him off the track is sure to have his fingers badly mangled by the Borah buzz saw.

"The Washington correspondents waste no time in getting into the Press Gallery when Borah speaks, which is a signal honor when one considers that they waste no time in getting out of the gallery when the great majority of the senators feel impelled to emit a few burning words—the word 'burning' in this sense being used as it is when used in connection with a slow fire; burning rags or burning punk, for example."

The Craving for Perfection

"All the other senators are afraid of him in a debate, and they have respect for his opinions. He frequently influences legislation on important matters; and yet he appears to lack sufficient influence over himself to force himself to agree with his own views.

"The chief reason for this unusual state of affairs appears to be Borah's craving for perfection. He wants treaties perfect and he wants laws perfect. He roars and bellows for a treaty or a law, and at the same time nurses a private understanding with himself that he won't be satisfied with anything short of perfection.

"When the treaty or law is evolved, it is far from perfect, owing to the fact that the United States Senate has talked it full of errors; and Borah is consequently obliged to turn against it.

"We find him, for example, hounding the Government in ringing phrases to mix up in European affairs; but at the same time he emits resonant cries of protest at any mention of the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations, which provide the only existing means for this country to enter European affairs, but which are as far from perfection as is a boarding-house omelet.

"It was Borah who started the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments; yet he voted against the Four-Power Treaty by which the armaments were limited. He proposed a general economic conference and then never did anything about it because flaws began to develop on every side. He started to investigate the nonrecognition of Russia, but dropped it after a few days—possibly because he realized that other important investigations were getting too much publicity to permit his investigation to be regarded as perfect. The perfect investigation gets on the front page of every newspaper for at least nine successive days.

"His search for perfection and his aversion to imperfection may even be noted when he takes his seat in the Senate Chamber or attends the meeting of a committee of which he is a member; for as soon as he has comfortably settled himself in his chair, he gets right up and goes away again.

"Consequently the more conservative guessers are strongly of the opinion that if by any chance a treaty should be drawn up between the United States and Soviet Russia during Senator Borah's reign as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, it would necessarily fall short of perfection before the Senate got through tampering with it, and would consequently fail to win approval or support of Senator Borah, who has been one of the strongest advocates of opening up relations with that aggregation of peevish and dangerous inferiority complexes known as the Soviet Government."

The Russian Default

"So the genuinely astute guessers say that it isn't to Senator Borah that those who are interested in the subject of Russian recognition should look, but to the sterling and able Amherst alumnus who, in his graduating year of 1895, or thereabouts, joined the other members of his class in voting for the individual who was expected to become the class' greatest member, and cast the only vote that was cast for Calvin Coolidge. That person is none other than Dwight Morrow, now a partner in the great house of Morgan; and since the Allied loans were fertilized and watered and nurtured by the house of Morgan, and since the Soviet Government greets with hoarse and raucous laughter all suggestions to the effect that the Soviet Government take steps to make good on the loan which the United States made to Russia, it is the guess of the guessers that Dwight Morrow, by virtue of his Amherst degree and his early faith in Calvin Coolidge and one thing and another, will be the gentleman whose statements concerning the recognition or the nonrecognition of the Soviet Government will be heard with the most rapt and respectful attention.

"And that reminds me that if all available Amherst graduates have been utilized in the filling of government offices under the Coolidge Administration, it might be a good idea for the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, whose secrets and watchwords and oaths were locked within the breast of Brother Coolidge during his college days, and whose chapters are more numerous than the seeds in a grapefruit, might do well to advance the claims of some of its more prominent members for Brother Coolidge's consideration. Thus many colleges might be honored and the wail that Amherst is being unduly favored might be partially smothered."

Mr. Flack craned his neck from side to side in an effort to locate among the merry dancers some person unknown. A noisy black-haired lady at the next table, who had apparently spent her girlhood and a good slice of her womanhood in the liveliest of Iowa or Nebraska's many lively cities, pressed her cigarette against the toy balloons that decorated the tables, screeching with girlish laughter as she did so; but in spite of the explosions and screeches, Mr. Flack's eye wavered not at all in its eager search. Sighing impatiently, he at length took a large bite of his rabbit.

While in the very act of attempting to free himself, his eyes met the expressionless single eye of the ninety-three-pound young lady in white who had looked at him so potently a few moments before, and who now materialized from nowhere once more with her head still pillowed on the chest of the stupid-looking youth with the scrawny neck, and with her eye still staring at Mr. Flack with a meaning expressionlessness. Growling ferociously, Mr. Flack made a passionate effort to free his mouth of the rubbery mass, but by the time he had succeeded the young lady had vanished again.

"It must be a great relief to a great many of our legislators," resumed Mr. Flack, when he had soothed his annoyance with a long drink of Black Cow, "to see the growing tendency on the part of earnest students of past events to discredit dead gentlemen who built up excellent reputations through years of careful and patient endeavor, and to minimize the faults of bad eggs of bygone days. I notice that a gentleman named Woodward recently handed George Washington a few tart raps and wound up by labeling him one of the chief waxwork figures in American history. Other historians, on the other hand, have stepped forward with a number of well-chosen words to prove that Benedict Arnold was a noble-hearted, altruistic gentleman, that Bluebeard was as kind and gentle as a Jersey cow, and that Captain Kidd was as simple and honest a sailor as ever devoted his spare moments to building miniature ship models inside of rum bottles.

"In view of this tendency, there is little doubt that the year 2025 will see the more advanced histories and writers acclaiming the Congress of 1925 as an aggregation of mental giants whose legislation was public-spirited, wise and unhampered by partisan politics.

"Future students of politics will realize that the distinguished South Carolina Democrat, Senator Nathaniel Barksdale Dial, couldn't have known what he was talking about when he infuriated his colleagues by declaring that the Democratic side of the Senate had fallen into shifty opportunism, seizing every fad of the moment, yielding to every pressure from lobbies and galleries, veering to every wind that seemed to promise popularity, regardless of the direction from which it blew.

"Future generations won't need to know that when the wind of Democratic pressure blew on him a few days later, Senator Dial did a little veering himself, and went through the form of withdrawing his speech from the Record, thus squaring himself with his brother Democrats, even though the speech had already been printed in the Record.

"And future generations can also overlook the excellent work of those sturdy workers for economy and the public weal, Senator James E. Watson, Republican, of Indiana, and Senator Furnifold M. Simmons, Democrat, of North Carolina, who neatly engineered the deal to raise the pay of legislators from $7500 to $10,000 a year, the argument for said deal being that the increased salary would bring a better grade of men into the halls of Congress and thus result in the passing of laws that would increase the wealth and prestige of the nation, or something like that."

The Farmer's Trust

"This argument came as something of a shock to moderns, who have so often heard legislators declare proudly that the standard of membership in the House and the Senate is as high as the standard has ever been in this or any other country. Future generations will realize—just as they realize that George Washington was a waxwork figure—that the congressional standards that obtained in 1925 couldn't be and weren't raised by adding $2500 to the salaries of senators and representatives.

"It might also be remarked in passing that the members of the Senate who objected to this attempt to improve congressional standards were Senator Norris, of Nebraska, and Senator Magnus Johnson, of Minnesota, both of whom receive a fair amount of cursing from time to time, but who are consistently honest in their attempts to prevent anyone from getting away with anything to which he isn't entitled.

"Agriculture, of course, is in good condition. The farmer is planning to buy a lot of good machinery; but deep in his heart the farmer would feel far better if he had some of the legislation that Congress has dangled before his eyes instead of still having to trust in God and a bad crop in Canada.

"And those senators and representatives who are forced to wend their weary way to said agricultural districts are going to hope that the ice will soon vanish from the streams so that they can go fishing instead of facing the constituents who are so rudely given to inquiring how come."

Mr. Flack suddenly rose to his feet and smiled pleasantly at the ninety-three-pound young lady in white, who had again appeared at his side with her head still pillowed on the chest of the stupid-looking youth with the scrawny neck, and with her eye flitting expressionlessly from Mr. Flack's face to his empty Black Cow glass.

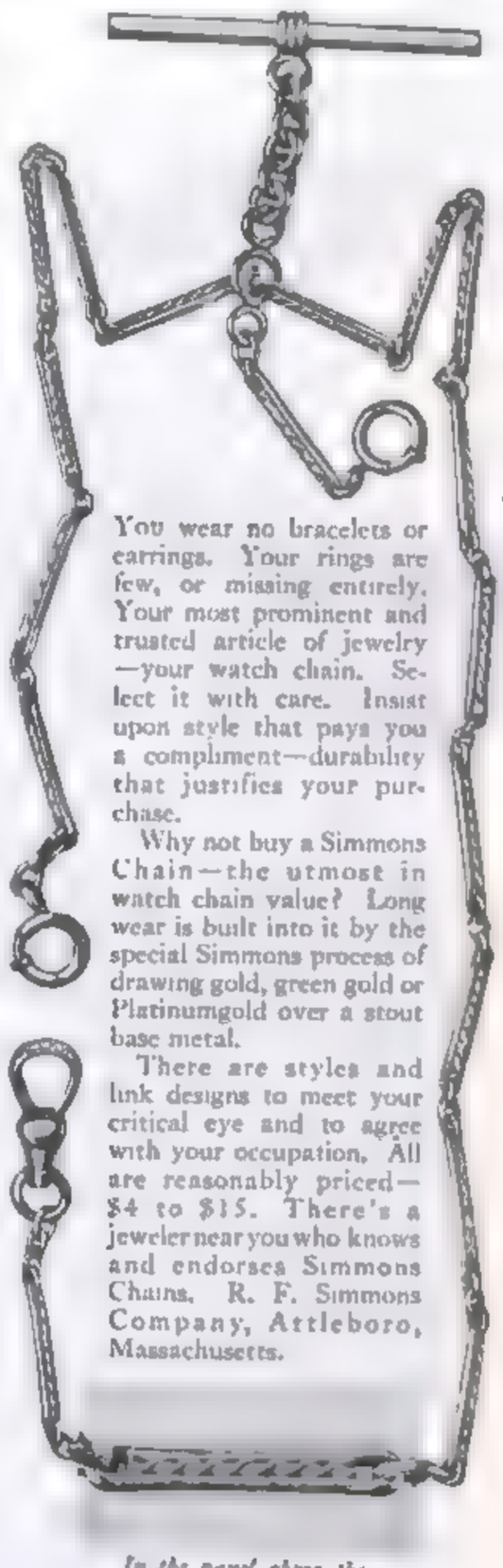
"Would you mind if I broke in?" asked Mr. Flack with a courtly bow.

The young lady in white lifted her head from her partner's chest.

"It depends on what you want to break into," said she. "I'm a Federal agent. You haven't got anything in that glass, have you?"

"My mistake," said Mr. Flack, hastily reseating himself as the young lady repillowed her head and joggled gracefully on her way. "And the worst of it is," he added, as he moodily signaled the waiter for another round of Black Cows, "she may be telling the truth."

Here's to *man's* adornment



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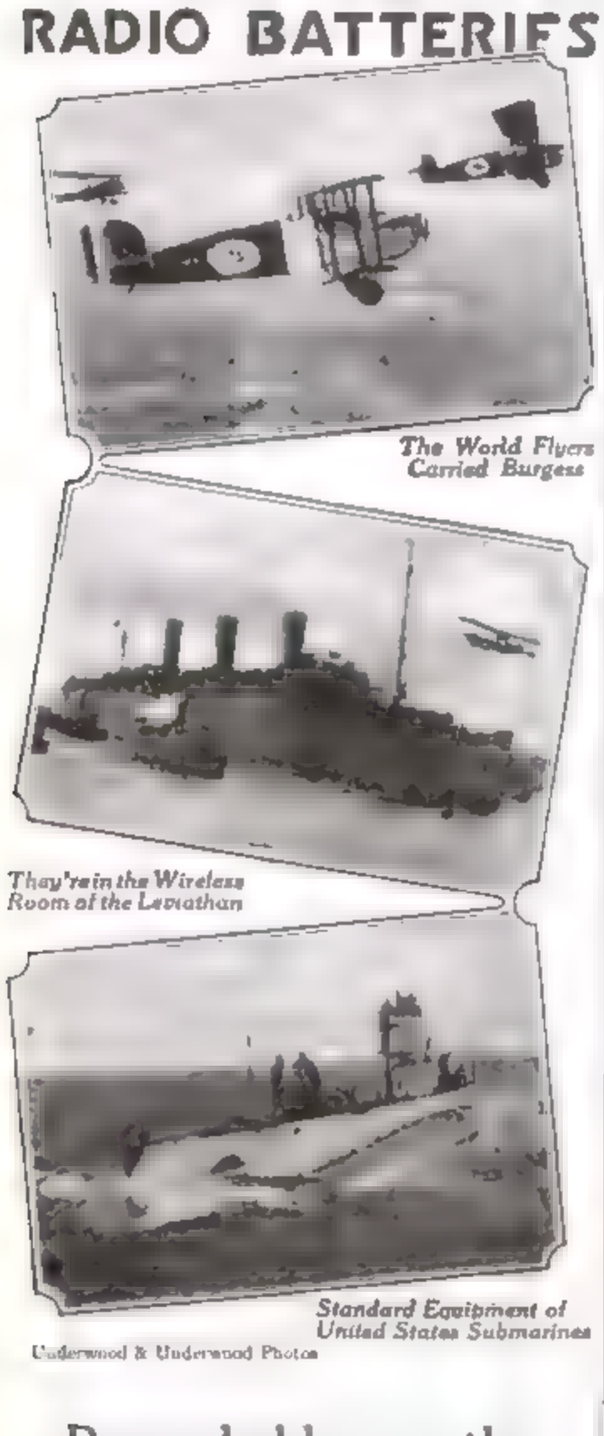

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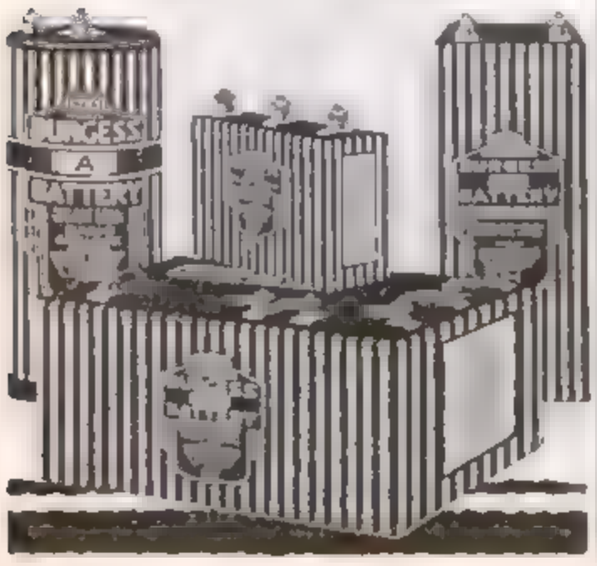

NOBLES AND FINKS

(Continued from Page 12)

a part of the main car barn is often set aside and fixed up as living quarters, kitchen, mess hall and flop dormitory. In a factory a floor or two are very likely to be converted into a temporary hostelry where nobles and finks eat, sleep and revel in secluded luxury at the expense of the particular employer involved. On railroad strikes nobles and finks get a big surprise—a very agreeable one. They are inside of a Pullman, pounding their ears in comfortable berths. During exceptionally tenacious and long-drawn-out struggles between stubborn employers and strikers, and when nobles and finks feel far more at ease within cloistered walls, barbers, toilet articles and sometimes underwear are put on the free list. Of course, in many such instances a few of the more daring nobles and finks may venture outside the safety zone for a change of scenery, but as a rule the majority prefer to remain within protected territory. The safety zone is pretty safe in most cases. It is generally patrolled by cocky nobles, and if conditions warrant it there may be a few policemen, or a squad of state troopers, or a platoon of militia, or a company or so of genuine doughboys to reënforce them. But once off the property where a strike is on, nobles and finks, individually and collectively, are wholly responsible for the smooth surface of their own skin.

A street-car strike had been called in a Western city. The company affected decided to try to break it, and engaged a New York chief of finks to engineer the operation. Fifty nobles, two hundred finks and a suitable proportion of greaseballs, as culinary artists and maitres d'hôtel are styled by the profession, made up the vanguard, the first shipment. Our departure from New York had been timed so as to bring us to our destination about three o'clock on the morning of the third day out. We arrived on schedule time. Getting off the train we were jammed into waiting motor vehicles and whisked away by various routes to the company's main car barn. Here we found provided for us everything essential to ease our ravenous appetites, which had been aggravated to the point of desperation by a two days' diet of antediluvian crackers and Morse-code coffee while en route. These tough biscuits had been taken on board our train in New York and, by direction of the boss fink in charge, handed out to us with Klondike-nugget care at stops where our coffee, that had been ordered by wire in advance, would be awaiting us.

When Money Barks

For good reasons of his own, I suppose, the boss fink didn't think it worth while to mention the fact that the street-car company to which we were consigned would be charged one dollar a meal, three meals a day, for each individual while traveling, which meant about two thousand dollars for the trip. But now we saw before us an elaborate layout! Cooking range and kitchen utensils ready for immediate use; improvised dining tables with spick-and-span oilcloth; flop cots and blankets; hot and cold water; showers, soap and towels. In a short time our chef produced a real breakfast of fruit, cereal with creamed milk; steaks, chops, bacon and eggs, according to individual preference; butter, yeast biscuits hot from the baker's, and coffee. Cigars were also handed out with a free hand. They treat us awful nice the first few days.

Breakfast over, some flopped, some smoked. A few of the more prosperous ones, with a few pennies, a nickel, a dime or so, amused themselves rolling the bones; while still others gathered in groups and swapped yarns, telling one another of the many desperate battles they had been engaged in on other and similar jobs, a sort of mental poker game, boosting one another every time.

At eight o'clock the same morning a few of the street-car company's officials and technical men came to look us over and to give us instruction in the science of street-railroading. We were sorted out, as it were, and lined up in groups—fink motormen in one group, fink conductors in the second, and fink linemen in the third. We were shown how to manipulate a controller; how to set brakes; how to yank the bell cord; how to ring up fares, which part of the instruction was entirely superfluous; and many other bits of knowledge in connection with the work before us. This school of practical demonstration continued for several days. As yet no attempt had been made to operate cars on the streets.

During the early hours on the morning of the fifth day another draft of nobles and finks blew in. This made us more than four hundred strong, all seasoned members of the profession, and the street-car company decided it was time to begin operation. A little before six o'clock on the morning of the sixth day a screw fink called for volunteers to take out the first car. Volunteers! There was and is a very good reason for calling for volunteers in such cases. When strikers are in an irritant mood, as they generally are at the beginning of a strike-breaking operation affecting their interest, and are gathered by the hundreds in the vicinity of the seat of trouble, there is considerable apprehension in the noble-and-fink camp. Therefore it is customary under such conditions to call for a volunteer crew to take out the first car, and to pay an extra bonus to those who thus willingly risk showers of soft and hard stuff that sometimes come their way. Money talks, they say. With us it barks. Hence, little difficulty was encountered in mustering a volunteer crew to take out the first car. So with a fink motorman and two nobles on the front platform, a fink conductor with a suitable escort on the rear platform, and a squad or so of nobles on the inside of the car, the first car, the ram, the opening wedge of the strike-breaking operation left the car barn and glided majestically into the street and proceeded on its perilous journey.

The Mix-Up in the Car

It slipped away from the barn nicely enough to a point two blocks up the street. Here it decided to take a rest. It stopped of a sudden without any apparent cause. Hard-boiled missiles crashed through its windows. Pieces of broken glass jingled on the pavement. Nobles and finks ducked, those on the inside throwing themselves flat on the floor of the car. Panic reigned. Strikers howled gleefully. The frantic fink motorman, trying to make a quick getaway, threw on full power. The wheels of the car spun furiously, wheezing, groaning, screeching, but the car itself positively refused to budge. Grease on the rails! The old, old trick had worked fine.

When the fink motorman realized his dilemma he released a few well-chosen epithets and, notwithstanding the protest of the two nobles who were there to protect him, leaped from the platform and headed for the car barn. But what a fix! To his dismay, a number of determined strikers blocked the road to this haven of refuge. They rushed him; but he was a nimble fink. Like a bewildered rabbit being cornered by an unfeeling pack of greyhounds, he ducked about, quickly changing his course, and headed up the street, not knowing exactly where he was going; but he went, with a yelling mob of enthusiastic strikers at his heels.

While this little diversion was at its height another crowd of strikers yanked the trolley pole from its place and boarded the car from both ends and through the broken windows. Strikers and nobles were mixing it roughly on the platforms and on the inside of the car when Providence came to the rescue of the defenders. Nature is good and all-wise, they say. It must be. In this case it had provided an upgrade of about five degrees from the car barn to the point up the street where the rails had been greased, and the car, the brakes not being set, started backward and gathered momentum as it receded on its track, the while strikers and nobles on it contested so fiercely for supremacy that they were unaware of their danger until the car with all on board crashed into another car standing on the same track in the car barn, throwing the warring factions into utter confusion, piling them up in heaps, breaking limbs and cracking skulls in the general smash-up. Perhaps the fink motorman who deserted his post at a critical moment is still legging it. Who knows?

This little affair was labeled a near-riot by the local authorities, and the police stepped in. With their help and an additional shipment of nobles, finks and non-professional strike breakers—the latter class being, for the most part, competent motormen and linemen whom the street-car company itself had hired in a distant city—we established within a few weeks a fairly good service for a strike job, about 60 per cent of normal. But trouble! All trouble. The street-car company's officials were overwhelmed with complaints from apprehensive citizens. For one thing, the town had been inundated with plugged and bogus dimes, quarters and half dollars. A terrible mix! Somebody must have had a plant on the spot. Every native that risked a ride with a fink conductor scrutinized his or her change with the painstaking care of a bewhiskered scientist looking for unborn microbes.

A rather dignified old lady, tall, slender, perhaps a vegetarian, with peaked nose and squeaky voice, and wearing gold-rimmed glasses, took a desperate chance one day by getting on a fink-manned car. She objected to a piece of change the fink conductor had handed her. "This dime is plugged," she protested. "Isn't it awful how you New York strike breakers pass out bad money! Here, you rascal"—trying to hand back the sickly coin—"give me a good dime."

"I was plugged myself this morning," retorted the fink conductor, exhibiting a fat shiner with a liver complexion. "Take it or leave it, lady," he finished, and proceeded to collect his next fare.

"Well, goodness me, what a nerve!" screeched the old lady. "This is an outrage; the most dishonest thing I ever saw. I shall write to the company, young man, and have you discharged immediately." The fink conductor grinned tantalizingly. "All right, smarty," she mumbled resignedly, as she slipped the plugged dime into her bag; "I'll just keep it and buy my newspapers with it in the morning. You're too smart anyway."

As a rule a fink street-car conductor dislikes noisy mechanical devices. A fare register hardly ever jingles in his presence. In many cases he puts it out of commission as a punishment for its musical inclination during business hours. Some of the more progressive finks rip it out altogether and put it down as lost or destroyed in action. One evening a fink conductor brought in his car without a scratch on it, indeed proud of his accomplishment, and rightly so. As he got off his car in the barn a minor official of the street-car company, who evidently had had very little experience with finks, said to him, "Turn in your receipts at the second window."

To the Highest Bidder

"Turn in nothin'," replied the surprised fink conductor. "What yer expect—kale and bus, both? Ye'r pretty lucky gettin' yer old car back with its slats and everything. Receipts! The nerve!"

The most important fink on a street-car strike is the screw fink, who acts as router or barn starter. His job is lucrative. He is the official dispenser of patronage, so to speak. All good and loyal finks salaam in his presence, hoping to be assigned to profitable runs where traffic is heavy. Competitive bids for such runs are usually called for by him, and the highest bidders are awarded the most opulent routes. But unsuccessful bidders have a way to beat this. When a fink car crew encounter slim pickings on isolated streets they frequently adopt the methods of taxis and go cruising for fares by switching their car onto tracks traversing streets where there will be plenty of prospective passengers, thus invading territories that have already been paid for and awarded to successful bidders. This bold infringement on sacred property rights often causes serious traffic jams and tie-ups, and not infrequently results in spirited clashes between opposing car crews, finks battling finks. Finks work that way.

Sometimes good citizens will get up in arms and chase nobles and finks out of town. In a rather undersized Missouri community the employes in a certain factory had walked out on strike. The factory, the same as the town, was a delicate affair; but, nevertheless, the proprietors of it chose to keep it going, and commissioned a New York chief of finks to help them do so. He came, he saw, but unlike Cæsar he did not conquer. His advance guard, consisting of a hundred seasoned members of the profession, crossed the state line into Missouri.

(Continued on Page 115)

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 112)

When our train stopped at the station preceding the town in question one-third of our number detrained. Another third got off at our proper destination, while the rest were instructed to hop off at the station beyond. Following instruction we all registered at various hotels in the three towns, just the same as ordinary folks do. So far as we could observe, no one looked upon us with squinting eyes. We felt perfectly safe in our disguise as tourists and commercial traveling men. By prearrangement the entire force filtered into the factory between one and two o'clock in the morning, burglars' hours. Those who had detrained at the two other stations were transported to the place in motor cars. As we had been warned that the town was a pretty hot place for folk of our kind, we had taken every precaution possible to conceal our identity until we should be safely barricaded behind the brick walls of the factory. Safely barricaded! Well, anyway we were there.

Our chef was busy preparing an early breakfast from the many good things already stored in an improvised ice box when one of the nobles who had been posted on picket duty reported the massing of Missouri minutemen a short distance from the factory. The boss fink in charge jumped on top of a box and shouted, "How many of you men are armed? Those who are, hold up their hands." Not a hand rose. "Well," he continued, "I can't lick 'em alone," brandishing the only gun in the bunch. "Everybody pick up something; and if they don't come too strong we'll give 'em a fight," he concluded.

A Hard Assignment

One of the proprietors was present. "The sheriff," he said, "is a friend of mine. I'll get him on the phone. We are entitled to the protection of the law."

"Righto! Splendid idea!" breezed the boss fink hopefully.

But the sheriff could not be reached on the wire, though desperate attempts were made to locate him at his office, at his home and at his known hangouts about town.

"Hey, fellows! They are coming, coming strong, coming by the hundreds," shouted several nobles simultaneously as they came running into the factory, having deserted their posts.

"Bolt the doors!" roared the boss fink. His command was obeyed with speed and precision. We waited breathlessly. Presently a he man's knock resounded on the main door of the factory, and a deep voice was heard to say, "I am the sheriff of this county, and in the name of the law I demand entrance."

"That's the sheriff, all right. We will have to let him in. Open the door," said one of the proprietors who was present, evidently recognizing the sheriff's voice.

The door was flung open, and, sure enough, there in the doorway stood the honorable sheriff, rigged in all his official gear—sombrero, mustache and every other little item that goes with that exalted office. Immediately behind him, covering the entire yard, stood phalanxes of husky Missourians equipped with ancient and modern tools of war, ready and eager to enforce his mandates. It was a formidable posse, and if the Kaiser had had it he would hardly be chopping wood today.

"We want no trouble in this town," spoke the sheriff, addressing the boss fink. "This is a peace-loving community where everybody minds his own business when left alone. We don't need imported gunmen; they don't fit this place at all. You will have to get your men out of here before daybreak. Down at the station there are several empty freight cars. Get your men into one of them and we will hook you onto a freight that is due here at five o'clock this morning. You need have no fear; you and your men will be fully protected while in my territory. You ——"

"But—but, sheriff ——" the boss fink started to protest.

He got no further. The powerful six-foot sheriff grabbed him by the coat collar and shook him with the grace and energy of a dock terrier shaking a rat, yanked him toward the door and directed one of his understudies to clap the nippers on him, remarking significantly, "We don't argue in this town."

This little byplay gave us all the chills, and we surrendered in a body to the majesty of the law of Missouri. The sheriff and his sprightly minutemen shepherded us to one of the freight cars he had mentioned and arbitrarily told us to climb into it. We did, we had to; the sheriff had us four-to-one strong. The doors were closed upon us, and judging by the many voices that penetrated the oak boards of the car there must have been more than a corporal's guard placed on the outside to protect us from being dispatched into the clouds by hot-headed individuals during the torturous hours we waited for the five-o'clock freight to pick us up. It came two hours late. Thus began our ignoble retreat to our comfortable noble-and-fink digs in the safe and sane metropolis of New York.

As strikers will sometimes slip ringers in among nobles and finks for the purpose of sabotage and information, so will chiefs of finks sometimes slip nobles and finks in among strikers for practically the same purpose. A good deal of my fink work has been done as an under-cover man, roping, spying, agitating; and in this particular line of endeavor I have established a fairly good reputation among progressive chiefs of finks; so good, in fact, that in my younger days I would be permitted to write my own price tag in most cases. One morning as I was standing on my usual spot in front of the old post office, facing Park Row, a snapper fink, all out of breath, came rushing up to me and, between short periods of revictualing his wind chambers, blurted out, "Say, the chief is crazy to see you. He's been looking all over for you."

"What's up?" I asked, being somewhat suspicious. "Did he overpay me on the last job?"

"No, I think he's got a new job for you. Hurry up!" snapped the snappy snapper fink. "Come," he went on persistently, grabbing one of my arms, "here comes a taxi."

As I entered the chief's outer office one of his bodyguards, a hard-looking case, being a battered-up ex-prize fighter with a part of one of his ears missing, and bearing many other permanent scars of battle, flung open the door leading to the great man's sound-proof sanctum and whispered in my ear that the orders were to give me the right of way. I nodded knowingly and walked in. The chief was seated at his desk rummaging among piles of old magazines, newspapers, letters and a few reports piled on top of it, the while giving his teeth and jaws their morning calisthenics on a big cigar. A worried look haunted his countenance.

He seemed to be deeply interested in his own thoughts, whatever they were. But nevertheless, as I entered, his trained ears instantly detected the swish of my rubber heels on the smooth woolly carpet. He looked up from his work and, as he saw me, a pleased expression registered on his face. He jumped to his feet, thrust out a glad fist and greeted, "Right glad my man found you, Mr. B. Have a chair. Smoke?" as he produced a box of excellent cigars from one of the drawers of his desk.

"I have a job upstate," he said as we got down to business. "The company wired me this morning to lay off fifty nobles. It seems the strikers are a little bit tame. Not a mix-up since the job started," he lamented. "I want you to go up there and join their union and try to locate the nigger in the woodpile. Something is wrong; must be. Stir 'em up a bit. If it keeps up like this there won't be any need for protection."

On the Job

It so happened that, through other work of a similar nature in a town close by, I knew what sort of men composed this particular union. They were highly skilled workers, mostly native Americans, the majority of them married, many owning their own homes. Their work was such that it made it extremely difficult to replace them with competent strike breakers. This, of course, they themselves knew, and therefore felt secure in the stand they had taken against their employer without resorting to rough-stuff tactics.

So I said to the chief: "I think you are wasting time. Don't fool yourself; you are not dealing with bohunks. They won't swallow any Jim-Crow stuff or bunk of any kind—not on your life."

"Well," he replied, "you have a pretty good line; you might try. See what you can do anyway. It won't do any harm. Get in among them and find out what you can. It's the first strike I have ever handled where the strikers have acted like a lot of old women. They must have something up their sleeve."

"All right," I told him; "if you insist I'll take a crack at it. But understand this thoroughly: Should anything happen you'll have to pay the undertaker's bill. I am not insured."

"Strike on here, gentlemen," warned a union picket as a bus full of finks, nonprofessional strike breakers and escorting nobles drew up to the curb in front of the plant where the strike was in progress. I was one of the finks in the bus. At our approach several nobles, perhaps a dozen or so, trotted out through the main entrance of the works and, together with the escorting nobles in the bus, formed a cordon about the immediate vicinity as a precaution against interference by strikers and their pickets. But there seemed to be little need for this. Things were exceptionally serene. All but myself hurriedly scampered out of the bus and took it on the run across the sidewalk and into the plant. I had purposely maneuvered to be the last one to step out of the bus.

As I landed on the sidewalk I unceremoniously broke through the formidable cordon of nobles, spilling a couple of them into the gutter, and rushed up to the union picket, who, in such polite English as quoted at the beginning of the last paragraph, had warned us that a strike was on, and said to him: "Do you really mean to tell me there is trouble here? The dirty dogs down at the employment office told me it wasn't a strike job! Fine bunch, eh!"

"They are apt to tell you anything to try to beat us; but we know we've got them," he answered smilingly. "Come," he continued, "let me take you up the street and introduce you to some of our people. Our hall is only a few blocks up."

So thus I became acquainted with members and officials of the union. And I joined; paying, besides the initiation fee, a year's dues in advance, my chief's good money. Oi, oi!

Gingering Up the Strike

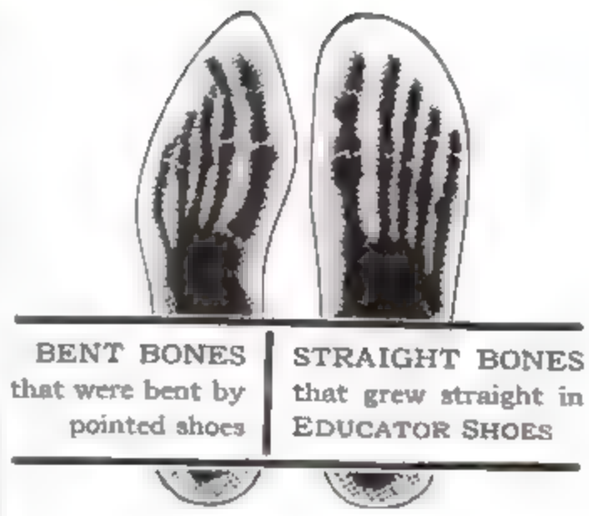
Meetings were held frequently, sometimes twice a day—delegates and other officials reporting upon the progress of the strike. Speeches, good speeches, classic both in meat and in delivery, were made by members and officials of the union, the main trend of which was to stand pat and to refrain from violence. I squirmed as I thought of my chief's parting shot, "Stir 'em up a bit." It would be a rather difficult task to make a dent in the mental fortifications of these men. They were not of the easy variety. Here reason and intelligence ruled supreme. But for money I had undertaken to perform a part in this drama, and at that time it mattered little to me whether that part was the hero or the villain, so in duty bound I had to bestir myself and do something.

Professional pride prompted me on. My reputation as a crackajack roper fink was at stake. I must act, and I did. In the midst of a meeting, just after one of the officials had finished reading a report upon the progress of the strike, I sprang to my feet and asked the chair for the floor.

"You may take the platform. Come on up and let us hear what our new brother has to say," the presiding officer graciously conceded.

My opportunity! I mounted the platform, facing an audience of more than a thousand American mechanics. Of course, I was a bit nervous, an ominous feeling tried to master my thoughts and words; but I fought this powerful enemy of free action as much as possible and launched forth on what was uppermost in my mind. I challenged the wisdom of conducting the strike along peaceful lines as had been advocated by preceding speakers. No strike, I pointed out, had ever been won by pussyfooting methods. The slugging of a few strike breakers, I thought, would have a beneficent moral effect on the situation. Why not appoint an entertainment committee to attend to such matters? Better still, why not import a few commission sluggers and let them loose on the miserable human worms who were pilfering the food out of our wives' and children's mouths? Yes, why not? Were employers the only ones privileged to import gunmen from New York City to intimidate oppressed and underpaid workers? Were they? Capital must not only be checked in its greedy and far-reaching aggressiveness, but it must be thoroughly licked, aye, confiscated if necessary, so that labor may rightly enjoy the fruits of its toil.

(Continued on Page 117)



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(Continued from Page 115)

I spoke and spoke, disseminating the same old class bunk that has been heralded from soap boxes and legislative halls for centuries. Now and then a few silent grins were benevolently bestowed upon me, but anything that resembled applause was as nonexistent as the theory of classical music is in the head of a bumblebee. I stood there on the platform yapping and yapping, a perfect December frost.

I knew there was something wrong, but what could it be? Did they know who I really was? No, hardly that, I thought, for if so they would have yanked me off the platform long ago and deposited me on the floor in the center of the hall and lined up for a game of football. What to do? What to do? It was the first time in my experience as a roper fink and professional agitator that I had failed to bring someone in my audience to life. I tried a breezy story, one that had been guaranteed by its originator to produce a bagful of mirth, but it fell flat—not a ripple. Under this silent treatment I could not very well continue talking and maintain a semblance of self-respect. So I brought my harangue to an abrupt close, snapped it right off in the middle, so to speak, and thanked my listeners in terms that might have been construed by some of them as a little bit sarcastic. In walking off the platform I passed the chairman. He handed me a slip of paper on which, to the best of my recollection, had been scribbled: "Your resignation from this union has been accepted, to take effect at once. Your boss"—here my chief's name was set down in full—"might be able to employ you more profitably elsewhere. Please make your exit with as much grace as possible." A roar of assorted voices followed me as I slunk from the hall.

Hot-Headed Trouble Makers

Contrary to general belief, commission sluggers are hardly ever employed by reputable employers or by responsible union officials to terrorize strikers or strike breakers. As a rule, employers are strongly against all sorts of rough-stuff work, gunplay, slugging and such. They simply employ guards, or nobles—the same thing—to look after their property and to try to prevent minor disturbances. Whenever the mob spirit threatens serious interference with their interests they stand squarely upon their constitutional rights and ask the proper authorities for protection, just the same as workers stand squarely upon their constitutional rights to organize for self-protection against exploitation by unscrupulous employers. The inception of nearly all serious disorders occurring on strikes can generally be traced to some indiscriminate act of hot-headed and uncontrollable individuals. This applies to both sides—to nobles and finks as well as to strikers. Commission sluggers thrive only in some congested centers with teeming sweatshop industries, where both employers and strikers are for the most part non-English-speaking foreigners. Here they operate on either side of the warring factions, working for, or working, both sides at the same time, in many cases. They are not particular. They work on a commission basis exclusively. An ordinary beating-up, one that will enable a victim to reach his home under or over his own motive power, is usually computed at ten dollars flat. However, should a victim turn out to be a hospital case after the decoration is completed, an additional sum of from five to ten dollars is generously allowed. These sluggers operate in pairs or in groups of from three to five or more, and if business be brisk they clean up from fifty to a hundred dollars a day each. In very stubborn cases, when a prospective victim is elusive or too well protected, highly trained sluggers, sometimes correctly called gunmen, are consulted and sometimes engaged to do special work that usually calls for a fixed fee partly paid in advance. These, no doubt, are the best-paid specialists in the profession.

Most of the prominent old-time chiefs of finks have either passed away or, through lack of substantial business, quit the profession. Many amassed huge fortunes. Some were prudent and made fine investments. One of these retired chiefs of finks in particular is reputed to own more than fifty dwellings and apartment houses in a commuting town close to New York City, ranging in price from ten thousand to two hundred thousand dollars. However, most of them spent it or lost it as freely and as easily as they made it—living high, rum, ponies, Wall Street, Broadway. One of the old boys, an exceptionally successful chief of finks in his day, who is credited with having made a very large sum on a single strike, is at present working as a janitor's helper at twenty-five dollars a month. And so it goes.

But the pioneer chief of finks, the George Washington of the profession, was Smiling Farley, as he was called by his friends and admirers. He was perhaps the best known, the most popular and the most successful chief of finks the profession has ever produced. He operated in the nineties and into the present century, and he was instrumental in adjusting most of the more important industrial disputes in those days. Smiling Farley was never spoken of as putting the screws of greed on a noble or on a fink. To him pay rolls and expense-account sheets were sacred documents. It is not on record that he was ever dragged into court for nonpayment of wages or that statements rendered by him for wages and expenses were ever questioned by individuals, firms or corporations with whom he had dealings. Nobles and finks loved him. Any noble or fink whom he knew personally—and he knew hundreds of them by their first name—could always touch him for a five or a ten spot when finking was slack. He holds the record for the speediest emergency mobilization ever made. For a certain nation-wide railroad strike he recruited more than forty thousand men in ten of the largest cities in the United States, had them listed and on the way to their respective stations, all within twenty-four hours. On this special occasion he established fifteen recruiting offices in New York city alone.

He was also very successful in preventing walkouts. Many large employers commissioned him for this purpose. Once when a large corporation was threatened with a labor tie-up, Smiling Farley went to its head and said, "I will take so much in a lump sum to keep your employes from walking out. Should I fail to do so I will break the strike without charging you a nickel." The threatened strike was not pulled, and Smiling Farley got so much in a lump sum. That was Farley's reputation, Farley himself, Farley the fearless chief of finks, who would go openly into a hall where a meeting of union workers would be in session and ask permission to address them. Because of his frankness, his logic, his known honesty, his wit and his readiness to take a man's part in a fist fight with the best of 'em, he was tolerated even by union labor. He was a pliant mixer, a lavish spender; kept race horses aplenty. He died leaving a comparatively small estate. Since his death it has been the height of ambition of most chiefs of finks to duplicate his stunts, his marvelous success, but none seems to have been able to mount the throne of finkdom his death left vacant. Many have tried to imitate—just tried to, that's all.

On the Lookout for Tricks

Of course, today, strikes are not conducted with the same reckless expenditure of money as in years gone by. Large employers who have had extensive experience with slippery chiefs of finks are more circumspect in handling labor trouble than they used to be. In the good old buccaneering days a chief of finks usually took full charge of a strike-breaking operation—hired his own strike breakers, installed his own boss fink, screw finks, snapper finks, each individual of the latter class of finks being a snappy combination of runner, timekeeper and accomplished stool pigeon; flooded the place with nobles, and just about ran things to suit himself, or perhaps I ought to say his pocketbook. But not so now.

Today a large employer will have at least one of his executives, with a staff of clerks and checkers, in the field to see to it that no tricks are pulled, and who will also be the absolute director of operation. Many corporations and others go further. They hire finks and nonprofessional strike breakers, allowing chiefs of finks the rake-off only on nobles. Indeed, there are employers who eliminate chiefs of finks entirely, preferring to hire their own nobles, finks and nonprofessional strike breakers. And in many such cases applicants for employment are required to undergo an examination as to their fitness for the particular job in question. True, many finks—especially those who for any considerable length of time have romped on the campus of their alma mater and taken the degree of Master Fink—have acquired a smattering working knowledge of divers trades and occupations; but some of these examinations are pretty stiff, stiff for a fink, and many a fink fails to register the necessary percentage. The profession is not what it used to be. Finks are navigating on rough seas in the present age; and many are meditating longingly, hankering for the smooth waters that made sailing so easy and profitable in the good old rip-roaring days of bunk and graft, or worse.

Even carefree nobles are feeling the crimp that business efficiency has put into the strike-breaking game. In the olden days when a chief of finks was given full swing, or nearly so, on a strike-breaking operation he would urge, let us say, that five hundred nobles would be necessary to cover the protection end of it, and in most cases he would be successful in placing them; where under the same conditions today, and where the operation is of the same magnitude, he is mighty lucky to be able to ring in fifty of his bold knights. Tough! Then again, nowadays some corporations and other large employers give out strike-breaking contracts on a sort of time-and-material basis. It has been and still is customary in most cases for chiefs of finks to charge so much a day per man for nobles, finks and nonprofessional strike breakers, and to pay them about 60 per cent of what they thus charge. But this time-and-material basis reduces the rake-off considerably. The best a chief of finks can expect on such contracts is 10 to 20 per cent of the total amount paid out for wages, bonuses and expenses. Even at that, it is not to be smirked at.

When Finks Retire

Nobles and finks bury their own dead and care for their own wounded. Whenever any one of the profession meets his end on a job a collection is generally taken up to provide funds to cover the expense of transporting the body to its home town and to pay the undertaker's bill. Should he by any chance be married, a generous pool is also made up for the widow. To my personal knowledge one such pool totaled more than seventeen hundred dollars. Nobles and finks who have been permanently disabled in line of duty can always rely upon assistance from their more fortunate brothers. When a job is finished and the battle-scarred warriors return to their chief's home office to draw their final pay a number of helpless members of the profession are generally standing or sitting outside watching coins and bills dropping into their hats.

Numerous nobles and finks have deliberately quit the profession and engaged in other lines less dangerous and more profitable. And many have made good, some of them ranking among the first citizens in their respective communities. A few will do to illustrate. A handsome young noble, a wonder in physical structure, while on a strike job in a Western town, met and fell in love—or it may have been the other way about—with a young widow of some wealth and, I may as well out with it, for such was truly the case, beauty. They made an excellent team, both being good pullers, working in perfect harmony, with the result that the handsome young noble who twenty years ago left New York to go West on a strike job is today holding down, or holding up, as you please, a public office of considerable importance.

As for finks—well, finks, as a rule, are better business men than nobles are. They are more aggressive in a money-getting sense. Nobles prefer to loll in the cradle of aristocratic leisure, seeking soft snaps through politics by delivering the goods on election days, and tinkering with other political odd jobs. But not so with finks. Finks go after their own grub, and they usually get it! Politics? Not for finks. They spurn both the body and the soul of anything that savors of public feeding. Therefore a much larger proportion of finks have made good outside of the profession than have nobles. About fifteen years ago a versatile fink went to work as a machinist on a strike job in a shipbuilding yard. It is doubtful if he had ever seen the inside of a machine shop before. But notwithstanding his total lack of knowledge of the work before him he applied himself to it with such energy that he attracted the attention of some of the company's officials. No, not yet, but he is mighty close to the head of the company. I, too, have quit the game and am not doing so badly.

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

ONCE IN THE SADDLE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Ten days, Lafayette—ten days, and never lost a bet! Why, one time I drew to the six and eight of diamonds and made an ace full! Man, it was just shameful!"

"I thought you were going back to Palo Pinto," observed Lafe coldly.

"I am, I am! Don't hurry me so! But I couldn't go off and leave Epidemic, could I? Founder of the industry, from my first frugal struggles, midnight oil, toiling while my companions wept? No, sir! Old P. Grateful Mullins doesn't forget his humble beginnings. I'm young yet. Palo Pinto will stay right where it is, and old Epidemic and me will make it presently. Plenty of time. Who wants to begin being respectable at my age, anyhow?"

"This is not the road to Palo Pinto," observed Lafe.

"It is a little to one side," confessed Pliny. "But I thought I'd drop around this way and see my old pardner, Jimmy Day. You know him—DAY brand?"

Pliny's hands were behind his head, his chair tilted back, his booted feet on the balcony rail; he pointed with chin and eyes up the eastern street to where, far beyond and above Purgatory Plain, a high round pass showed between two mountains, round and blue at noon, round and golden now as night drew nearer.

"In Rueda Hills; south of that pass somewhere. You ought to know."

"Sure I know. Rainy Day. But Rainy's not there any more. Gave his ranch to his nephew and pulled his freight. Gone. *Se fué. Muy lejos.*"

"How come?"

"A sad story," said Lafe with a leaden voice. "A love affair that turned out badly."

"What?" Pliny stared. "You don't mean to tell me that Jim Day was fool enough to git up and leave because some fool girl jilted him!"

Lafe turned his face away.

"Worse than that, Pliny—worse than that. She married him!"

Mr. Mullins glared at his companion. He rose and leaned over the balcony rail.

"Hi!" he yelped sharply. On the porch below, a chair warmer turned a startled face up to him. "Want to do me a favor? Yes? Well, go in and tell the barkeep to send two stiff whiskies up here, and to put arsenic in one of 'em. Take one yourself. Thanks." He sat down again. "And young Mrs. D., she made him go back to San Antone?"

"Sedalia," said Lafe sadly. "Big farm—Rainy! Oh, yes, he pitched and bawled, but he had to take the iron. When they ship from here they wire ahead so he can go down to K. C. and buy him a bunch of feeders from Purgatory. Poor old guy! *Se acabó. Concluido.* Feenish!" Glancing at his friend, he saw that Pliny's eyes, filmed with calculation, turned eastward to that far-away gap in La Rueda Mountains, golden no longer, but fiery flaming in the red light of sunset. "Fair sir and mister, come out of it! You're going into the silence again!"

"Don't bother me. I'm thinking. Not used to it," snapped Mullins fretfully. "Thinking and remembering—poor old Herbie Smith—that played on a bunch of keys down in Hillsboro. Now I've almost got a key—if I only had a lock for it. Or else the other way. . . . Here come our drinks."

Duly tipped, glasses and bearer departed.

"What do you mean—lock and key?" demanded Lafe.

"What I mean is, lock—lock and key. This way." Pliny turned hand and wrist to illustrate. "To unlock things and lock—see. For instance, this ranch of Jimmy Day's, is it any good?"

"About the only grass left anywhere around Purgatory Plain. Not so very much water, and Rainy always nursed the range anyhow. Shipped the stuff when he got about so many; shipped old cows and off-colored ones. So does Pinky Ford—that's his nephew. Know him?"

"Not yet. Nurses the range, does he? H-m-m! Old P. Wise Ford. Well, I'm sorry not to see old Jimmy Day again; but that wasn't my only reason for coming to Salamanca. You see, I heard you Purgatory boys had a good liberal game, and I thought . . ."

"Sure you did!" interrupted Yancey indignantly. "That's the sort of a thing you natchelly would think. You won't go to Palo Pinto. You'll go broke in a poker game, that's what. Bet you what you dare you do!"

But Pliny put the challenge by.

"Dear little cinch player!" he murmured, musing fondly. "Old L. Surething Yancey! Whatcha take me for—a sucker?"

"You always was a stubborn, pig-headed chucklebrain, and I reckon you always will be," said Lafe bitterly.

"Not pig-headed," protested Pliny, shaking the head in question. "No, no; firm, tenacious—papa's persevering pet. Yet still and notwithstanding, I might get a hand beat some time.

"It has happened. Such being the case, eftsoons, right now, tonight, me and Epidemic will hie ourselves to yonder Rueda Hills and see can we maybe buy half or all of that Pinky Ford ranch and stock, if it is as good as you tell it."

"But why tonight?"

"Cool," said Pliny. "Ride in the cool. Hot in daytime."

"Yes, yes, simpleton! But why tonight? Why not tomorrow night?"

"Well," said Pliny, considering, "I've done told you my story, and I don't want to have to listen to yours. I'm pulling out soon after supper."

A voice floated up from the street.

"Mr. Pliny Mullins?"

"Present or accounted for." Pliny looked down from the balcony. "Mr. Malloch, isn't it?"

"It is. I wish to speak to you. Will you come down?"

"Why, yes, I will if you insist. But its pleasant and quiet up here. Wouldn't you rather come up?"

"I'll be up," said Malloch.

III

"THIS way, sir." The clerk of the Kit Carson House ushered Mr. Malloch to the balcony and withdrew.

Mr. Malloch was a stalwart, big-boned man of some sixty years, or fifty, with iron-gray hair, cold blue eyes, a face firm fleshed and unlined by any scars of laughter—a face which terminated in a battleship jaw.

Under another sky that face would have been high colored. Even now there was a ruddy glow through the sun stain. He wore a pepper-and-salt mustache, close clipped in a manner unusual and striking in that time and place.

"Which of you two is Mullins?" he demanded stiffly.

"I'm the bird. This is Lafe Yancey. Take a chair and tell us what's on your mind."

"Mr. Mullins, I would like to speak to you privately."

Mullins shook his head, smiling amiably.

"Can't be done. Advice of counsel. Lafe and me, we use the same toothpick. You go right on and say your piece."

Three heavy wrinkles ridged upon Malloch's forehead.

"Very well, sir." He waved his hand with a swift impatience, brushing Yancey aside as immaterial. "I want to know what your idea is for drilling a well at Webb."

"Water," said Pliny sweetly. "Oodles of water there. Shallow, too. Hundred feet or so, I judge. I'm a water sharp. Know the lay of the country. Water between lime and sandstone there, like it was in a pipe, oozing down from Gavelan Hills."

"That is foolish talk. The cowmen won't stand for any more stock here."

"The range won't stand it," said Pliny. "Purgatory Plain is done ruined now. Take five years of good rain to make cow country again. Shucks, think I don't know nothing? I'm not ranching. Fixin' me up a town site. Aim to sink a lot of wells on my hundred and sixty. Build houses to rent, start a store 'n'everything."

Malloch's heavy face tinged with red streaks, the flush of a hard, controlled anger; a deep cleft throbbed between his tensed eyebrows, his nose dented, his jaw set, his lips parting a moment to disclose strong white teeth set like a vise.

"Just as I thought—a hold-up! I'll break you, young fellow! You'll curse the day you ever came to Purgatory! No man can blackmail me!"

"Grandmother, what makes your teeth so white?" The query ended with a rising intonation, and Pliny's eyes grew wide with artless wonder to match the childish accents, fearful, yet curious. "And your ears are furry and your nose is pointed. Grandmother!"

Grandmother gritted his white teeth.

"I'll fix your clock, you blackmailer! You wait!"

"I could make you marry me for that," observed Pliny, with narrowing eyes. He put his booted feet on the balcony rail, balancing his chair on its hind legs; he thrust his hands in his trousers pocket. "Feller," he said, "you're the poorest guesser I ever did see. When I offer to sell, call me a blackmailer. When I take money from you, call me a hold-up. What I'm going to do is to build a town on a town site. I aimed to do just that all along. And besides," said Pliny, "you talk sort of large and bigotty, like you was somebody. You make duty a plumb pleasure."

"If it's money you're after, you can't make any that way. But if I bought you out ——"

"You can't. You ain't got money enough."

"—— you could agree to leave Purgatory Plain."

"Yes, I could; but I won't. Man, you don't seem to have any confidence in my word. But why should you? Just one measly minute ago, no man could hold you up—and now you're fair achin' to force your money on me. You keep it and eat it. Me, I'm going to build an addition to Webb and give the Hunkies a look at a decent house for a fair price. And how're you going to stop me? Signed, J. Pliny Mullins. Witness, Lafayette Yancey."

"But the miners can't buy or rent your houses. They've got to rent company houses."

"Eggs-actly," said Pliny. "That's how come. I don't like them harsh words, 'got to.' A real sure-enough man doesn't have to do anything except maybe to die, and I think that last is only people in the papers. You see, I didn't follow the big main road in here. I come across lots, over the Gavelan range, looked down and saw the smoke of your tame train of cars goin' out to your little old coal mines, so I made a bee line for there. And I laid over two or more days, old Epidemic being leg-weary and me bein' plumb interested and curious. Them Bohunks or Polacks or what not, they treated me fine—they did so. And they sung first-rate too. I liked their singing. Not near enough singing in these here United States—not enough poor singing, let alone good singing. The darkies, they sing fine; and the Mexicans, they sing pretty blame good; and the cowboys sing just as bad as can be, and they all sing pretty copious; but them Hunkies of yours, they sing splendid."

Pliny paused, twisting his mustache thoughtfully.

"Hell and damnation!" breathed Malloch, with startled sincerity.

"Yes-sir, best I ever heard. They had a lot of right nice kids, too," said Pliny. "So I thought it would be a bright idea to give them something to sing about, for they sure had one rotten lay. They had to rent the company houses at company prices; they had to buy from the company store, bum stuff at an ungodly price; they had to get their picks and drills sharpened by the company blacksmith at a bit a point, when they could do it themselves for next to nothing; they had to go to the company doctor; and they had to take the company's say-so for the weight of their coal, not being allowed no lookout. All that stuff is out of date, old dear. I saw all that done in Kansas, up no'th of Baxter Springs, when I was a six-year-old—and I saw it stop short, never to go again. So says I to me, 'Pliny, old hand, here's where you hear history repeat herself some, you houdin' the prompt book.'"

"You meddlesome fool! Fat chance you've got to run my business for me!" snarled Malloch, glowering behind bristling and bushy brows.

"Dearie, you never were so bad mistaken in all your life—and your life's been all one long mistake, from all I hear about you," said Pliny. "Never mind, I'll correct you."

"You'll correct nothing! I'll run you out of the country! Pup!"

"Of course, I could tip off the unions and let them do it," continued Pliny in a placid drawl. "Your Hunyaks don't savvy unions, of course. That's why you imported 'em. Mexicans wouldn't stand such foolishness, not one holy minute. But unions are most half as bad as the owners, anyhow; and they wouldn't do the job the way I want it. They'd make you cut out your graft, of course; but I'm going to fix that town over so them little kids I seen will have homes and a white man's chance. Keep still now! I'm talking! To begin with, you built your town in the sand—no kind of a place a-tall, and a clean pleasant mesa right there beside you. Not one tree and you with plenty water. Shame on you! And then miserable box houses, and them not even painted. A lumber house is no good in this country. Take adobe now, it's cool in summer and warm in winter. But, of course, the first cost is a little higher, so you sling up your cursed warped rattletrap board shacks."

"While you were prying around and poking your long nose into other people's business, did you happen to go into the mines?" demanded Malloch sternly, pointing a strong and stubby finger at his tormentor.

Pliny Mullins brought his feet back to the floor and sat up.

"Yes, I did."

"Now you're so shrewd and know so hellish much—did you notice anything in the mines?"

(Continued on Page 122)

Palisades Interstate Park, New Jersey

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

You will hear a good deal of praise for the "Natural Wear Profile Tread" of Royal Balloons

Here is the result of a real discovery. The discovery is this:—Balloon Tires act very differently on the road from high pressure tires. ¶The tread profile that was good for high pressure tires is *not* good for Balloon Tires. ¶So we have designed a new tread profile for Royal Balloons. ¶We have named this the "Natural Wear Profile Tread." ¶It wears evenly and *slowly*. ¶It ensures long service. This tread was originated by the Makers of U. S. Royal Balloon Cords—"the Balloon tire principle at its best."

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

U.S. Royal Balloon Cords

All Alone in a Class of its Own

From the very first, thousands of far-seeing motorists predicted that the new Overland Six would be the outstanding automobile of the year. It was the unrivaled hit of all the Automobile Shows—the great favorite of the crowds—and in three months the success of this car has grown to proportions never before attained by a new model in so short a time.

An Engineering Masterpiece

Popularity works fast in America. You have seen the public seize upon a popular song so that, overnight almost, everybody seems to be whistling, humming or swaying to the tune of it. You have seen men rise to sudden fame, their names on every tongue. And now comes a motor car—introduced three months ago—today the most talked about subject on four wheels!

People who have owned enough automobiles to know what they are talking about call the new Overland Six an engineering masterpiece. It is beautifully designed . . . beautifully balanced . . . beautifully built . . . beautifully finished . . . and a brilliant performer on the open road, in traffic, on hills.

Gratifying Comfort

It gives you hair-trigger action when you touch the throttle. It gives you speed, if you like speed . . . and smoothness . . . and economy that is amazing for six-cylinder performance. Reclined seats and long flexible springs give you an entirely new idea of motoring comfort. And the laziest driver under the sun couldn't ask for a car easier to handle. You owe yourself a look at these cars—and don't let yourself miss a good ride!

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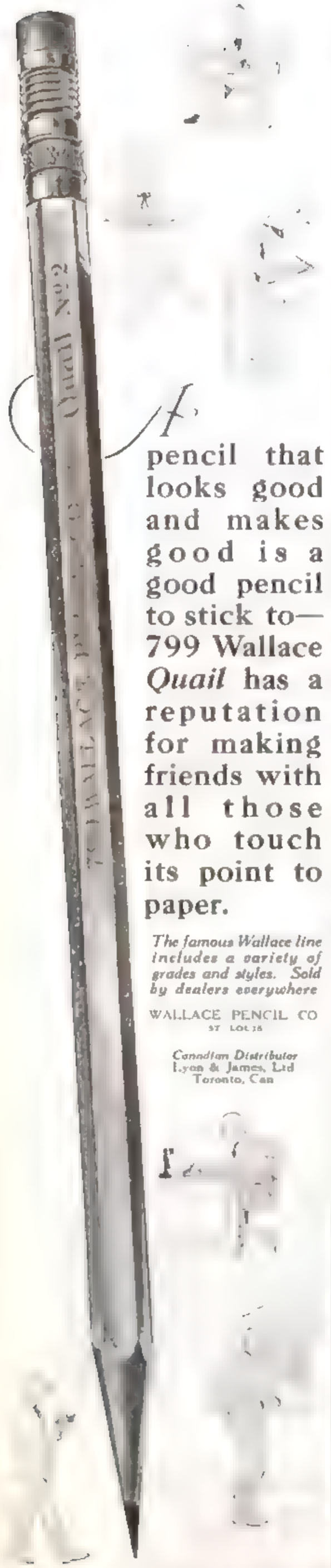

If pencil that looks good and makes good is a good pencil to stick to—799 Wallace *Quail* has a reputation for making friends with all those who touch its point to paper.

The famous Wallace line includes a variety of grades and styles. Sold by dealers everywhere

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Canadian Distributor
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WALLACE PENCILS

with the Points that Please

(Continued from Page 118

"Yes, I did too." A new note crept into Pliny's voice, and for the first time he eyed his enemy with respect. "The timbering was good—extra good—and the ventilation."

Malloch's eye glittered with triumph; he smote his chair arm with a heavy hand.

"You stubborn jackass, there has never been one life lost in the Webb coal mines, I'd have you know! I put in the best possible timbering and the best safety appliances ingenuity and experience have devised. You fool, I sacrifice half my profit to safeguard human life. This is the most up-to-date mine in the West. And you come blatting around with your puling sentimentality about trees and flower gardens'"

"Right as rain—right twice. You did a man's job on the safety stunt—and I never once thought about flower gardens," admitted Mullins. "Flower gardens goes, and thank you too. There's quite some few cedars on the mesa now, and I'll set out cottonwood saplings just as fast as I can get water to them. A few houses first, low rent, a little store and a baseball ground. Oh, I say, Mr. Malloch, that school-teacher of yours is a yellow hound," said Pliny. "I handed him a good licking the first time he gave me a reasonable excuse. Where was I? Oh, yes, the Mullins addition to Webb. A few good houses and trees and flower gardens. Later a few more, as the money trickles in. Little drops of water, little grains of dirt make adobe mud, and so on. Just a matter of time."

"Likely! And every man that moved in your houses would lose his job! You talk like a cussed fool."

"You don't understand," said Mullins kindly. "Public opinion would be with me—wouldn't you, Yancey?"

"Well, I hadn't thought about it much," said Lafe, clearing his throat judicially. "Now you call my attention to it, I probably would, at that; though I feel bound to say that so far I haven't worried much about no Hunyaks."

"But the kids, Lafe? Remember Alan Hightower's little girl on the Mangas—Little Josie? Just ten she was when we buried her. Lafe, there's a little trick over in Webb City that's a dead ringer for Josie Hightower. You goin' to fold your hands over your belly, or are you goin' to come a-snuffin' and see to it that them kids get all the chance there is?"

"I'm comin' a-snuffin'," said Lafe promptly. "You go on with your posy gardens. Me and the boys, we'll make it a point to see that America expands far enough to take in Webb City. Now you go right on with your talk, gentlemen. Don't mind me. You interest me strangely."

"I done bought three or four old broke-down cow ponies, gentle and safe, and a couple of burros, and give 'em to Webb City—all the kids, turn about," mused Pliny, smiling into his red mustache. He turned brightly to the capitalist. "You see, Mr. Malloch? The movement for a bigger and better Webb is going through, and the only way in God's green earth you can stop it is to do it yourself, and I wouldn't trust you no further than I could throw a bull by the tail. So I'll just do it my own self, my heirs, executors and assigns. Lafe's them, and Tommy Garrett. However, if you want to clean up on your own hook—strictly under our supervision and direction, of course—to save your face ——"

"I'll see you in hell first!"

"You'll be having apoplexy one of these days. You take strychnine, feller. Your heart is bad. Strychnine is what you need. . . . Well then, I'll go on with my townlet myself. Don't blame me if the company gets a black eye. I done give you your chance and you turned it down."

"And your motive? You're not expecting to make a good thing for yourself, naturally," sneered Malloch. "Just principle? The square deal, the great tradition—all that sort of rot? High minded redresser of wrong, dispenser of justice?"

"Let us hope it will be that," agreed Pliny. "Just that kind of rot exactly. You see, its like this: My dad, he was a red-hot Southerner and all that. Always stuck to it that he couldn't stand a damyank, but way down in his heart he was a rock-bound malignant old Puritan. And he gave me mighty sound and thorough religious instruction. 'Pliny,' he says, 'you always do the next thing next,' he says to me. 'Do it good, and do it hard, and do it now,' he says. 'Maybe there won't be any day after tomorrow, not ever; but today's right here. So what you got to do, you do it right off.' And I done so ever since.

"So that's what I'm going to do about Webb, and you can't help yourself. You can't buy me and you can't break me and you can't bend me. I've got no property you can hornswoggle me out of and you haven't got anything that I want. I'm not borrowing money of you, so you can't cow me with any little book of horrible dates. All you can do is to get me killed, maybe, and you'll find few that want the job."

Malloch leaped up, surprisingly light on his feet for so heavy a man.

"You cursed ill-mannered whelp, do I look like a murderer?"

Pliny hesitated.

"It's getting on toward dusk," he said "The light is tolerable poor right now. I—I really wouldn't like to say."

"Well, I can tell you," growled Malloch. "I know a dozen men I can hang. I have only to crook my finger to have you snuffed out, insolent dog that you are! But I have no lot or part in shedding man's blood. Human life is sacred to me. But you—you are a potential murderer, ready and willing to kill at a second's notice. And you dare to throw it up to me that I—that I look after my own interests—drive sharp bargains perhaps."

"'Sharp bargains' is one way to put it," says Pliny. "But I have heard it rumored about that you are just a plain hog. Let that go. But if I am such a bad man as you say, aren't you a leetle mite rash to talk so uppity to me?"

"I'm not afraid of you," said Malloch stoutly, "not one bit; nor of any of your highbinders."

"No, sir," said Pliny. "I don't believe you are, at that. Such being the case, we know where we stand. You've got twelve men you can hang and I have a friend I can trust. Kind of one-sided, ain't it? But you're a stubborn brute, and I reckon you'll keep on, even with the odds so heavy against you."

"Stubborn? Why, you long-eared mule—"

Malloch's indignation drove him to sputtering incoherence and Mullins blandly continued his summing up:

"Stubbornness and trickery on your side, manly resolution and violence on mine. I am to understand that if I am shot in the back, it will be without your foreknowledge and O. K.—is that it? For my part, I'm giving notice that any gentleman playing tricks on me has got to be slick enough to fool me. If I catch him at it, his tricky days are over. You pass the word to your twelve friends that deserve hanging. And if you send any of them projectin' around me, pick those you can spare best."

"Mr. Mullins," said Malloch bitterly, "you certainly have a choice idea of how to make yourself disagreeable. You are the most exasperating man I ever knew, the most hateful and disrespectful."

"Now, now," interrupted Pliny, "what cause have you given me to respect you? You send some of your twelve tools to blow up my well ——"

"I didn't," protested Malloch. "I didn't even hear of it till Pelly told me."

"Yes, maybe. But it was done to please you. Pinto Pelly will know who it was. Did Pinto tell you about the little talk I had with him this afternoon? That reminds me. You'd better let Pinto noise it about that Tommy Garrett is strictly on the prod, and that any person hereafter snooping around that drilling outfit will run into a little hell like mother used to make. It is highly important to get that word to your disciples right off."

"I tell you again, that was none of my contriving. And I don't hire murder done, and I didn't threaten it either. I was angry, and I only pointed out how easy it would be to get rid of you if I was your kind."

"Yes? My kind—meanin'?"

"Gunmen, killers," said Malloch firmly. "You and your kind have no respect for human life."

"I pack a gun, yes, and I know how to use it. So does Yancey here. And we both know there's more important things than for us to keep on living. That doesn't make us killers. That makes us poor people to crowd. If men like us was miners, you wouldn't even try to pull that stuff you're getting away with out to Webb. If everybody was as easy as them poor devils, this would be a fine country for your kind—meaning stinkers—but it wouldn't be America. Smart people don't crowd the likes of us, not because we are willing to be killed, but because we are willing to die sooner than put up with any foolishness. But if we do kill anyone, we'll do it ourselves—we won't send. Listen now—listen hard! Do you see no difference between killing with a gun and killing with a gunman? Shucks! You and your dirty dozen!"

"That is no kind of talk," said Malloch sternly. "No kind of talk at all. You are unjust, and you know it. You make it hard for me, an older man and a known man, trying to withdraw a hasty and ill-said word spoken in anger to a man young and unknown."

"There, there, you'll know me better before you get done with me," said Pliny consolingly. "All you have to do is to let me have my own way and a child can manage me. But when you sent Pinto Pelly to bribe me, to buy me off—me, old P. Probity Mullins—am I supposed to respect you for that?"

"You know you are doing more than your share of the talking," said Malloch. "And you're talking about me. That's what makes you feel so virtuous. Let's talk about you a while. Young fellow, you're doing considerable posing and strutting and admiring yourself. Sure you're not overlooking anything? You made some mention of the children at Webb, I think. When you get your West Webb town to working, is it your intention to start a saloon and a gambling hell, so it will be easy for those kids to follow in your footsteps? When they learn that you are a common poker fiend, then what are you going to say?"

"Huh!" said Pliny. "Jesso! Well, now, Mr. Malloch, sir, I reckon I won't say anything. There ain't nothing to say."

"He'll say, 'Well, anyhow, I didn't cheat,'" said loyal Yancey.

"No, I won't, Lafe. I won't say one word. Why, Mr. Malloch, you get better and better. I couldn't leave Purgatory now a-tall. First I wanted to do something for Webb and now I want to see what can be done about you. You interest me. First you make your mine safe, like you said. Then you don't approve of killing folks when they need it—and just now you showed that you had brains. But if you've got sense, what makes you act so? Why, I've got to stay here! If you'd associate less with your twelve friends and pick you out a decent enemy or two, it might be the making of you."

"Sir, you are a stubborn fellow."

"So Yancey was telling me when you came. There must be something to it," said Pliny. "And you're not stubborn? Is that it? You're sure one interesting citizen, Mr. Malloch. Why, if you behave yourself, I believe maybe we'll let you be one of the boys after a while. But if you don't be good—well, when they let this territory in as a state we'll nicely send you to the Senate."

"I've heard enough of your talk," said Malloch, rising. "You make me sick."

"Hey, wait a minute, can't you? It's getting dark and time to eat; but I've got something else to tell you. Looky, Mr. Malloch, you and me could make each other walk pretty straight if we didn't get too friendly. Like now. I'm going to keep you from doing a dirty trick this very night. You see, Pinto Pelly, before I pressed his pants, he tried to buy me off from this Webb lay by giving me the chance to jump some poor devil's ranch that you wanted and was willing to pay for; some technicality or other—I didn't wait to hear. Pinto tell you about it? No? Well, it's like I say. So I'm going to hunt up that ranch and tell the owner what you aim to do—start soon after supper.

"Pinto didn't say where it was, but he said there was good grass. So it oughtn't to be hard to find."

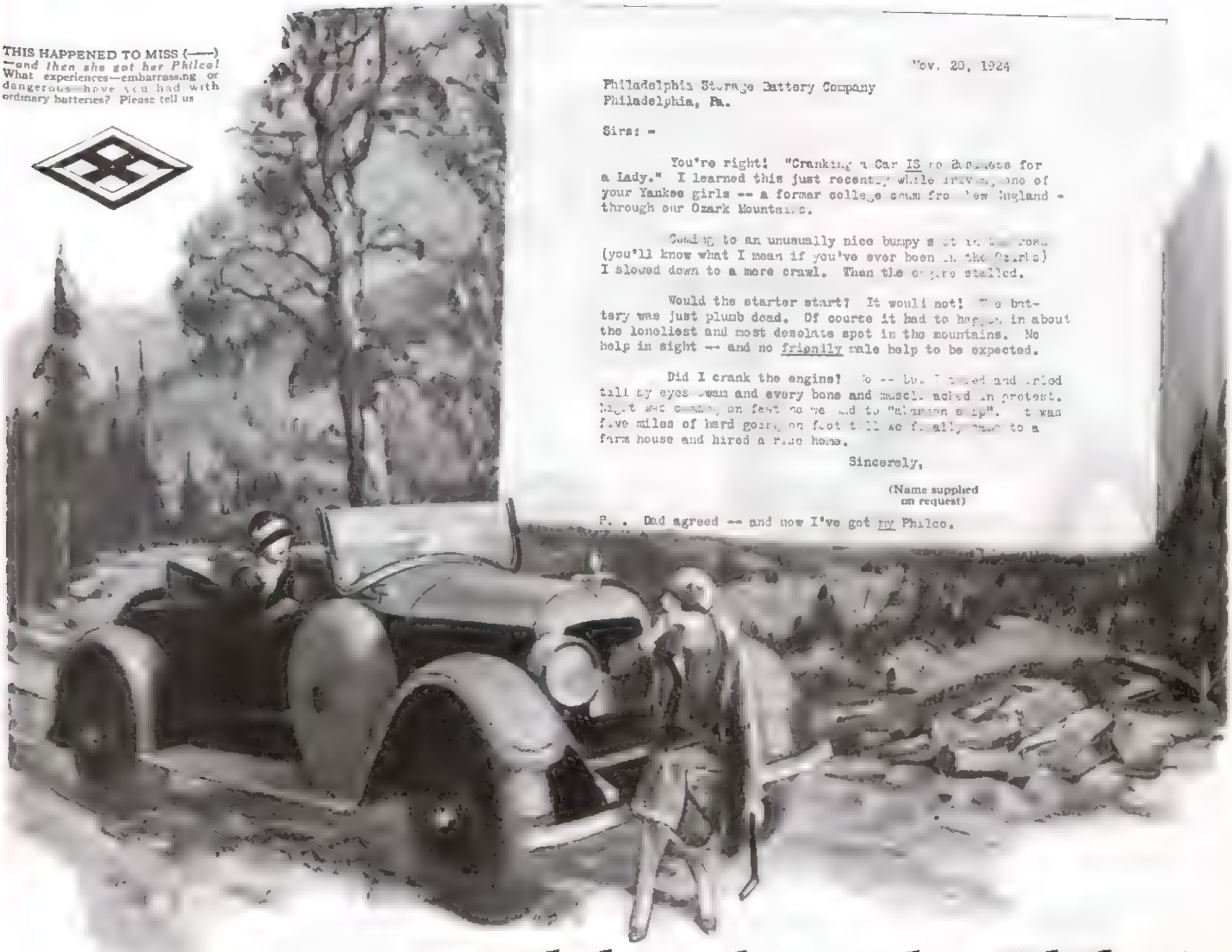
"Only grass around here is at the old Rainy Day ranch," observed Lafe. "But I always understood that Rainy got a patent."

"Just what I figured," said Pliny; "hearing how it joins on the Circle M range, good grass, Day out of the country and a smooth-faced kid holdin' down the place. Reckon old Rainy missed a bet somewhere. You rest easy, Mr. Malloch. If there's any flaw in Rainy Day's title, we'll fix it up. You won't get no chance for any shenanigan. You are now just beginning to lead a blameless life. What? Going? Well, good night."

"I hope you break your neck," said Malloch.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THIS HAPPENED TO MISS (——)
—and then she got her Philco!
What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had with ordinary batteries? Please tell us



Nov. 20, 1924

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: -

You're right! "Cranking a Car IS no Exercise for a Lady." I learned this just recently while traveling, one of your Yankee girls -- a former college scum from New England - through our Ozark Mountains.

Coming to an unusually nice bumpy stretch of road (you'll know what I mean if you've ever been in the Ozarks) I slowed down to a mere crawl. Then the engine stalled.

Would the starter start? It would not! The battery was just plumb dead. Of course it had to happen in about the loneliest and most desolate spot in the mountains. No help in sight -- and no friendly male help to be expected.

Did I crank the engine? No -- but I tried and cried till my eyes swam and every bone and muscle ached in protest. Night was coming on fast so we had to "abandon ship". It was five miles of hard going on foot till we finally came to a farm house and hired a ride home.

Sincerely,

(Name supplied on request)

P. S. Dad agreed -- and now I've got my Philco.

—and then she got her Philco!

Drynamic—a super-powered Philco! A battery that surpasses in power even the former high-powered Philcos!

The new *Drynamic* Philco has a tremendous built-in surplus of power for *whirling* your motor—for keeping your headlights blazing hour after hour—for the steady white-hot ignition you must have for a powerful smooth-running engine.

Whether your car is old—or just brand-new from the factory—give it the benefit of a Philco *Drynamic* Battery. You need this added protection against hand-cranking experiences—this added safeguard against the discomforts and dangers of battery failure.

This new *Drynamic* Philco, with Diamond-Grid Plates and Philco Retainers, is guaranteed for TWO YEARS. It costs you no more—in some cases even less—than an ordinary battery. And you can get a *Drynamic* Philco with bar-grid plates as low as $14.50 exchange.

See the acid poured in!

Philco *Drynamic* Batteries are made DRY and shipped DRY—but CHARGED. Being dry, they cannot deteriorate while in shipment or on the dealer's shelf. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the acid—just before installing the battery in your car. You are certain to get the full life of the battery.

Ask for Philco *Drynamic*—*see the acid poured in*—and you can't get a stale battery.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

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PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

A General Cord often serves two owners

After delivering satisfactory mileage to the original purchaser it is not uncommon to see a General Cord go to work for its second owner.

General's outstanding record of big mileage has led many car owners to actually prefer buying used Generals rather than new tires of the cheaper makes.

They find that even a worn General "goes a long way to make friends."

The General distributor gets his supply of these partly worn Generals by making allowances on them when he puts new Generals on the cars of his customers. Surprisingly many trade in their tires regularly each year.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

Re-sale value after 10,000 miles

The GENERAL CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

MISS DIRECTED

(Continued from Page 21)

up to him in worshipful awe. At least they had until Sicily Clump arrived.

The company resented Sicily and blamed her on Cæsar. Certainly her airs and highfalutin' manners were directly attributable to the fact that she happened to be related to Mr. Clump by marriage. They resented her insistent intrusion and constant criticism, and realized that there was strictly nothing they could do about it. Whereupon they carried their grouches about and permitted them to flourish even as the well-known green bay tree.

Cæsar was not blind. He watched bitterly the trend of events, saw his smooth-working machinery become rusty and creaky and inefficient. For the first time in months he found himself working against time, pushing production against the threat of imminent delivery date.

His problem was delicate and fraught with potentialities of dire trouble. He wanted to assemble the company and inform each member that he understood and sympathized. But that, in view of his husbandhood, was patently impossible. Therefore he mooned about the lot and did not even know that vitriol dripped from his tongue and irascibility marked his working hours.

As for President Orifice R. Latimer, that gentleman was slow to awaken. He suspected a thing or two, but it was not until Messrs. Opus Randall and Welford Potts came to him as co-chairmen of a committee of indignation that he really knew what he was up against. He listened wide-eyed to their declaration of dissatisfaction and his round head wabbled slowly about on the thick neck.

"Boys, what you tells me suttinly is somethin'."

"It's a dawg-gone sight mo'n that, Brother Latimer. Us cain't wuk a-tall with that woman snoopin' aroun' all the time. You'd think fum the way she acts she was all of us wifes."

"H'm!" Latimer gave the matter careful thought. "Reckon the bes' thing is fo' you-all not to pay no attention to her."

"Tha's swell adwice." Mr. Potts waxed sarcastic. "Next time you sits down on the business end of a yaller jacket don't you pay no 'tention to what happens."

"Them ain't the same. An' besides, I don't see what I can do."

Their answer came in chorus.

"Run her off the lot!"

"No-o, that cain't be done. She's Cæsar's wife, an' if he once got sore at us ——"

"Shuh! He ain't gwine git sore if you gits that woman off the lot. He's 'most as crazy as we are."

"Is you shuah?"

"No, I ain't shuah. Ise certain."

Latimer dismissed them and summoned Mr. Clump. That gentleman staggered into the room haggard of face and tired of eye. He slumped into a chair and puffed indifferently upon the cigarette which drooped disconsolately from the corner of his lips.

"Cæsar," queried Latimer diplomatically, "how is Mrs. Clump gittin' along?"

Mr. Clump grimaced with distaste.

"Plenty," he answered grimly.

"Kind of interferin' with ye' work?"

"No, she ain't interferin' with it. She's just busted it plumb to Hades."

"Tchk! Tha's too bad. I has kind of been aispectin' such, an' I wants to suggest, Cæsar, that you informs her that hereafter all we crave of her presence is her absence."

Cæsar smiled hopelessly.

"Me tell her to git off the lot?"

"Uh-huh."

"Big boy, you utters words, but they don't tell nobody nothin'. Me tellin' Sicily to do somethin' woul'n't be nothin' but th'owin' good breff after bad. An' besides, I ain't got nothin' to do with this. It was you which ast her to hang aroun' in the fust place, an' is she run away fum heah, you has got to do it yo' own se'f. There ain't nothin' I can do, an' I intends to do it consistent."

"But, Cæsar ——"

"Don't go buttin' me, Orifice. My troubles is wuss than yourn."

Latimer was sincerely perturbed.

"Things is gittin' pretty bad, Brother Clump."

"They ain't never so bad they cain't git wuss."

"What is us gwine do about it?"

"Us ain't gwine do nothin'. Anything which is done, you does."

"I cain't do nothin'. Tell you what, Cæsar, you think things over an' keep yo' eyes peeled, an' lemme know what comes up."

Cæsar promised, and that night something came up. Mr. Clump grew suspicious at dinner when his spouse appeared bearing a platter of succulent spareribs, which he adored and she despised.

"Cooked 'em my own se'f, honey boy," she announced.

Then came fresh crumbly biscuits; hearts of celery, Carolina rice cooked so that each grain stood alone and independent; rich tasty gravy, and last and most important—a lemon-meringue pie baked by the wifely hand. Cæsar's suspicion detracted from his gustatory enjoyment. Something was impending; this was a too obvious effort to humor him.

The explanation arrived in due course, after the dinner had been satisfactorily absorbed and they were seated in the tiny living room with Cæsar puffing a long black cigar.

"Honey bee," murmured Sicily tentatively, "Ise kind of discontented heah in Bumminham."

Cæsar raised his eyes hopefully.

"Golly, I should think you would be! You ought to go to New Yawk or Chicago or somewheres, an' ——"

"'Tain't that. I don't never espect to leave you again. I is just discontented doin' nothin'."

"But, Sicily, you ain't been doin' nothin'—Gawd knows you ain't."

"Just advisin'. That ain't nothin'. Now it's like I told Mistuh Latimer that fust day I met up with him—what you-all need is a good woman star."

Mr. Clump groaned. The worst was happening.

"Yep, a good woman star. An' I has decided to he'p you out."

"Oh, lawsy! You is gwine do a heap of helpin'!" He rose and paced the room. "You mean you wants a job playin' in Midnight pitchers?"

"Yeh."

"Nothin' stirrin'." He spoke with grim authority.

For a moment she said nothing. Then she rose to the full of her delicate five-two and posed belligerently before him.

"So you says I cain't work with you, eh? You po' li'l' knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, sawed-off shrimp! Who is you anyway? I reckon you is gwine say I cain't act, is that it?"

He put up a defensive hand.

"You can act all right. But, Sicily, you don't belong in no movin'-pitcher business, specially where I is directin'."

"Yah! Jealous of me, ain't you? You been lordin' it aroun' that lot fo' so long you don't want nobody there which knows mo'n you do. Well, Ise tellin' you this, half-bake, an' Ise tellin' you positive: You gits me a job actin' in Midnight pitchers or you sho'ly is gwine heah somethin' about why not, an' heah it frequent. Tha's all!"

Cæsar shook his head slowly.

"It's a plenty, Sicily, believe me, it is!"

There was little sleep that night for Mr. J. Cæsar Clump, director extraordinary. He knew only too well what he faced should his wife's ultimatum be ignored. And so the next afternoon he laid the facts before Orifice Latimer. That gentleman, acutely sorry for his director and fully appreciating the delicacy of his position, promised relief.

"I gits all the prominent gemmun on the lot assembled in solemn concave," said he, "an' we discusses what to do."

"Good!" Cæsar moved to the door. "But you got to count me out. I ain't gwine have nothin' to do with anything you decides."

A council of war was called; Welford Potts and Opus Randall and Florian Slappey and Lawyer Evans Chew, along with several persons of lesser importance. They gave attentive ear to Latimer's outline of misery.

"It's thisaway," finished the chief executive: "I know us can tell Sicily Clump to remain offen the lot, but does we do so, she gives Cæsar merry hell at home an' then he starts doin' rotten work fo' us an' we goes flooie. We has got to consider this proposition fum all angles an' decide which is best, if any. I is now open to suggestions."

But suggestions were slow in coming, and each one was so obviously impossible as to be discarded almost without consideration. There was a distinct absence of levity in the group. They concentrated upon the problem with headachy intensity, for each of them realized that, thanks to the pulchritudinous Sicily, Midnight was facing a crisis at the very time when a crisis was least welcome. And then—just when it seemed that there was nothing to be done and they had decided unanimously to do it—an elegant, dapper figure rose and addressed Latimer.

"Mistuh President."

"Mistuh Slappey."

"I has got an idea—a swell idea."

"Glory be!"

"I has been thinkin' frequent an' sayin' little ever since us got together. Now it seems to me that we has decided on one thing: Mrs. Clump has got to be happy else Cæsar is gwine be mis'able. An' is Cæsar mis'able, us faces financial difficulties—ain't that so?"

"Shuah is, Brother Slappey."

"Now, I asks you, what is gwine make Sicily happy?"

"Nothin'. Not that gal."

"Oh, yes there is! There's one thing which will tickle her to deff. An' that, my brethren, is starring in a Midnight pitcher."

He paused dramatically and smiled in triumph at the bewilderment reflected on the faces of his cohorts. Latimer snorted.

"Foolishment which you talks!"

"'Tain't foolishment. Us goes to Sicily an' says we think she would make a swell star, but we got to be shuah. So we hiahs her fo' one pitcher—just one—an' if she makes good in that she gits a contrac'. But if she don't ——"

They were interested, and Florian continued enthusiastically:

"This gal ain't never played no pitchers, specially comedies like us makes. So she says yes right away an' we turns her loose. An' oh, sweet mamma, how loose we turns her! Follow me?"

"Ise ahead of you," breathed Latimer admiringly. "Preceed."

"You writes the scenario, Brother Latimer, an' it's got to be scenario a-plenty. It's fo' a heroine leadin' lady an' what happens to her in that story is a sin an' a shame. An' what happens is that she prob'ly gits disgustful an' quits, or else the pitcher is so rotten that when we gives it a preview down to the Champeen Theater ev'ybody razzes her an' she gits unhappy an' returns back Nawth where she comes fum; or else even if she stays in Bumminham, she hates Midnight so fo' makin' her ridiculum that we don't never see her no mo'."

A tense silence filled the room. Latimer advanced a single objection.

"That'd cos' a heap of money, Florian."

"Not so much as goin' bust or gittin' behime schedule, would it?"

"No-o." The president wagged his head. "You reckon Cæsar would be willin' to make his wife do them terrible things?"

"Nope. He shuah woul'n't, not if you writes into that scenario all the things Ise got in mind. An' that's the bes' part of my scheme. We esplains to Sicily that there ain't no use of her makin' no pitcher with her husban' directin', so we gits her an extra special director of her ve'y own."

"Yeh, go on."

"An' we does."

"But, Brother Slappey, we ain't got no other director besides J. Cæsar."

"Yes, we has."

"Name which?"

Florian grinned broadly.

"Eddie Fizz!"

There was an instant of silence, then a deep-throated guffaw emerged from the presidential throat.

"Hot ziggity dam! If you ain't the thinkin'est man! We gives her a rotten scenario an' a rotten poor poached egg like Eddie Fizz to direc' the pitcher. Boy, that suttinly is gwine be the mos' rottenest pitcher which was ever scrun!"

The meeting wound up in a blaze of congratulation and general hilarity. By dint of great effort they managed to keep their faces straight when Eddie Fizz was summoned. Mr. Fizz was not unduly easy on the eyes. He was small and somewhat lopsided and he had a habit of blinking fast. His disposition was retiring—shrinking, almost—and his feet continually got in his way.

For several months Mr. Fizz had held the position of assistant director under J. Cæsar Clump, which was equivalent to

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ROY CARRUTHERS, President

marking him as a person lacking initiative and courage. His particular task was to accept the blame for anything and everything that went wrong, and to look after the mass of worrisome and intricate detail attendant upon the filming of a two-reel comedy.

But Eddie was a quiet, tenacious sort of chap who ambitioned great things and held his official title above the extremely slender pay envelope. Therefore when President Orifice R. Latimer informed him that he was to be temporarily elevated to the rank of director, with absolute charge of a company for one single picture, he stammered and stuttered and tripped over his own feet and gargled his thanks.

They eventually dismissed him and gave themselves over to a session of uncontrolled mirth. The skies were, indeed, lightening; and what had promised to be a severe storm was now rapidly assuming the proportions of hilarious comedy.

Cæsar was summoned and the high spots of the scheme outlined to him. For a few moments he stared in silent amazement; then he seated himself abruptly and rocked with laughter. The idea of Eddie Fizz directing anybody was irresistibly amusing; the fact that the directee was to be Sicily Clump made it absolutely excruciating.

"When them two gits together," chortled Cæsar, "oh, golly! Eddie Fizz don't know enough to tell nobody nothin', an' Sicily woul'n't do it nohow."

Cæsar broke the gladsome tidings to Sicily that night. She was immediately all smiles and good humor, and Mr. Clump looked at her and pondered: "When things goes her way, they ain't no gal sweeter. But git her crossed up an' Mistuh Trouble woul'n't reckernize his own twin brother."

Until after midnight two colossal brains concentrated upon the scenario which was to begin and end Sicily's stellar career in the movies. Messrs. Orifice R. Latimer and Florian Slappey labored long and earnestly over a script which, when completed, was a rare confection of hairbreadth absurdities.

The scenario told the story of a young married couple. The husband, it appeared, was not disinclined to philander and the wife was not only wise but jealous. The story exposition was obtained by much smashing of crockery and throwing of custard pies, against the great dramatic moment when the wife learns that her husband has made an engagement to take another woman joy-riding that night. Whereupon the wife vows terrible vengeance. She dresses in masculine garb and conceals herself behind a tree in front of the other woman's house. The husband drives up in a fine rented car. He enters the house for his lady love. The disguised wife emerges from the shadows, pitches the chauffeur into the gutter and takes the wheel. The husband and lady friend start into the country, never suspecting that dire danger handles the throttle. The happy couple are almost too happy. The wife in the front seat grows angrier and angrier. A great determination comes to her. She will wreck the car—absolutely, totally and completely.

It was from this point on that Messrs. Latimer and Slappey outdid themselves. The comedy point of the story appeared to be that the car was unwreckable. The scenario was filled with those choice morsels of slapstick which are fondly referred to as gags. The car was to approach a cliff at top speed, then stop without apparent reason, and back away. It was to be directed at forty miles an hour straight at a stone wall, and at the moment of impact a hole was to open in the wall and the car pass through safely. It was to be projected straight at a giant oak tree, and then refuse to collide, running round and round the tree while the erring couple in the rear clung fearfully to each other.

And finally, according to this opus magnum, the wife was to give it up as a bad job. She was to drive the car back to town and stop before a hospital, where the wreck of a hysterical lady friend and the remains of the husband were to be carted upstairs and placed in separate wards. The reconciliation was to come at the bedside of the husband.

The authors looked at each other and chuckled.

"That story," announced Latimer, "ain't so wuss."

"It's has made some which was terribler" admitted Florian. "But that ain't neither hither or yon. What we is after is that Sicily Clump should catch thunder, an' when she begins drivin' that car th'oo the woods like the scenario calls for—well, it just strikes me that somethin' is boun' to go wrong some place. An' no matter does it or not, the whole pitcher is gwine be so awful that when it gits showed down to the Champeen, Sicily gits hooted out of the theater."

Two days later the Eddie Fizz unit of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., started work. It was not a particularly imposing group—Director Fizz, nervous and diffident and very apologetic; a 'prentice cameraman; a general helper; a couple of young amateurs to play the rôles of hero and of lady friend; and, superb in her new glory, Sicily Clump.

The entire southeast corner of the studio was turned over to this company with the announcement that no one would interfere with them, and they were to interfere with no one. A certain cash budget was placed at the disposal of Mr. Fizz, and he was furnished with an electrical equipment consisting of one sun arc, two broadsides and two seventy-ampere spots. For the first time since the hour of Sicily's arrival, tranquillity once more pervaded the Midnight lot. Nor was the tranquillity entirely passive. Each person on the lot who had quivered under the sting of Sicily's caustic criticism grinned gleefully in anticipation of the sweet revenge which was to be theirs. They knew that the cards were stacked against Mrs. Clump—hopelessly, impossibly stacked—and so occasionally they peeped into the Fizz section of the studio and came away grinning.

There was little doubt of one fact—Eddie Fizz and Sicily Clump did not suspect that they were being conspired against. They worked earnestly and enthusiastically. From immediately after breakfast until late in the evening the spots blazed on their sets. Then came the day when they commenced shooting exteriors. Sicily returned from her initial adventures somewhat bedraggled, but still burning with the fire of dramatic ambition.

"How you gittin' along, Sicily?" inquired her husband solicitously.

"Pretty good."

"Like pitcher actin'?"

"Kind of."

"It ain't so easy as cabarets, is it?"

"No-o. But us is gittin' along all right."

Cæsar cocked his head on one side and eyed her speculatively.

"You look kind of bunged up, honey."

"Do I?"

"Yeh; you ain't happened to an accident, has you?"

"Not ezac'ly. Of course, in my art there's a heap of things which ain't so gentle."

She was game, and for a moment Cæsar found in his heart a scintilla of pity for the discomfiture which was in store for her. It was on the tip of his tongue to warn her, but memory of what had happened stayed him. It was essential to his own peace of mind and the continued prosperity of Midnight that Mrs. Clump be taught a severe and drastic lesson.

Work on High Speed, the first Eddie Fizz-Sicily Clump production, proceeded slowly. But it did proceed. There were days when Mrs. Clump returned to her home and fell across the bed in exhaustion. There were evenings when Mr. Fizz sought a dark corner of the lot and concealed himself in the shadows, head in hands, striving to make himself believe that all would be well. The very intensity of the two principals served merely to whet the enthusiasm of the others on the lot; it was too absurdly funny, this grim struggle of a pair of incompetents to turn out a first-rate picture.

Never before had matters run so smoothly on the lot. Cæsar Clump brought with him daily fresh pep and enthusiasm; he drove his company hard and they thrived on it.

"An' in about a week," chuckled Latimer, "the Fizz pitcher is gwine be showed at the Champeen, an' then we gits our freedom fum Mrs. Clump sho' nuff."

"Have you seen any of the rushes?" inquired Opus Randall.

"No; ain't nobody seen 'em, an' we ain't aimin' to. Eddie an' Sicily is cuttin' an' titlin' the pitcher themse'ves. We ain't gwine see nothin' until it gits showed at the Champeen."

Once work was suspended for three days when the trick automobile went contrary to script directions. Mrs. Clump nursed various contusions and the automobile went into the shop for repairs. During that interval Eddie immersed himself in the task of cutting and assembling. He appeared only at lunch time, and then he wore a harassed expression. They treated him with mock deference and addressed him always as Director Fizz.

At length came the announcement that the picture was finished. Arrangements were immediately negotiated with the management of the Champion Theater for a showing that night. The manager was a trifle doubtful; Midnight previews were very popular with the patrons of the Champion and he desired a little time for exploitation.

"Not on this one you don't," negatived J. Cæsar Clump, and explained the reason. The manager of the Champion grinned.

"I understand. We'll just run it off without any special display."

But thanks to the assiduous word-of-mouth efforts of Florian Slappey, Opus Randall, et al., a huge crowd was present at the Champion that night when the heroine of the big feature picture transferred the powder from her cheeks to the hero's vest. Everybody even remotely connected with Midnight was there, and they all guessed why. True, no orders had been given directly; but the understanding was quite clear. The picture would be terrible, and they, as supposedly disinterested members of the audience, were to let the world know that they considered it terrible. In brief, the new star was to be taken for a ride—an exceedingly tough ride.

But if the big boys of the organization came to scoff, Mr. Fizz and Mrs. Clump were unaware of that fact. True, Eddie wore a worried, rather apologetic look, and he tripped continually over his splayfeet and tried to appear unconcerned. But there was apparently no doubt in Sicily's mind that this was her hour of supremest triumph. She swept into the theater—to seats especially reserved—in an evening gown and a wrap of sapphire and silver. Across her forehead she sported a bandeau of glittering rhinestones which flashed their brummagem brilliance to all corners of the house. J. Cæsar accompanied her. A great and pervasive peace was upon him; this night marked definitely the end of his worst troubles.

The feature picture ended. A hush fell over the audience as they were informed from the screen that Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.—Orifice R. Latimer, President—Presents High Speed, a Comedy in Two Reels, by Orifice R. Latimer and Florian Slappey. Immediately thereafter came the first thrill of the evening, for the entire screen flamed with the letters which notified one and all that this picture was

DIRECTED BY
EDWIN BOSCOE FIZZ

There was a roar of laughter and a ripple of applause, but before that gained headway, a new title leaped to meet interested gazes—a title different from anything Midnight had ever presented:

PRESENTING MIDNIGHT'S GLORIOUS
NEW STAR

and then a dissolve to Sicily in full evening garb, and another dissolve to

SICILY CLUMP

Somehow the scoffers forgot to scoff. The introduction was both impressive and dignified. It had class. J. Cæsar frowned and shook his head. Evidently Mr. Fizz possessed greater intelligence than he had been credited with.

And then the picture started. It started fast and well. Inside the first three minutes somebody in the house laughed heartily and from that moment on, the spectators were in a continuous roar of merriment. Before the end of the first reel every man in the house knew that nothing short of an impossible let-down could keep High Speed from ranking with the very best comedies turned out by Midnight. It had been produced with a painstaking attention to detail; its story unfolded directly and simply; its direction was deft, almost subtle in spots; yet its slapstick was broad enough and funny enough to evoke roars of laughter.

But the evening's triumph was distinctly Sicily's. Every man and woman present knew that she was, indeed, more than worthy to head the Midnight's roster of stars. The scene which had caused her three days in bed was a riot; the antics of the errant automobile which refused to wreck were irresistibly funny. And the close-ups of the couple on the rear seat had been taken obviously when their terror was more real than simulated.

It was Sicily, though, who flashed most brilliantly. She screened magnificently and her comedy sense had been gauged to a nicety by the slew-footed director. The house shook with applause, and high above all of it came the deep-throated roar of Orifice R. Latimer.

The picture ended in a shock of acclaim. The house lights were flashed on. And there, before them all, Director J. Cæsar Clump made the *amende honorable*. He took Sicily in his arms and kissed her.

"Honey gal," he announced sincerely, "Ise proud of you."

He was swept aside by the ponderous Mr. Latimer, who seized both hands of his new star, and then Florian Slappey insinuated himself between them and claimed credit for having fathered the idea of starring Sicily in a picture. It was a wild, jubilant scene, and with amazing absence of professional jealousy each actor in the company came forward to add his bit of praise to the encomiums being showered upon the radiant Mrs. Clump.

From the Champion they repaired immediately to the office of Lawyer Evans Chew, where a two-year contract was drawn between Midnight and Sicily. She signed happily, and did not see the guilty look which passed between Latimer and her husband.

But there was no hint of restraint now; they paid homage to her, and Latimer fairly oozed his enthusiasm.

"You is the best ever, Mrs. Clump. An' yo' new pitchers is gwine be swelier than this, even. For one thing, us gives you a real director."

In the corner, Mr. Edwin Boscoe Fizz cringed. Nobody had paid particular attention to Eddie. But Sicily smiled and shook her head.

"Nos-suh," she negatived. "You ain't gwine do nothin' of the sort."

"We shuah is. We is gwine let J. Cæsar direct you hisse'f."

"Nope. Eddie Fizz is my director, an' the only one I uses."

"But, Mrs. Clump ——"

"I ain't willin' to be butted, Mistuh Latimer. I reckon Cæsar is all right, but he cain't direct me in comedy stuff."

"How come not?"

"Because," she answered, "he takes me too serious."

And so Eddie Fizz was signed up as a full-fledged director, and immediately after affixing his signature to the contract he called J. Cæsar aside.

"Mistuh Clump," he said earnestly, "I wants to thank you."

"Thank me? Fo' what?"

"It was you that learned me all I know about directin'. I has been studyin' yo' stuff, an' I reckon I know how good you is, even if I don't know much else."

The generous mood which was afflicting all of them had not escaped J. Cæsar Clump.

"Eddie," he said, "you don't know what a swell director you is. Why, boy, you is a wizzid! An' instead of learnin' fum me, there's a heap of things I'd like to learn off you."

"Shuh! You talks foolishment."

"No, I don't. An' the chiefest thing I craves to learn is this: How in the world did you ever manage to direct Sicily?"

A slow grin creased the lips of Director Eddie Fizz.

"That's easy answered," he responded quietly. "You see, I ain't her husband and so she didn't have to refuse to do what I told her!"

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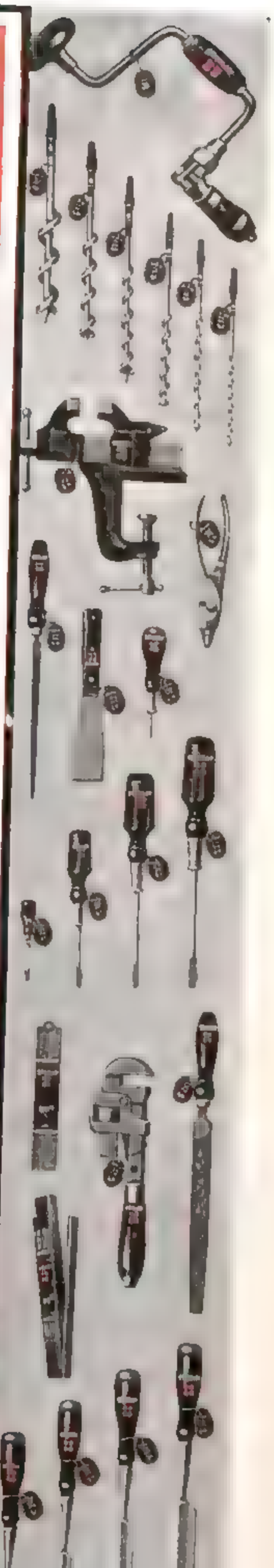

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GOODYEAR

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What a fine tribute, too, these letters are to the celebrated new Goodyear cord fabric SUPERTWIST!

Most of the superior service qualities mentioned here can be traced to this extra-elastic, extra-durable material.

What it contributes to Goodyear balloon tires in long wear, freedom from trouble, durability and economy, is unmistakable.

An exclusive Goodyear development, SUPERTWIST is now used in all Goodyear tires—balloons and standard sizes.

What about balloons? Just this:

They're wonderfully satisfactory if they're made with SUPERTWIST—and Goodyears are!

Concerning Rough Roads

"We have found Goodyear balloon tires to be practical for any kind of roads. In fact the rougher the roads are the better the user likes them. We have put on a number of sets with the understanding that if the customer was not entirely satisfied we would remove them without any charge for the use given the tires during the trial. So far we have not been called on to remove a single set of tires." E. E. SHROPSHIRE, Austin Goodyear Company, 116 E. 7th St., *Austin, Texas.*

* * *

"Several months ago when I purchased my Ford Coupe, I was persuaded to try out a set of Goodyear balloon tires. At the time I was skeptical about their performance as I live on a dirt road that is oftentimes slippery when wet and is pretty rough. Now I am mighty glad to let the order stand as I wouldn't go back to the old kind of tires at anywhere near the price. These tires show hardly any wear to date although they have had some tough service. My wife and I enjoy the greater comfort in riding and I do not believe they are as apt to skid as the hard tires. I am glad of this chance to give your balloon tires a boost as I have been mighty pleased."—N. S. NICHOLS, *Fayetteville, N. Y.*

* * *

"Last October I bought a Nash Roadster equipped with Goodyear balloon tires. Since then I have covered 5500 miles over all kinds of roads. During this period the roads have been in pretty bad condition due to severe weather, but I am happy to tell you how satisfactory their service has been. My car is on the road continually, in hard use, so when I tell you I have had but one puncture in this distance you will see how satisfactory these tires performed. No signs of wear yet."—JOHN T. HARDING, *Chicago, Illinois.*

* * *

Concerning Steering

"It is a pleasure for me to inform you that Goodyear balloon tires on my Cadillac are proving most satisfactory. Many persons are of the opinion that balloon tires consume a lot of power and steer badly. This is not so. I find that there is practically no loss of power and if the difference in steering is really a fact it is so slight that it is scarcely noticeable. I can heartily endorse the use of Goodyear balloons to any automobile owner who desires comfort and economical operation."—R. JOHNSON, *Erie, Pa.*

* * *

"I have run my Goodyear balloons over two months and am more than pleased. I have run through sand on high that other cars could not make on low. They steer better than high pressure tires, except when driving up to a curb, and turning wheels when car is standing still. I would not be without my Goodyear balloons at any cost."—CLAIR W. REYNOLDS, *Pardeeville, Wis.*

* * *

"I have been using a set of your Goodyear balloon tires since May, 1924, on a Buick Sedan. In that time I have traveled 8000 miles over all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather, and these casings show but very little wear and appear to be good for at least that many more miles. I find no difficulty in steering, the car holds the road better, does not skid as much and has better braking capacity. Practically all vibration has been eliminated and the riding is much more comfortable. Long drives of as much as 300 miles and more in one day do not tire you as with the regular cords."—T. M. POTTER, *New Lexington, Ohio.*

* * *

Concerning Economy

"After three thousand miles on the Goodyear all-weather tread balloons, I am glad to advise you that I am more than pleased. My gasoline mileage has increased without any loss of power, the tires show less tread wear and have had only one puncture."—R. HOLTFELKER, *Norfolk, Nebraska.*

* * *

"We have sold many Hudson and Essex cars equipped with Goodyear balloon tires. So far as we know, not one owner is dissatisfied. We do know of many instances where the owners have become sufficiently enthusiastic over the tire performance to tell us of unusual mileage, lessened wear and tear on the car, greatly increased comfort, etc. What is most surprising is the lack of tire trouble among these users. Considering the lack of care and attention of some of our 'hard' drivers, it is nothing short of astounding the service they are obtaining. We consider Goodyear balloons fool proof." JAS. A. BURKE, Manager Sales Dept., Lewis E. Springer, *Auburn, N. Y.*

* * *

Concerning Satisfaction

"We want you to know that the Goodyear balloon tire has won more popularity than anything we have ever tried to sell. We have never had a single complaint registered against it. The only trouble we have ever experienced with Goodyear balloons was, we couldn't get enough to supply demand."—J. L. LANGFORD, Langford Motor Company, *Winnsboro, La.*

* * *

"As I am a Ford dealer, I put a set of Goodyear balloon tires on a Ford Sedan, to try them out. I have used them six months and they are in very good condition, with no tire troubles at all. My customers are all more than pleased in both wearing and riding qualities." R. R. DWIRE, *Waterloo, N. Y.*

* * *

"Goodyear balloon tire equipment has been the most satisfactory tire equipment we have ever sold. We have never had a balloon tire back for adjustment, but on the other hand hundreds of our customers whose cars we have equipped have unsolicited brought their friends to us for balloons."—FRANK T. JENNINGS, "Jennings Service," *Kansas City, Kan.*

* * *

"If you recall, you equipped my Cadillac car, in March of this year, with five Goodyear balloon tires. I had been told that balloon tires would cause the front wheels on my car to 'shimmie,' that it would require more power and more fuel, that it would cut my speed, that they would be more susceptible to punctures, and about twenty-five or thirty other reasons for not using this type of equipment on a Cadillac car. My speed, power, gasoline consumption and so forth have not been changed in any way. I am inclined to believe that my punctures have been minimized as a result of balloon tires. These tires have delivered at this writing, approximately twelve thousand miles of service and during this service I have been interrupted with just one puncture. I can not say too much in favor of Goodyear balloon tires because my experience with them has been ideal and I would not operate an automobile today without this equipment."—ELMER V. ROBERTS, *Lima, Ohio.*

"BALLOONS"

Made with SUPERTWIST

ELLA MAY'S GOLLIWOG

(Continued from Page 31)

their hothouse strawberries that George winked mysteriously and told her he had a surprise for her—a real treat the like of which she had never seen before.

"Something revolutionary," he said, "and extra special."

Ella May followed him in some excitement. They went to a near-by building—to a small room at the back. It was dark, and several dozen people were seated in it. On the wall opposite these was stretched a panel of white stuff, about four by six feet in dimension, and behind the audience, on a tripod, a small black box with a dimly burning light.

As George and Ella May seated themselves, from this boxlike lantern there was projected upon the white panel a sort of stereopticon view of a section of railroad track—very much reduced from actual size. It vanished to a dot in the distance, the rails in the foreground spreading to the full width of the photograph, about three feet. And as Ella May looked at this bit of track, out of that dot of horizon where the rails united and vanished, there came something—moving! The dot swelled, enlarged—moved inexorably forward, took on contour, became an engine—moving! Coming down that track full in the face of the audience. Before their eyes. Blurred, gray, small—that white blob looking out of the cab was the engineer; that black smudge was a plume of smoke; but it was an engine that moved! It came from nothing, enlarged, evaporated in the watchers' faces. There was a keroseny, burnt-rubber odor in the room—and low cries of awe. Ella May leaned forward trembling and clasped George's arm.

"George!" she gasped faintly.

But now there was new wonder. A dog occupied the screen—a big full-grown minimized Newfoundland. He scratched himself, he sought for a flea, he yawned, he flapped his ear. A man walked toward him—a small gray man, indistinct, with one hand a white blur. He laid the white blur on the dog's back and patted him kindly. A dog scratched himself—in a photograph! A man patted him! Ella May followed George out a little blindly.

"It's called a cin-e-mat-o-graph," George was explaining kindly, "and I'm told there's a lot of possibilities to it."

Poor George. Poor Ella May. It wasn't a cinematograph at all they had looked at. It was La Guillotine they had just witnessed. It was the rumble of the distant drum sounding in the air—along with other *fin-de-siècle* things.

A New York paper that morning had chronicled the antics of Mr. Vanderbilt's imported "red devil" out on Long Island. A year later in the high school of that city a group of students was to witness a demonstration of a newfangled contraption called a wireless telegraph, the work of a Mr. Marconi. The development of these three things was to make a great difference to the Gissing bureau and to Ella May Emmett.

It was to change the whole range and quality of their clientele; it was to alter considerably their prestige as a factor in entertainment. The movies, the radio, the motor car—what a captious public these were to make! Did it presently wish to see a baby face? It climbed into its six-cylinder balloon-tire, four-wheel-brake Rocket and rode to the Casino Taj Mahal and watched a celluloid replica of Ziegfeld's latest. Was it too tired to do even this, but yearned for a sweet baby piping? It turned on the loud speaker.

Culture—in its most advanced forms—was on the way anyhow. Women were to take charge of platform entertainment. Women, making up the audiences, were to demand lectures on theosophy, new thought, social hygiene, visiting English writers. More and more the Gissing circuit—Ella May's stuff particularly—was to be absorbed into small-time Chautauqua atmosphere. Two or three night stops in a rustic mosquito-infested camp, a country village. Quarters in hot country hotels, hard beds, crude rural fare. Itineraries with more and more changes to cheap bus lines; outlying local routes, with long arduous waits, more cold winter drives; more and fuller schedules each year back in what we referred to a while ago as the sticks.

But not yet, of course. On this day, having drawn a very fat check, Ella May having set aside the necessary portion for little Ellen's expenses, together with some gifts, spent every last cent on some new finery—including a duchesse lace handkerchief at five dollars.

Little Ellen was a great problem. She was very small and dark and thin, resembling Harry Milliken Sims. Ella May was paying real money to have her cared for, in what she believed were the best possible hands, and there were times—in the night usually—when little Ellen's mother worried about her terribly, when peculiar feelings stirred in her deep bosom—a sudden longing to have little Ellen with her, when a profound weariness of all the stage baby types she was creating seized her. An age-old impulse to hold her own baby, to feel its head on her breast, its tiny arms curled about her neck came upon her. At these times Ella May wept into her pillow. Only it was a different sort of baby she dreamed of—from the actual little Ellen. Something round and cuddly and pink and white with rings of golden hair.

After one of these spells she detoured whenever possible and made a flying trip to see her child—half expecting some change in her, physically, perhaps. But little Ellen always remained the same, a dark cool little gnome, growing up in a commercially gracious atmosphere, turning—so it seemed to Ella May—very indifferent, even accusing eyes on her mamma.

Then one day—it was early in the new century—Ella May made an unexpected move. She had been away from little Ellen nearly seven months, and she came back unexpectedly.

As she approached her child's residence she saw two children engaged before it in an unmistakable activity. A little skinny girl with a running nose was beating a small freckled urchin in the face. "Get the hell out of here," she invited him as she did so, kicking his shins earnestly.

Ella May sat down on the nearest doorstep just as she was—willow plumes, Occidental pearls and traveling frock of navy-blue satin—and cried softly; softly—but bitterly.

It wasn't only that her æsthetic sense was outraged or that she had visible proof of wasted money, but that she was a God-fearing Christian woman, with the same ideals for her child as any other, and a deep unfed fund of maternal love. She snatched little Ellen to her, wiped her nose and kissed her—and she vowed through her tears never, never to leave her.

"You shall travel with me, dearie—somehow. I'll educate you—somehow. I'm as lonely as the dickens anyway—and you'll be company. You're just a little bit of a girl. Lots of women of thirty have little girls; you'll probably stay small a long, long time and never date me at all."

She talked it over with George Wirt Jewell. He thought it a capital idea. The Gissing bureau even stressed it. They got out a new descriptive folder for Ella May with, down on the last page, a small oval picture of little Ellen. Ella May had dressed her in ruffled lace, with an infant's cap and short silk stockings. In her arm Ellen held a huge white plush Teddy bear. The joint captions ran something like this:

"Mme. Ella May Emmett, the Famous Child Impersonator, and Baby Ellen, Mme. Emmett's Wee Daughter, Who Always Travels With Her."

It raised Ella May's stock immensely. On her first schedule, in a little city near Pittsburgh, one enthusiast, on her concluding the final number—a child-and-doll recitation—rose in the audience and cried, "You darling! Go and get your real baby!"

Little Ellen was sound asleep in a pile of coats offstage. Besides, she was a lot taller than the advertising indicated, and, like most children, irritable when aroused, so Ella May explained with a little kiss of her hand that her "talking doll was sleeping," and it brought down the house.

But traveling, on the train at times, or observing the attentions they drew from the crowd, a doubt would stir in Ella May, a mere flicker of apprehension. She was overjoyed to have little Ellen with her—though Ellen was by no means a passive personality, and inclined to resist any fit of the demonstrative. She was useful, helpful, handy with her needle, energetic, rather willful and opinionated enough in the main acquiescent enough, once the significance was explained, to her rôle of baby daughter, and the short socks and Teddy bear it implied. Still, premonitions stirred in Ella May.

Little Ellen was only near thirteen and she herself a blooming thirty—or so. But you don't remain thirty—or so; nor do little girls stay thirteen. It's never been done. Yet as though this prospect of rough water ahead wasn't enough, this was the year some fool of a man dressmaker over in Paris decided that hips were unsightly, and Ella May bought her first reducing corset. The bed-slat silhouette was on the way!

IV

LITTLE Ellen Emmett Sims carried that white-plush Teddy bear until she was twenty; long after Teddy bears went out. It was dry cleaned six times.

Nature seized Ellen in the meantime, reshaped her, with tiny but rather pretty feminine lines, cleared her complexion, and called attention—principally—to rather handsome dark eyes. A close observer might have noticed her chin.

But she remained a baby daughter in short hose, with frills and the faithful bear; at least publicly; behind the scenes there were many and bitter revolts.

There is no tragedy more forlorn than a pretty woman's fight against time; there is no aspect of it sadder or sillier than her frequent efforts to squeeze a growing daughter back into a permanent childhood. But this was a battle that Ella May fought gallantly. She would have nothing to do with little Ellen's growing up. It wasn't to be thought of.

Economically alone it was impossible! No public was going to swallow a mature woman, the mother of a grown daughter, as an impersonator of babies!

Ella May herself had begun to use complexion nostrums—her professional use of grease paint was getting in its work, and the postwar cold-cream-and-ice treatment hadn't been dreamed of yet. She was reading chin-strap advertisements as well, and fighting her corsets like Apollyon every day. As though she hadn't enough without Ellen!

As we say, Ellen was acquiescent enough—in public. She dragged her bear, and she followed Ella May, snatching what educational scraps she might in such intervals as she could. She had a direct, practical mind, no beauty, no gifts. She fought her mother, but she loved her mother—and she did her part. This she interpreted into looking after Madame Emmett's costumes, valeting her personally, washing her hair, doing her mending, paying bills, interviewing business representatives—her chin was of great service here—and the rest of the time turning into an arrested juvenile, with a line of insipid politeness for traveling companions.

Traveling was not so comfortable for Ella May now. Her itineraries were growing less impressive. They included more small places, more way stations along the big time, more bumping locals. There were long tracts of farm area to entertain—wide spans taken through the wheatlands of Nebraska and Dakota; long ragged skips and jumps over the razorback belt, across the dry plains.

When little Ellen was sixteen Ella May fell ill on the Western Coast and developed articular rheumatism. It took her two years to recuperate. Part of her convalescence included special massage and rubbing. Surprisingly little Ellen with her square muscular hands developed a talent for this, and she literally rubbed and posseted her mother back to health again. Living had got rather thin for them both. The home office—backed passionately by George Wirt Jewell—advanced expense money, but Ella May thanked God when she got into the saddle again, and there came a sudden revived flutter of interest in her work, and a longish run of the better type of Chautauqua engagement. She didn't like Chautauqua work specially, and she wrote complainingly to George Wirt Jewell, but George wrote back that they couldn't help it. The times were changing. It was becoming their most profitable asset. What Ella May was to do was to follow the proper seasons for it—the pine belt of the Carolinas in winter, right up to Ontario for the summers.

It was in a resort near Montreal two summers later that she got a bad fright—and came to an understanding with little Ellen.

She was doing a series of hotel engagements, as an evening entertainer; and coming out of her room and moving through the long corridor she encountered a shocking sight. Little Ellen in her lingerie frock and faithful Teddy was seated in a secluded bend of the stairs with a strange young man. As Ella May observed them the young man leaned forward and kissed little Ellen on the cheek.

Completely shaken, Ella May went back to her room, rang up the office and had her daughter paged. Little Ellen found her mother almost hysterical.

"What do you mean? What are you thinking of? Sitting there in the stairway and letting a young man put his arm around you and kiss you? A little girl like you!"

"I am twenty," said Ellen; "lots of girls begin before that. But don't let it worry you, mamma. I let him do it on purpose—because I've read so much about it and I wanted to see if it's all it's been cracked up to be. There must be something the matter with me. I didn't care for it at all. In fact, I don't think I like men—so don't worry. But I'm going to tell you something else here and now."

What little Ellen told Ella May was that she was going to become a chiropractic physician. That's what she was going to do. She was going to use those strong square brown hands of hers on the public anatomy—partly because she liked that sort of thing, partly because it was time somebody did something constructive about the future for them both.

"You know that you can't keep on with what you're doing, mamma. Time itself will stop you."

"I'm not forty—not quite," moaned Ella May.

"You will be—and a whole lot more," Ellen pointed out cruelly. "If you look facts straight in the eye, your engagements aren't getting any better; worse, in fact."

"How can you ——"

"Spades are spades," said Ellen. "You've got a short-lived type of work. I should think, anyhow, mamma, you'd be sick and tired of gallivanting over the country imitating babies and little girls. Twenty years of it now!"

Ella May was tired, but she'd have died before admitting it.

"You are cruel!"

"I am practical. We haven't a cent laid by. I know that I can make enough to support us both."

"Anyone would think I was a hag, to hear you!" sobbed her mother.

But she was privately searching for crêpe in that schoolgirl complexion these days—a kind almost as devastating as that on the door.

It took little Ellen more than two years and infinite nagging to accomplish her purpose and secure a certificate of the right sort. At the end of a six months' trip, alone, and over an unspeakably desolate and rural route through the sagebrush region, Ella May came back to find her child installed in a small flat in their home city, with a shingle hanging out.

Little Ellen welcomed her in very stiff white linen from head to foot—looking very nice, almost pretty.

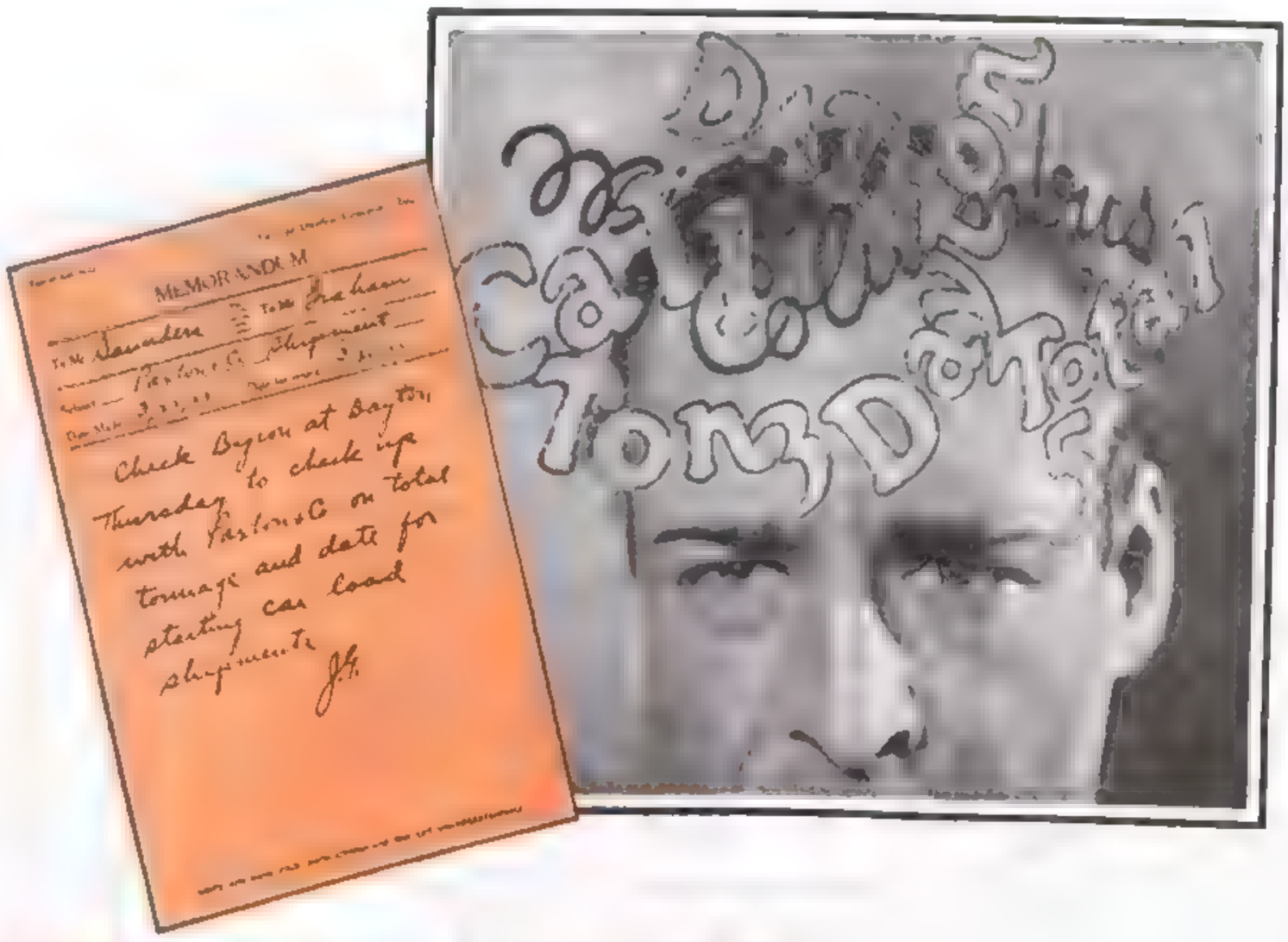
There were living rooms, neat and sparkling, with a mulberry three-piece suit, domestic Oriental rugs, a Jacobean dining room, a white-enamel bedroom for Ella May. But her office was Ellen's pride and joy. White and nickel and fearfully antiseptic looking—with a long surgeon's table and a cloud of spotless linen draperies.

"It looks like a cooling board," said her mother.

"Wait till I cool you on it." And Ella May, tired out with her long siege of jolting and grime, with every year and every line she owned showing in her soft round face, sat down and tossed this year's picture hat on a chair.

"I've got the nicest little practice you ever saw," Ellen went on. "What's more, I'll keep it—as long as I've any brains and my two hands. I think I'm a good picker. Men may come and men may go—but they'll ail on forever. The two great passions of mankind are being entertained and being doctored; and it's a cinch out of my personal observation, they'll stand for more faking on the second than on the first count. By the way," she added, "did you read in

(Continued on Page 134)



What did You Say Three Weeks Ago Today?

Not "What do you *think* you said?"—but "What *did* you say?"

An unfair question—for if your memory were infallible you'd be calling Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle (or was it Tacoma?) by his right name and teaching others how to do it. And there's the point—you can't trust the ordinary memory any further than you can see it.

That is one important service of printed forms to business—they enable you to see what happened last year or last week or yesterday afternoon; they afford an accurate check-up on every transaction; they remove "I guess" from the business vocabulary.

Letterheads, shipping tickets, invoices, time slips, requisitions, memo sheets—printed forms of one sort or another—are important parts of every business. And of equal importance is the *paper* on which they are printed. The paper must be *strong*. Hammermill Bond is strong; it does not tear easily, and will stand constant handling.

A variety of colors is essential to insure instant identification and to minimize mistakes. Hammermill Bond comes in twelve standard colors and white.

The paper must be surfaced properly for every job. Hammermill Bond offers a suitable surface for pencil, pen, typewriter, carbon sheets and printers' ink.

Paper in constant use must be promptly available. Hammermill Bond can be obtained anywhere on short notice. Printers use and recommend it. Many carry it in stock.

Hammermill Bond combines so many excellent qualities and is so economical in price, that it is an advantage to use it as a standard paper for all your printed forms and letterheads.

We have made a study of the paper needs of various businesses. If you will write us we will send you, without charge, the Hammermill Working Kit—a selection of Hammermill Bond samples especially adapted to your work

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SPECIAL SAMPLES FOR YOU—*Write us on your business letterhead and we will send you with our compliments the Hammermill Working Kit a portfolio of Hammermill Bond samples especially selected to meet the needs of your business.*

PAINTS & VARNISHES

for every Household and Industrial Use

When you paint your car —put on a finish that will *last!*

IT'S a real pleasure to see a shabby, weather-worn car grow new again with every brush stroke. But the *pleasure* doesn't last unless the finish *lasts!*

When you buy enamel for your car, remember that your own time and labor are going into the job. Get a finish that will *stay* bright and new-looking so long that you'll feel well repaid for your work.

Du Pont Chemical Engineers have created factory finishes for more than 6,000,000 new cars. They know how to defeat the ravaging effects of rain, dust, snow, mud, heat and cold. Du Pont Auto Finish is the result of their research and experience applied to a finish for your own use.

Thousands upon thousands of men, who have refinished their cars with du Pont Auto Finish, have enjoyed the remarkable satisfaction of seeing the finish put on with their own hands, stand up—glossy, hard and color true—month after month.

The du Pont Oval trade-mark is more than a guarantee of highest quality in paints, varnishes, enamels, stains; it is a pledge of service, fulfilled by the entire du Pont organization. No matter what you wish to paint or varnish, gratify your pride and protect your purse by using du Pont. Ask the local du Pont Paint and Varnish Service Agent to select the right du Pont Product for your use.

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If you desire a professional refinishing job ask the painter to use du Pont materials—the same used by automobile and body manufacturers on millions of new cars.

To protect and beautify all exterior surfaces at least expense—du Pont Prepared Paint.

There's a *special* du Pont Varnish made *especially* for each particular use: floors, woodwork, furniture, exteriors, boats.

DU PONT

"Save the surface and you save all"

You can protect and beautify your home on easy terms through the Home Owners' Partial Payment Plan for Painting and Varnishing. Ask the du Pont agent, or write our nearest office for information.

LOOK FOR THE DU PONT OVAL IN THE DEALER'S WINDOW

(Continued from Page 130)

the paper this morning that the Germans are marching on Liège?"

"Let 'em march," said Ella May. "What does it matter to me? How can I bother about the Germans—with my hands full of my own affairs? I've had a terrible schedule."

"Look here," said Ellen; "you know you needn't have any schedule at all—nor any affairs. All you've got to do is settle right down and let me take care of you!"

"You must be crazy, Ellen. A woman of my age—in the prime of life! And what about my art, my career? You are ridiculous!" Ellen would rob her of all artistic integrity—of all significance. "Am I a toothless crone—to sit down by the fireside?" For an instant Ella May knew the agony of a Debureau as she faced her child, who would displace her.

But she was wrong about the Germans' not mattering. They mattered a whole lot, and mixed into things terribly; and very much into her affairs. In a sense she was compelled to fight them; and she had plenty to fight in Father Time—or rather that first death we spoke of, which now began ruthlessly to track her down—armed not with a scythe but a looking-glass.

Ella May was now a steady habitué of any beauty parlor she could make, and she read all the reducer and face-cream ads she could lay hands on. What made it all so much of a problem, George Wirt Jewell got out of the Gissing, where he had for some time since owned a considerable interest. He divulged his plans over a final big dinner.

"I've saved quite a lot of kale, you know, and I'm not as young as I was; I don't keep my looks and mettle the way you do. I'd like a try at the retiring game. Anyhow, I'm pulling out. What with this war on abroad—well, you can't tell how it'll break, and if America goes in ——"

He gave her some counsel. The moving picture was the big idea. There was bound to be a reaction through the country against so much war horror, especially if America went in. People would go—well, entertainment crazy—along all the improved lines.

"You take my advice—and get into it. For part-time work anyhow. It's the place for a girl of your gifts and beauty." George still looked at her with the mole eye of memory. "Anyhow, you try for the celluloid stuff. There isn't a woman before the public today who can make up for the angenoo as you can."

Ella May believed him. She bought a ticket for Los Angeles out of her own money and paid to have some stills made for samples. She burned them.

Of course a camera is quite dreadful. It's bound to bring out the worst of you—the dewlaps and flaps and creases. It can't show your really good points—very often Ella May still had very good points. She still had her dimples, her big blue eyes, her little artless laugh, her soft pretty little voice. But her figure was a little out of bounds. She wore black slippers and stockings now for all her platform work as a little girl, and presently added a black velvet rug to stand on—against which definite contour was lost. And so she began to add new touches to her stuff—to jazz it up. The new manager of the Gissing stated frankly that even out in the hay—and notwithstanding a passionate love of little animals and infants common to human nature and as manifested in the best moving-picture houses today—people were fed up with child recitations.

So Ella May put in some imitations of Mary Pickford and others, and a smashing big finale number with a red liberty cap and chords from The Marseillaise and The Star-Spangled Banner. Even so, the new manager—and his successor—didn't do so well by her. The Gissing itself wasn't doing so well. Ella May's dates thinned; her pay was hardly a living wage. Then America went in—and the dollar broke into three parts.

At first a beacon of hope flared. Somehow Ella May in the first wave of excitement got carried to Camp Ogethorpe as an official entertainer.

It may be stated that all this time as the quality of Ella May's audiences had gone downhill the quality of her contacts with men had suffered as well. From being the fêted object of admiration on the part of leading citizens of large communities—well-known jurists, college presidents, brilliant educators—she had passed in a diminishing scale through the keeping of stern shaving brush-bearded country deacons, village school principals and clergymen, to the abstracted hands of a harassed general-store keeper getting up a Chautauqua in a township of eight hundred, or the president of The Polish Sons of Sobieski, Post 48, who had laid aside his cement trowel to welcome her in nervous chattering near-English to the annual reunion.

But now a new energy stirred in the air—inevitably—a sex energy. It stirred Ella May. For here she was about to face hundreds of the finest young men in the nation—its masculine flower in wartime training, not to mention, more mature, the trainers themselves, stunning figures in khaki and Sam Brownes.

Ella May bought a whole new wardrobe for the event, and on her first night she outdid herself. Facing that purely masculine audience in a big unsealed pine structure ablaze with electric lights, she gave freely of all she had—from the little-girl-and-dolly stuff right down to the imitation of Mary Pickford and the liberty cap with chords from The Marseillaise and The Star-Spangled Banner. And they applauded. Heavens, how they applauded! They even cheered her.

Kissing her hand to them and dimpling at them, Ella May felt a rush of warmth she hadn't known in years. It was just like the old days. She went down on her knees that night and thanked her Maker.

At her second program she had thirteen in her audience. And the next day she overheard a conversation between two young sons of Mars.

"Say, the bunch didn't turn out to hear mamma last night—did they?"

"Say, how much do you think we'll stand? I don't doubt the old girl was all right in her day, but the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be. I guess we gave her as much as we could—but, get me, they've got a pippin listed for Friday. She's the goods—a real one. Young, you know, and all that."

Ella May climbed up and sat on a high hill overlooking the encampment. Great trees brooded over her; a dreaming stillness that years before had known the shattering roar of heavy cannonading. Something—horribly shattered—responded in Ella May. Nor could the healing peace, the suggestion of the immateriality of all mundane things the still woodland offered, find an echo in her. She was forty-five years old—and she lay dead in the eyes of men. Her body would go on living, of course, but she herself —— The habit of years is hard to break. She would go on fighting—mechanically. To acknowledge defeat would be to die completely. But it wouldn't be the same. Her illusion was gone. She wasn't fighting to hold her place—she was fighting to hold any.

What course Ella May's career had traced might best be symbolized by her hair. When she had first faced footlights it had poured a literal golden torrent down her plump but straight young back. Three years after the Armistice, when she was forty-eight, it reached not quite to her shoulders in a thin iron-tormented fringe that had been retoned and touched so often with patent colorings that not an original sunbeam was left. Her hair is often the dwindling history of a woman who has known beauty and a measure of success; whose foot slipping, sliding down the glassy slope of the years, tries desperately for foothold here, a mere toe clip there, yet finds herself inexorably skidding faster, faster, as through over greased ways.

A ridiculous shape before her mirror and troop of bottles, this Ella May, with her faded fringe, her unleashed shape clad in a poppy-colored kimono, wigwag out of that past of bright finery she so loved.

Ridiculous even when she knows she is ridiculous, even when she leaves her mirror and sinks down beside her fourth-rate-hotel bed and beats her clenched plump hands into a sodden gray pillow.

"Oh, must I give up? Oh, am I finished?"

She could, of course, always go back to little Ellen, that waiting Spartan. She could even apply to George Wirt Jewell—who had never faced her. But not the uttermost of defeat yet. "Just a little time yet, O God—help me to hang on—some way, somehow." Ella May was a praying woman. She had always prayed and given thanks. And at about this time she believed that Providence guided her—professionally. For she had inspiration. If she couldn't fight for a hang-on with what she had, she'd fight with what she hadn't! That is to say, she cut off that fading fringe of hair close to her head and bought a curly golden wig. This was the spring we had the first rubber corsets and very short dresses. Ella May did what she could. She had her face done with something permanent called Rose-Bloom. She bought a hat that looked like its rival. It all set her back a considerable number of iron men, but she usually was back anyhow these days—and not daring to tell Ellen! What was more important, her ensemble knocked off, she believed, a good twelve years from her appearance. But she was hardly prepared for its actual effect.

v

AS SHE entered the Gissing office after this last Southern trip she saw that a new manager sat there. Not so very good-looking, but young and dapper. About thirty, in blue serge and shell spectacles. When he saw Ella May he sprang up and came toward her eagerly.

"Madame Emmett! Is this—Madame Emmett?" And he took Ella May's hand and gave her a long, long look, such a look as she hadn't had from a man in years—a man's slow appraising look at a woman. Ella May blushed at his earnest reconnaissance.

"I've wondered so often what you were really like," he cried.

"Oh, have you?" Ella May returned.

It seemed he had indeed. He had been thinking about her, he told her, a whole lot. He sat down to talk it over with her. He was, he told her, reorganizing the whole Gissing policy; going over old records.

"Yours were—wonderful," he said.

Ella May sighed. That much was true.

Well, time, the young man said—his name was Homer Stephens—makes a great difference, in people's taste as well as in performers, but the upshot of it was, he believed she hadn't had a fair show lately. That is to say, she couldn't, of course, expect to come back to the old class, but her routes, he believed, could be improved. She could be featured a little—with a little care, fed here and there in certain quarters. Oh, it mightn't make much difference, but the point was, he was going to try it. He was going to see what he could do for her.

Ella May almost cried on him. She invited him to make a personal call at the apartment instead, which he accepted enthusiastically. She went home and told Ellen all about him.

"That young fellow—that new bureau manager is the nicest, politest person I've met in ages. Oh, he's just a boy," she sighed, "but he talks to me as a man does—to a woman. When he comes out here tonight I'm going to make him peach flummery."

This was the only thing Ella May knew how to cook, having gone into public life too early for domesticity. "His name," she added, "is Homer Stephens."

"I know his name," said little Ellen. "He brought that last check around personally, a few weeks ago. I wouldn't bother to make peach flummery. And if you're thinking of flirting with him ——"

"Flirting!" cried Ella May indignantly—but somehow little Ellen's suggestion pleased her. "Why, I haven't any such idea! I said he's just a boy. But all men are interested in their stomachs. And I'm going to make flummery. He's been kind to me—and I'll be kind to him."

The young man Homer Stephens kept his word beautifully. For the next two years Ella May's routes were much improved. Her clientele never asked for a return date, but the country is large. Travel was easier, life much pleasanter. Every few months she came home for a rest.

On these occasions she always found Homer Stephens at the flat in the evenings. On these occasions she made peach flummery. Little Ellen was there, too, looking about the same in stiff white linen, and George Wirt Jewell came very often.

George was fatter than ever, and his head had got quite bald. But both baldness and his heavy maturity were becoming to George. Ripened in the wood, he took on a certain dignity and handsomeness his youth had lacked. He wore very good well-cut clothes and he had kept his gentle dog-like eye.

He and Homer Stephens—who had all the insipidity of youth—were virtually the only men with whom Ella May had any social contact. And her homecomings were very pleasant. She couldn't for the life of her help coquetting a little, turning her fine eyes effectively on Homer, so attentive and kind in his shell specs, and even on old George, on whom she had always practiced. They made the pleasantest kind of foursome.

They ate the flummery, they talked over old—and new—times. They played bridge or rummy with very low stakes, and often made a gay party to the movies together. And it might have gone on indefinitely—Ella May was willing that it should—but for two facts—the fact that all women, even severe little chiropractic doctors, suffer from occasional nerves; and the golliwog Ella May could not have escaped that in any case.

What brought matters to a crisis was a secret inexplicable date which Ella May drove out of her mind whenever she could, refusing even to think about it. It coincided with her first evening at home after a four months' absence—and with perhaps a subconscious effort at defiance she put on an unusually brilliant evening in her family group. Never, she felt, had she been more successful, with George and Homer—as to liveliness, charm, cards or cookery. It seemed to her when they departed, the flavor of success still clung palpably to the air. She was surprised then to find little Ellen back from saying good night, facing her in the doorway with condemnation in her eyes.

"Mamma," said Ellen coldly, "I find that I must ask you never again to be as silly as you were this evening—at least, with Homer Stephens. It isn't," she added cruelly, "pretty or becoming in a woman of fifty years."

"Wouldn't you know that Ellen would remember today's my fiftieth birthday?" thought Ella May. Aloud she said, "After all, Ellen—he is my manager."

"He is much more than that," said Ellen tersely. "He is your son-in-law. And he has been so for nearly two years."

The shock was a little unnerving. Readjusting her own values as it did, still Homer Stephens was a purely commercial feature to Ella May.

"We kept it a secret," Ellen went on, "because we realized that it would worry you. Knowing your dislike of—of any change—of any step that might indicate the—er—approach of—maturity. We were willing to help you in any way, even to keep up pretenses, not knowing what effect the opposite might have on you. Homer has done everything he could. During your absence he has lived here, of course, but when you come in he goes out and stays with old George. It is a small sacrifice to make, and not even inconvenient, because, like you, I have kept my own professional name."

It struck Ella May that little Ellen was not at all bad-looking for her type. She was, of course, thirty, and a certain matronliness was becoming to her. She looked quite handsome, flushed up as now, and with her nice dark eyes. It was quite possible that a young man—not so very good-looking, in shell spectacles—might fall in love with her.

"I see," she said. "And you are telling me now to save my feelings?"

"Not quite," said little Ellen. "You have been away four months. Much can happen in four months. I will explain."

She left the room and returned with a small white bundle which she laid on Ella May's knee. It was the golliwog. At least that's what Ella May called it, in that first shocking moment of surprise.

"A baby!" she cried at Ellen. "You mean—you've gone and had a baby!"

"Such things happen," said Ellen.

The baby—it was three weeks old—contorted its face, and moved on Ella May's knee.

"A baby!" Then, as something pierced her sharply, and she realized with an intake of icy air what Ellen had done to her—her new, changed status, she stabbed that matron with one last agonized thrust. "Why it doesn't look like a human baby. It looks"—she searched her mind for a suitable comparison and remembered the Continental gargoyle toys from abroad—"it looks like a golliwog."

"That is a falsehood," said Ellen in a low intense voice. "My doctor, who knows all the types, says this is an unusually handsome child. My nurse says it is one of the most beautiful babies she ever saw. My little girl is going to be the fair, blue-eyed, dimpled type. Look at her hair—all curly gold rings. But it makes no difference what you call her. You can say anything you like." Ellen bent, scarlet faced, and seized her treasure. "She is my baby, therefore she is yours! You are her grandmother."

(Continued on Page 138

OSBORN

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(Continued from Page 134)

In her room Ella May lay face down upon her bed. And lying there she jumped the last ditch. She took the last hurdle. As little Ellen suggested, she called spades, spades. At first there were tears, but presently a great peace came to her, a profound hush and tranquillity she had never known before. And a burden dropped from her, an accretion of years of suspense, folly, travail, unwisdom and unfounded hoping.

Presently she rose and dressed as she had never dressed before. Her golden wig she cast into her wastebasket—a bottle of Rose-Bloom followed. At the last moment, unable to find her dressing gown, she groped her way to Ellen's room and slipped into one of Ellen's kimonos—a severe pale-blue cotton thing.

Finally, her glass gave back a curious vision—a large, amply molded but dignified figure. Her head—where all the bleached wisps had been cut and new hair grown in—wreathed in a silvery mist of soft white ringlets. This woman had lovely blue eyes, a little pink lidded now, and a round, soft, colorless face which had just been treated with resignation—a relaxing compound equal to twenty bottles of cosmetic and five years of struggle. The skin on her face and prettily molded dimpled arms and hands was white and soft and faintly crêped, like the tissues of a well-matured white rose. In fact, the woman suggested a rose—not a red rose on a valentine, but a white one in a moonlit garden. Straight folds of pale blue fell to her feet, a wisp of lace lay against her throat. Ella May was lovelier than she had been in years, but she wasn't thinking of it. Resignation has that effect. She went back down the hall, to the living room, where a light still burned. It was empty—or practically. George Wirt Jewell sat there.

"George," said Ella May, "congratulate me. Today I find myself fifty years old—and a grandmother."

"I know your age," said George, "and I knew they were going to tell you. Cheer up—about the fifty. The first hundred years are the worst. You'll get younger."

To prove it, he had something to tell her.

"You know," he said, "I'm getting younger myself—every day. I retired a while ago and tried to get old. I can't do it. I'm coming back again—I mean into the Gissing. I'm going to take it over and put it right in the limelight. And that goes for you, too—Ella May. I'll bill you anywhere you like. The blue sky's the limit."

"In that case, you may feature me, George, as the biggest damfool in captivity. We'll describe me as the Greatest Flapper Grandma in the country."

"At that, we'd make money."

But Ella May told him decisively she was through, done for, fini, with public acting.

"Oh, I'll find work of some kind. Probably I'll demonstrate complexion washes—in a department store. Demonstrate what'll happen if you use 'em—but I'll find some kind of job."

But George Wirt Jewell had one ready for her. It had waited thirty years. Even so, his neck reddened a little as he told her about it—pacing a little nervously up and down as he put his case. What it amounted to was that he wanted her to come and live with him in his fine house at Avon—now that she was done with a career. Because it would make life easier and—well, he loved her.

"Is it possible," Ella May addressed her slipper, "that I can be fifty and a grandmother—and still have a love affair?"

"You've always had this love affair," said George, and he laid his hand on her shoulder. "I'm not saying it's much. I'm a fat man. Still, my soul isn't fat."

"I know." Ella May covered his hand with hers. "I've always known I had it. I've been a fool in lots of ways. But I'll tell you something. A while ago—in there, in my room, when I was fighting it out and finishing with being a fool forever; when everything seemed dark and I felt that Ellen had betrayed me—well, I saw your face, George. The way I've always seen it—in my dark times; and I knew what I've always known deep down in me, that I can't get along without you. That I—well, life simply wouldn't—and if you want me, George, I'd rather face it out with you, even through the corn-pone district on one-night stands—if you hadn't a cent—if you want me—old dear."

After many years George Wirt Jewell kissed the lady of his heart, and prophesied a rich life before them—full of years of pleasure and companionship. A hundred things, the theater, books, travel.

"No travel," winced Ella May. "I tell you what I'd like, George. Speaking of the house at Avon. You have a big garden and you know I never had a chance to play with my baby. I'd like to have this little golliwog of Ellen's with me—a whole lot. It's really a beautiful baby—both the doctor and the nurse said it's one of the most beautiful children they ever saw. The blond type, with dimples and golden hair. It's going to resemble me—I've got a picture somewhere in a big hat—but anyhow if you'd let me have it to fuss with and dress up and—and love—Ellen was such a hard little thing and never let me love her."

"Go the limit," said George; "it's your golliwog."

"Well, anyhow—the more I think about it the crazier I get. I'm going to ask Ellen to call it Elaine Marie. It would look fine on a program. Perhaps the little thing might become a great actress and I could help it a lot."

"Anything," said George.

But he was insistent on one thing for both of them.

"Whatever we do—the best thing of all is, we'll rest—and grow young at it."

Ella May could only repeat the words—like a weary traveler in sight of sanctuary.

"Yes," she said, "that's what I want—that's what we'll do, together. Rest—and grow young."

THE HEARSE HORSE

(Continued from Page 17)

"I dunno," the Doc replied, "but he says he does, t'at's all I know. Here he comes!"

A rising storm of applause and catcalls—the champion's welcome—accompanied the jaunty figure of Kid Dublin, king of all the welterweights in the world, down the aisle and into the ring; and the Biff, curious and suddenly anxious, stood up to see the enemy.

Then, quickly, he sat back down again, and the Doc saw his face grow pale. Alarmed, the manager started to speak, when a shadow fell across the challenger. Kid Dublin, smiling mirthlessly, had come to the Battling Biff's corner.

"Hello, Tommy," he sneered. "At it again, eh?"

The Battling Biff did not answer. He was staring at Kid Dublin as at a ghost.

"Frankie Byrnes!"

The Kid nodded curtly.

"Yeh," he said, "Frankie Byrnes it used to be—Kid Dublin now. And, Dugan, you gonna get another one tonight just like you useter, see?"

He was back again in his own corner, and the Doc was begging for an explanation. The Battling Biff groped for words.

"I useter know him," he mumbled. "That guy can lick me. He always could. He always did —— Frankie Byrnes!"

The Doc was panic-stricken. He had seen men before lose their nerve and their battles—before the bell rang, and he knew then the reason for the raven wing of forebodings. But it was too late for the application of such psychological magic as he possessed. The referee was calling the two fighters together to hear his views on clinches and breaks. The Doc scrambled out of the ring, his heart in his mouth, his spirits below sea level.

A bell rang, and its echo was a sonorous obbligato for a last adjuration from the ringside:

"Sock him, baby! Sock him for mummy!"

The tail of the sentence was almost drowned in the roar that signaled the clash of two fighters.

Both fighters were wary in the first round. They tested each other, danced about, feinted, fanned the glowing smoky air with tentative jabs.

It took less than a minute of this for the Honest Doc's worst fears to be confirmed. The Biff who skimmed about the ring this evening was not the Biff he had nourished on psychology through a score of ring fights. The steam of his blows was not there, nor the smooth speed of his protecting elbows. But mainly, the Doc saw, the Biff's heart was not there.

"Two roun's," he muttered to himself; "maybe t'ree."

But when the round ended, with a boo or two of disapproval as the fighters' reward for no knock-downs, the Doc was promptly at his boy's side, whipping his spirits, begging, coaxing, swearing.

"Kid, kid!" he entreated. "Y'old lady's out t'ere lookin' at you! Say, y'ain't gonna let t'at ol' lady see you trimmed, are you?"

"At 'em, baby! At 'em for mummy! One on the chin, baby, one on the chin for mummy! Mummy wants you to, baby!"

But the Battling Biff had no ears for the call of the mother heart. He was shaky, unnerved, and the Doc saw that he was going to pieces rapidly.

"Doc"—the challenger had to dampen his lips to speak plainly—"if—if anything happens, call Cora at once, will you? She's in Brooklyn, waitin'."

The Doc's lip curled.

"Yellow!" he snapped, and as the bell rang for the second round, above the roar and stamping of feet ——

"Knock 'im for a loop, baby! Knock 'im for a loop for mummy!"

The two men met in a clinch, and the champion's murmur grated into the challenger's ear.

"Another lickin', eh? Like in the old days? You gonna get it this round, Dugan!"

The words completed the Biff's nervous collapse. The next second a short uppercut, only half-heartedly blocked, shook him from tip to toe, and he tried blindly to clinch again. But the first round of experiment had told the champion all he wanted to know—that his old dominance over Tommy Dugan still held; and he slid easily out of the clutching arms.

A brief second of play, of absolute toying with the wild, uncontrolled swings, followed, and then the champion waded in with all he had. To the Biff, this decisive advance came as a cloud-burst of fists. They fell on him from all directions. He retreated, staggering, trying to cover up, trying to clinch, but all in vain.

One minute and ten seconds after the round started, the Honest Doc and a rubber proud to answer to the name of Perfessor gathered the unconscious challenger from the lap of the sporting editor of the National Knitted Unionsuit Weekly Gazette, who was seated in the third row from the ringside.

And today, if you care to look it up in the sporting-record books, you will find that the Battling Biff holds the record for having been knocked farther through the air than any other man who ever entered Madison Square Garden—twelve feet six and three-quarter inches—yes, knocked farther and colder.

III

THE Battling Biff regained consciousness around noon on October third of the same year, which the physicians regarded as a miraculously quick recovery. It was a bitter reality that he came back to, for the Doc, bursting with the pride of accomplishment, was there to greet him with great news.

"Kid," he gloated, "we got anot'er fight wit' 'im!"

"Wit' who?"

"Wit' t'champ! Wit' Kid Dublin! I sewed it up b'fore he got outa t'Garden. We gotta ——"

It was Cora who applied the smelling salts to the shaken victim, and it was Cora who lashed the Doc with black, flashing eyes.

"You're an imbecile!" she declared, leaving the honest manager somewhat at a loss as to what the word meant.

But the Battling Biff, returning from the brief collapse into which the news had sent him, was impatient to settle the matter then and there.

"That fight," he said, "is out! All fights wit' Kid Dublin is out!"

"Out!"

The Biff spoke earnestly.

"Doc," he explained, "I know this boid since we was ten or 'leven on the West Side. He's one boid that could lick me, and he done it, too, more'n once. Somehow he shakes all my noives out. He's got the Injun sign on me, see? Frankie Byrnes don't have to do nothing but t'row his gloves in the ring and I f'get all I know. When he crawled in the ring the other night

(Continued on Page 143)

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(Continued from Page 138)

I didn't have nothing, see? I dunno what 'tis, Doc, but ——"

The Doc nodded.

"I seen it," he said. "T'is boid's got t'old psychology on you. He's got you buffaloed, see? He's got you licked in your own mind. What we gotta do now is switch t'old psychology over on him, see?"

"What you got to do," the Biff corrected him, "is tell 'em there ain't going ta be no more fights wit' Frankie Byrnes—psychology or no psychology, see? The next time I got in there wit' him he'd knock my can right off my shoulders."

But the Doc declined either to press the point or give up the idea. Privately he had confidence in himself and in the occult sciences he practiced over his boy, and he had no intention whatever of seeking a cancellation of the return bout. He decided to call on Mrs. Dugan.

The strongest jawed lady of the circus profession had refused to be dismayed by the result of the bout. Apparently she had regarded the whole affair from a most impersonal standpoint, and the recollection of Biff's sail through the air invariably sent her into earthquakes of laughter.

"Such an expression on his map!" she screamed. "Poor little baby was sure knocked for a gool, Doc! I never seen a prettier wallop in my life!"

Her popularity with the hotel management had increased, especially when she disclosed that her strength could be applied not only to crass materialistic ends, such as holding a dray horse on the ground while the veterinary gave it a dose of medicine, but also to the beautiful but useless exhibitions of the esthete. For instance, she drew an iron bolt out of a brick wall with her teeth, and though the brick wall nearly collapsed, the applause was spontaneous and sincere. The hotel blacksmith was particularly awed by her.

The Doc found her moving a grand piano about the room, seeking a properly artistic location, but she set it down when he entered, and greeted him with reverberating shouts of pleasure

"Well, if it ain't the old Doc himself!" she exclaimed "Put her there, old-timer!" And she wrung his hand dry. "What's itching you now, Doc? Anything wrong with mummy's baby?"

"No'm." Doc spoke in tones calculated to restore some vestige of calm to the room. "I just t'ought I'd stop by an' speak t'you about t'kid's next fight. Y'see," he explained, "I reckon we gotta woik t'old psychology on 'im t'is time."

"The old what?"

"T'old psychology," Doc replied modestly. "We gotta get 'im in a frame of mind where he ain't a-scared of t'is Kid Dublin, see? Biff—Tommy—he's buffaloed, see? He's gotta"—pride of intelligence swelled his bosom until it well-nigh burst—"he's gotta complex!"

"Got a what?" Mrs. Dugan was incredulous.

"A complex," the Doc repeated, and then hurried on: "T'at's sumpin t'at needs t'old psychology. It's what Biff's got. An' we gotta shake it, see? We gotta make 'im mad, see? Or anxious, or sumpin, y'understand, so's he'll f'get he's scared. We gotta reshape his mind!"

With blank amazement on her face, Mrs. Dugan considered this for only twenty seconds, and then, baffled, she guffawed in amiable uncomprehension and admiration.

"You brainy bozos!" she roared finally. "What'll you think of next? Psychology! Complexes! Boy, boy, boy!"

The Doc waited, a pained expression on his face, and at length the iron-jawed lady sobered. When she spoke it was, for the first time so far as the Doc knew, in a tone less than *fortissimo*.

"Buddy," she said, "I'm getting your drift. And I think I got something right. Gimme Cora, and a week, and mummy'll put something in baby's mind that'll make him step high, wide and handsome. Doc, old-timer, mummy's coming home to baby! You and me and the old psychology, we going to pin the bee right on this Frankie Byrnes yet!"

"Yes'm," Doc agreed gingerly.

And then he stepped quickly out of the door, for Mrs. Dugan, in an uncontrollable spasm of high spirits at her good resolution, had given the grand piano a sudden push, sending it sliding across the floor.

He gave her the week she asked, and then, forgetting it, gave her another. Duties concerned mainly with the Biff's training and secondly with publicity for his "boy" kept him scurrying continually. And also, at irregular intervals, he had to retire to privacy for the purpose, as whispered reports had it, to think and practice the necromancy of his ghoulish psychology. It was the general opinion that he was bearing down pretty hard on the old bean.

At first the Biff trained only with the flat understanding that he was not to fight Kid Dublin. The manager, nursing the situation along, apparently submitted.

"All right," he agreed, "I'll see about gettin' somebody in t'champ's place, see? But you keep on, because it ain't gonna be no wet smack you gotta fight, see?"

And then, at the end of a week, the Biff came around.

"It's all right about Frankie Byrnes," he said briefly. "I'll fight 'im."

The Doc glowed.

"An' you'll knock 'im f' a loop, eh, kid?"

"Nope," the Biff replied. "It's me that's gonna get knocked f' a loop—but I'll fight 'im."

And at the end of the second week, with the fight but two days off and the Doc unable to see even the faintest light of promise, events took a turn which showed that heaven might, after all, protect the fighting man.

Cora was there, making her regular afternoon call at the Biff's quarters, and the challenger to the title lay full length on the divan, looking at the ceiling. Doc leaned against the window, idly watching the traffic below. Then the fighter gathered himself to his feet and walked to the chair where the girl sat. He lifted her chin and touched her hair.

"Girlie," he said, "you still insist on this?"

Doc turned quickly, his interest seized, and saw Cora nod.

"Yes," she replied, "it still stands, Tommy. It's just an issue you'll have to face. You can't give up, you can't be allowed to give up, a chance at the championship just for—for ——"

"For a complex," the Doc supplied magnificently. "T'at's all it is—a complex."

Cora smiled.

"Yes, for a complex. Your mother's right, Tommy. If you want to marry me ——"

The Doc saw a light.

"Is t'is her idea?" he demanded, and Cora nodded again.

"If I remember her words correctly," she said, "it was either that I put it up to Tommy in this way or have a shanty hung on my right eye. It was she, I believe, that intended to hang the shanty."

Doc understood and sympathized.

"You decided right," he agreed. "T'at lady could hang Grand Central Palace on y'right eye if she wanted to. T'at lady ——"

He stopped. The latch of the door had clicked, and then the door swung open slowly. Heavily, solemnly, the gorgeous Mrs. Dugan, now blinding the eye with red and gray, stood framed in the opening and She towered in rage for ten seconds and then she dropped her news.

"Baby," she announced, "mummy's been insulted!"

"What?"

The Biff was at her side, an arm around her, as, flushed and suddenly hot, he led her to a chair. Scenting, somewhere, and vague, a silver lining to this cloud, the Doc was all at once trembling with excitement. "Where? Where?" he demanded, and helped ease Mrs. Dugan's one hundred and seventy-five pounds into the softest chair in the room.

"It was at the Club Georgia," she began, referring to a restaurant popular with the sporting brotherhood. "I had dinner there—swell vittles, Doc. Well, I run up against a gentleman friend I used to know in the circus—he used to be Hirsuto, the Bearded Lady. A perfect gentleman, though, and honest.

"We put on the nose bag together, and then he had to go meet his mother at the Subway, and I said I'd stick around and lap up some ice cream—nice pistache ice cream there, Doc. And there I was all alone, and then I seen some people I thought I knew. They was across the room, so I kept yelling, 'Hello! Hello! Hello!' and it turned out it wasn't the ones I know after all."

She laughed heartily, at her own error, and then sobered suddenly. She stood up in her excitement, and the Doc's interest was almost diverted from her story by the sight of her modish gray silk sweater, fishnet work to the hips and then long glistening fringe reaching almost to the floor. It reminded him of something, but at the moment he could not remember what.

"And as I got up to go," Mrs. Dugan declared *con fuoco*, "a fellow crowded me in the aisle. He tried to step ahead of me and so I give him a little shove."

"What did it do to him?" Doc asked. "Break his neck?"

"I give him a little shove"—Mrs. Dugan ignored the interruption—"and do you know what he said to me?"

"What?"

"He said, 'Whoa, old hearse horse!'"

Something clicked in the Doc's mind. That was what the fringed sweater reminded him of—a hearse horse in a swell Sixth Avenue funeral. He choked a laugh.

"Ma'am," he declared solemnly, "you oughta bit him—you had a poifect right—y' oughta bit 'im in two."

The Biff was pale with anger. His fists were clenched and he trembled.

"Poor little mummy!" he said. "If only I knew who ——"

"You do!" Mrs. Dugan spoke calmly. "Who?"

"Frankie Byrnes!"

Doc gasped. The hunch was coming true! The Biff, stunned for a second, was reaching for his cap, but the manager was on him. He caught the raging challenger in his arms.

"Biff, Biff!" he panted. "Not now, boy, not now! Sat'd'y night y' got him! Hold it, Biff! Steady! Y' gonna get 'im in t'ring, kid, an' then whatcha y' gonna do to 'im!"

Oddly enough, Mrs. Dugan herself took a hand. She sided with Doc.

"Whoa, bucko baby!" she roared. "Wait until Saturday night—and then murder him, baby, murder him for mummy!"

The Biff subsided. Doc studied him anxiously. He did not want the fire to die.

"But remember, kid," he cautioned, "don't y' f'get t'at t'is boid insulted y' old lady. Speakin' person'ly," he added, speaking impersonally, "t'ere ain't no man livin' t'at could get away wit' callin' my ol' lady a hoise horse."

IV

DURING the next day and the next the Honest Doc saw to it himself that the heat should last. In the Biff's presence, at every opportunity, he would stand and shake his head slowly, a man thoroughly puzzled and scandalized at the nerve of some people.

"Can y' imagine," he would exclaim, "him pickin' on y' old lady like t'at! Can y' imagine!"

But on the morning of the fight day the Biff failed to rise to the whip. Instead of boiling, he smiled contemptuously.

"He didn't know it was my old lady," he said. "He didn't know who it was; he just seen her there."

"But it was y' old lady," the Doc declared. "Y' ain't gonna let 'im get away wit' it, are you?"

"Oh, no"—it was a careless answer—"I'll lick him for it. But I just told mummy, I told her she oughtn't go chasing around by herself at night. A girl's gotta be careful in New York."

"Sure," replied the manager sympathetically. "A truck's liable to run into Missus Dugan—an' t'en she'd hafta pay for t' damages to t' truck."

The Biff's manner all that day and evening was puzzling to the Doc. The challenger went through a last light work-out with a kind of good-humored confidence, laughing as lightly as he danced about the canvas. The odd part, to the Doc, was that, though none of the fury of two days before seemed to remain with him, the Biff was nevertheless his old self again. The lightning of his ring manner was back.

Cora did not go to the Garden with them. She refused, had always refused, to see the Biff fight. They left her in the challenger's suite, and she promised to come to the fighter's quarters in the basement immediately upon learning the bout was ended.

"Doc," she whispered as they left, "he'll win, won't he?"

"You can bet y' shoit on it," the Doc assured her gallantly. "Wit' him gotta fight for his little girlie's sake, an' him mad, too, 'f his ol' lady bein' called a hoise horse, it's a pipe."

Mrs. Dugan, dressed with particular care for the occasion, wore a gory red silk gown which glistened with wild wickedness, and her voice was in the pink of condition.

"Buddy"—she bade good-by to Doc at the Garden entrance—"tell baby to smear that bozo for mummy's sake."

(Continued on Page 145)

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(Special to DAILY NEWS)

Washington, D. C., Dec 15.—Street and highway accidents in the United States during the year 1924 caused nearly three times as many casualties as were suffered by the American soldiers in the world war.

Seven hundred thousand persons were either killed or injured by the deadly automobile, and on the equally exacting grade crossing, during the year.

Since the total casualty list of those killed in action in the war, and who died from wounds received in action, was only 248,521, it is evident that the peaceful pursuit of business and pleasure in this country is vastly more hazardous than the martial activity of those who follow the flag.

Of the 700,000 casualties of this nation for one year, 22,000 were killed and 678,000 wounded. How many of the wounded, belong in the death list one may not say, because of the obvious impossibility of tracing individual cases to their ultimate conclusion.

These facts came to the surface today when Secretary Herbert C. Hoover of the department of commerce assembled a conference of representatives of automobile and insurance companies in an effort to reduce the terrific human loss that comes from carelessness, neglect and worse.

It is the task of the conference to draft laws and rules that will ameliorate the troubles of John Pedestrian.

An effort will be made to get all states to pass laws to eliminate reckless and incompetent drivers.

Secretary Hoover

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(Continued from Page 143)

"Yes'm," the Doc answered. "He says he ain't gonna let nobody pick on his old lady."

Again the Biff walked down an aisle and climbed into the ring to the music of cheers and catcalls, and greeted the officials assigned by law to peer significantly into empty water buckets. The building this evening was filled to capacity, and loudly impatient.

Nor did the champion keep them waiting. Kid Dublin entered the ring within a minute after the challenger. He crossed the ring as he had done in the first fight and leaned again over the Biff.

"Y' want anot'er one t'night, eh, Dugan?" he sneered. "Well, boy, you gonna get it!"

Doc looked anxiously at his "boy." But his fears were unwarranted. The Biff gave the champion eye for eye.

"Seat!" he said briefly to Frankie Byrnes. The Doc smiled happily.

The referee was calling the fighters, and the Doc whispered a last hasty aid to psychology.

"Remember, kid," he said, "he called y' old lady a hoise horse! Make 'im eat it, kid, make 'im eat it f' your old mother's sake!" Then he slid out of the ring.

Two seconds later the fighters were in their corners and the referee's arm raised. He dropped it, a bell rang, and from the Biff's corner flashed a streak of white. His first blow landed so quickly that few saw it, and Kid Dublin dropped to the floor. The house rose to its feet, and howls and cheers rocked the rafters as the referee's arm went up and down—one, two, three—and at seven the champion was on his feet, dazed, and had the Biff in a clinch.

He held and wrestled, and no prying by the referee, no force by the Biff could hold him away for more than a few seconds at a time. He was booed, hissed—but when the bell rang he was still standing and obviously recovering his balance.

The Biff was calm and smiling as he permitted the Perfessor to go about his ministrations during the entre-round. Confidence, from some cause that was a mystery to Doc, exuded from him. And the manager's cutting, scathing remarks about a boid who would let another call his old mother a hoise horse rolled off his glowing skin like water off a duck's back.

The challenger went into the second round with the smile still on his face, and by then the champion had come back. He stood toe to toe with the Biff, his confidence returned.

The soft tap-tap of their feet rattled nervously, when above the steady hum of the Garden rose a familiar voice.

"That's him, baby! That's the bozo, baby! Slough him for mummy, baby! Slough him good, just like ——"

In a flash the champion's face had whitened. He darted a swift glance at the ringside, and the furious shine of red silk cut through the fog to his eyes. Tiredness seemed suddenly to fall over him.

"Sock him, baby! He can't take it, baby! Knock him for a gool, darling!"

The Biff smiled with tense pride as he ground in on Kid Dublin. He breathed the words through his clenched teeth.

"That's mummy!" he panted. "You ain't forgot her, have you, Frankie? Well, I'm gonna show her sumpin in just ten seconds, see?"

Fear came into the champion's eyes. His blocks, his swings and jabs lost a fraction of their force, as something resembling panic crept into his mind.

"Ten seconds," repeated the Biff hoarsely, as he stepped steadily forward. "Ten seconds, Frankie, and you gonna be out!"

The champion swung wild. He was retreating, step by step. His powerless jabs struck nothing but elbows and gloves.

"Now, baby! Now's the time! Knock 'im this way, baby, so's mummy can see him fall!"

The Biff side-stepped, brought the champion in a line between him and the faint glow of red silk in a ringside seat, and then the smile left his face.

"Now," he growled to Frankie Byrnes—"now you got it!"

He feinted with his left, the champion ducked—and caught a right uppercut flush on the point of the jaw.

The only reason Kid Dublin, ex-welterweight champion of the world, did not break the Garden record for the longest dusk-to-dawn flight, established a short time before by Battling Biff Dugan, was that the ropes stopped him. The referee could have counted up to a thousand if he had wanted to and knew that many numbers, for the champion was out.

And the new champion was letting himself down through the ropes, to fall into the arms of the red-silk vision.

"Mummy," he murmured happily, "was you able t' see the flop?"

"Baby, baby!" she crooned from the depths of her mother heart. "That was some wallop! Mummy couldn't have done better herself."

THE Honest Doc, perspiring happily, turned the key in the lock and shouted through the door.

"Y' can't come in now! Leave t' boy alone, won't you, for a minute?" His voice dropped to a hoarse whisper of reverence. "He's wit' his mother!" He turned and beamed on Cora Massey and the two Dugans. "It's t' newspaper boys," he explained. "T'ey wanna interview us."

The Biff, smothered in a great bath robe, shook his head.

His attention was occupied at that moment—occupied with the girl who was in his arms and murmuring, "Tommy, Tommy, Tommy! I'm so glad! So glad! Oh, darling, darling Tommy!"

The Doc winked at Mrs. Dugan.

"Look at 'em!" he said. "A coupla toitle doves!"

But Mrs. Dugan was not noticing. She sat on a bench, her elbows on her knees, and kept shaking her head from some excess of overwhelming amusement.

"Old-timer," she declared, "I gotta laff when I think about it! Him coming up there so sure he was gonna knock off my baby's block, and then him being sloughed like that. Doc, I gotta laff!"

She stuffed a purple silk handkerchief in her mouth to muffle her mirth.

"Sure," the Doc agreed, "it was pretty funny. But I knowed it all t' time, see? We had t'old psychology stacked on t'is Byrnes boy. He ain't hadda chancet, see?"

"You sure did!" Mrs. Dugan choked.

"Sure!" the Doc continued. "He hadda fight because t' little girlie over t'ere made 'm, see? It's t'old love int'rest, see? He hadda make good, he did!"

"Whoops!" exploded Mrs. Dugan. "They was married day before yesterday! Those kids ain't got time for all them tricks you brainy guys think of. They was in love."

The Doc, dazed, looked around at the Biff and Cora. They were smiling and nodding.

"Well, anyway," he said doggedly, "when you got called ——"

"Don't say it, buddy!" Mrs. Dugan was suddenly serious, ominous. "Don't say it or I'll give you what I give him!"

"Give who?"

"Give Frankie Byrnes. Buddy, that's the last time that bozo tries to pick on a lady!"

"What did you do?"

"Why, I licked him, of course! Think he can insult me like that? Say, when he called me what he called me, I just leaned over and nabbed that boy by the neck!" The Doc shuddered at the idea. "Yes, sir, I got a good grip on him, and I led him out outa that restaurant. If he'd 'a' moved I'd 'a' paralyzed him. A lady don't scrap in public, so I took him down an alley. Then I said, 'Frankie Byrnes, I know you and you can't go around insulting ladies like that, see? Now mummy's gonna teach you a lesson.'

"So I got a good grip on the back of his neck with my teeth and bent him over, and, buddy, let mummy tell you, I give that bozo the worst spankin' he ever got in his life! Then I threw him outa the alley."

"But," the Honest Doc protested, his thoughts turned into chaos, "you didn't tell '——"

"No!" Mrs. Dugan roared. "And why not? Because you and baby interrupt and go tearing around and not let me finish! But, Doc, old-timer, I told Cora, and as soon as I could get him, I told baby. 'Baby,' I says, 'if mummy can ——'"

"Anybody that mummy can lick ——" the Biff broke in.

"—— baby can," finished Mrs. Dugan.

The Doc was silent while Mrs. Dugan's mirthful bellows threatened the foundations of Madison Square Garden, and then, doggedly, he made his only comment.

"Well," he said, "it's psychology all t'same, an' if t'at ain't psychology, t'en I don't know not'ing about it."

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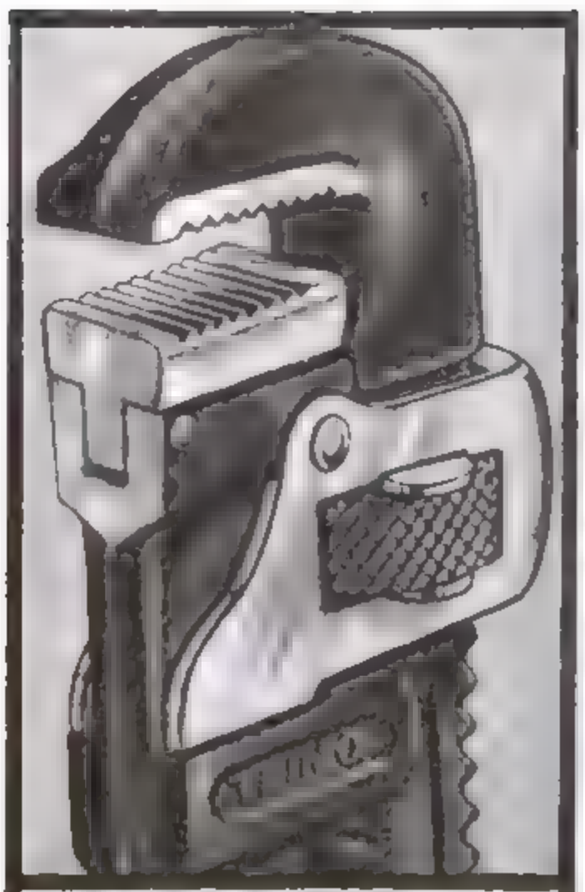

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TRIMO

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BLIND GODDESS

(Continued from Page 9)

From that day the general had it in for Judge Duggan and never referred to him except as "that upstart." However, it was about an even break, for the judge dubbed Grady "blabbermouth" and expressed the conviction that young Cade possessed more real ability.

Cade? Sid Cade? The general grew scornful when this was repeated to him. He despised Sid as a failure, and for some reason he probably could not have explained to himself cordially disliked the younger man.

"He's got a lot of fool notions and sets himself up as better than his fellow man," he told Henry Cunningham over a game of dominoes at the club.

"Yeh? That's news to me. I never saw that side of him."

"Well, he has it."

"Just how does he set himself up as better?" the traction man asked.

"Why, the young whelp actually turned down a case I threw his way, and he hasn't got enough practice to pay his office rent."

"Is that so? Well, well! What reason did he give?"

"Oh, some buncombe or other about believing the fellow was guilty. What do you know about that? As though it was a lawyer's job to pass judgment on a client! It isn't; it's his job to protect him."

"Within limits, general," said Henry slyly; "within limits, hey?"

"My own belief is that Cade found out the fellow didn't have a penny, and that's why he turned him down," Grady continued.

"Is that why you sent the case to him in the first place?"

"I was trying to do the boy a favor for the sake of his ol' daddy," answered the general with dignity. "But that's all the thanks I get."

"It's the way of the world, general. This boy then—he's honest, isn't he?"

"Sure he's honest! He hasn't got the brains to be anything else."

The traction attorney grinned and sloughed the double-six without loss.

"Your play, general. . . . What sort of a lawyer is he?"

"He's got brains," replied the general with judicial deliberation, "and he's well grounded. But he'll never make a success."

"Why not? He strikes me as a pretty capable citizen."

"He's got a head on him," admitted the general; "but he'll never get anywhere."

"How would he do in politics?"

The general stared at him in amazement.

"Do?" he repeated. "He'd never even get to first base. The qualities essential to political success," he added sonorously, "are those which win laurels in law."

The conversation had now arrived where Cunningham wanted it. He unloaded the double four and then asked casually, "Speaking of politics, what do you think of Larkin?"

The general thought he was a skunk.

"I hear the Democrats aim to run him, just the same."

"He'll never get the nomination," Grady declared emphatically.

This was what the traction attorney wanted to know. After a few minutes of silent play he inquired, "Why not go after it yourself, general?"

"Because, sir, it would mean too great sacrifices. And I have too many enemies."

"Well, it looks like a three-cornered fight, and in a scramble like that, nobody can ever tell. Got anybody in mind?"

Grady pursed his lips and half closed his eyes.

"Possibly I have," he admitted.

"Fine! . . . Your play, general—I take fifteen. . . . What's his name?"

"Suppose we let that ride until I see how things shape up."

"Suits me."

As they finished the game the traction attorney inquired again, "You don't think young Cade might be useful to us?"

"To the company? In what way?"

"Well, I was thinking I might find a place for him in our legal department."

"Not unless the work is confined to examination of abstracts of title," said the general quickly.

"H'm! Well, good night, general."

"You surely don't contemplate ——"

"A man of his qualities is mighty valuable in business," remarked Cunningham, and went out.

The campaign for governor opened with a whoop. The Republicans didn't stand the ghost of a chance, of course, but organized as usual to put up a ticket in order that Washington might know how to distribute the Federal plums throughout the state. As for the Democrats, they were split wide asunder, and no apparent prospect of composing the factions. Just when an impasse threatened, the general sprang his compromise candidate. He was practically unknown, but after a period of startled indecision the forces of Democracy started to line up behind him. He had never belonged in any of the opposing camps and was therefore acceptable to the harassed majority, who believed him free from any entangling associations. Besides, wasn't Henry Cunningham against him?

During the fireworks that followed, the general shone with a peculiar luster. His forte was the stump; he never showed to better advantage than when flaying the scoundrels who wouldn't vote the way he wanted; and the polecats he smoked out in a month of tense campaigning reached staggering figures.

This particular election offered him exceptional scope. The Constitution was in peril! Yes, that bulwark of our freedom, that rock of our civilization, that palladium of our liberties, was in danger of assault by the enemy! Didn't they purpose to remodel the judicial system? The general turned loose his most vitriolic sarcasm against some proposed legislation designed to speed up the work of the courts and simplify it. Who were these upstarts? He denounced them as would-be wreckers of the structure to whose upbuilding our ancestors had given their blood. Yes, and he could discern, too, many signs of the times that pointed to the breaking down of our most cherished traditions. He dwelt on the contempt for law rampant throughout the country and prophesied dire ruin of the entire social system unless our citizenry returned to a spirit of respect for the majesty of the law and the sanctity of the courts. There was a lot in what he said and the solid element among the voters gave unanimous approval.

Then, as always happens, a new sensation broke to divert the public mind and cause it almost to lose sight of the burning issues over which they had been seething. Young Guy Tarwater shot and killed the Hackler boy, son of the Widow Hackler.

It instantly became a *cause célèbre*. The Tarwaters were rich and influential. Old Pete owned eighty thousand acres in the west country, several valuable pieces of city real estate and a controlling interest in two banks. The Widow Hackler owned nothing except the house she lived in and a small farm which a tenant worked on shares, but she was related to several of the most prominent families in the county. Yet the standing of the families concerned had less to do with the public interest in the case than the fact that General Grady was employed to defend young Tarwater. That lifted the slaying to the realm of drama.

Otherwise it would have appeared a wanton and cold-blooded murder. Until Grady became connected with the case, about all that could be learned of the killing was that the two boys met in a Kandy Kitchen, where a coterie was wont to loaf and gorge on chile and hot tamales and soft drinks, and an argument broke out between them. Guy Tarwater whipped out an automatic and the Hackler boy turned and ran. He ran into the alley and hid behind a rain barrel. Guy stepped close to the barrel and fired twice through it, killing him.

The proprietor of the Kandy Kitchen said he thought they had been disputing about a girl—it looked like Guy Tarwater said something Ben Hackler wouldn't stand for and he told him that was no way to talk. This explanation seemed a trifle inadequate, and perhaps the Kandy Kitchen man might have been able to add to his story, but he suddenly shut up and refused to discuss the shooting at all.

Now, Guy Tarwater was generally considered a wild boy. There was undoubtedly a bad streak in him, which people had been accustomed to explain by references to his daddy's past. Pete was known to have been a ready performer with a gun in his youth, and gossip had it that the foundations of his fortune were laid by mavericking calves. And now it was recalled that there was insanity in Guy's mother's family.

Howsoever that may have been, Guy was undoubtedly abnormal. He was a handsome youngster, except for his eyes, which were a glacial, flickering gray. He seldom met anybody's gaze except for a darting look, and the least opposition or argument would cause his eyes to blaze with the glare of insanity. His family humored him in everything and old Pete gave the boy all the money he wanted. In fact, he seemed to regard his son's outbursts as evidence of manly spirit.

It had always been Guy's ambition to shine as a bad hombre. He was fond of posing as a dangerous man, and everybody knew he carried a gun; Guy certainly made no secret of it. At school he had engaged in several serious fights—serious because at the first clash the boy went for his knife and cut his antagonists badly before their companions could pull him off. And once he had struck an inoffensive darky over the head with a six-shooter and would unquestionably have killed him had not one of his friends grabbed his arm and clung to it. It's likely that Guy thought these performances heroic and in the approved manner of bad men.

And now Ben Hackler was dead and Guy was charged with murder.

Ben had been of an entirely different stripe—a mild, rather lazy, inoffensive boy, so diffident that he frequently served as the butt of jokes. Many a time Guy had regaled the loungers in the Kandy Kitchen by teasing Ben, who never seemed to resent it. Then how did it happen that the two could quarrel so tragically? People shook their heads and opined that even Grady would have his work cut out bringing Guy Tarwater clear. If he succeeded he would be a wonder sure enough.

Young Tarwater was let out on bond and the preliminaries dragged along as usual. Rumors of all kinds flew about and the newspapers tried the case long before it came to the jury. All of them united on one point—the girl whose name the Kandy Kitchen man had hinted was the cause of the dispute came into state-wide prominence as the Mystery Girl, and hundreds of columns were devoted to romantic conjecture and sentimental twaddle. But her identity remained a secret.

At last the case came to trial in the Steenth District Court, with a formidable array of legal talent for the defense. The prosecution was in the hands of the district attorney, assisted by Sid Cade, who had volunteered because his mother was a Hackler.

The selection of the jury was naturally a delicate task, and consumed three days. Enough talesmen had been summoned to fill a ball park, but every man of standing in the community who had a business or a responsible job promptly made excuses and evaded his duty as a citizen. This left a fine aggregation of rag-tails and loafers, with a sprinkling of salaried men who would continue drawing their pay anyhow and who craved the notoriety, and some tenant farmers whom the winter months left with nothing special to do.

The defense exhausted all their challenges before the jury was complete. Did the talesman have children? To what church did he belong? Did he believe in the death penalty? Did he admit a man's right to arm himself for self-defense? Was he a member of any fraternal order or secret society? Did he believe that threats against a man, no matter where uttered, were sufficient grounds for self-defense even though at the time of the slaying—if any—the deceased did not happen to be armed? Had he talked with anybody about this case? Did he read the newspapers? Was he prepared to give defendant the benefit of every doubt, and was he clear in his mind about what constituted a doubt? Was he prejudiced in this case? Had he thought about it at all?

One talesman ventured to admit a prejudice against murder. Peremptorily challenged and excused. Another confessed reluctantly that he had formed an opinion about this case, but he could lay it aside, judge, as easy as he could lay aside a chaw of tobacco.

"But the taste would remain?" suggested the general, staring at the talesman's bulging cheek.

"Not enough to make any difference," replied the man.

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"Well, a famous authority has answered that question—

"and this is what he said:

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After a silent stare the general consulted with his colleagues and expressed willingness to accept the talesman for the jury. And so the game of check and countercheck went on. Having eliminated every man in the venire capable of intelligent thought, the defense accepted the men they wanted, the jury was sworn and the taking of evidence began.

The prosecution contented themselves with producing witnesses of the killing and a few friends of the dead boy who swore that he had no enemies. All the evidence they brought forward tended to prove that the slaying was unprovoked and wanton. They did not attempt to show a motive, beyond an effort to introduce witnesses who were ready to testify that Guy Tarwater always toted a gun and was of a mean and quarrelsome temper, ever on the lookout to show what a "bad man" he was. Frantic objections by defense counsel to the admission of this testimony. Objection sustained; exceptions taken by the prosecution; exceptions noted by the court; but these witnesses were never heard.

It was plain from the start that the trial judge labored under considerable awe of the defendant's legal phalanx. The district attorney, who happened to be nothing more than a political flash, he snapped up with authority, but his voice took on a different note when ruling on an objection by General Grady or one of his celebrated associates. It may be that he did his best to be unbiased, but he was an insignificant, impecunious and rather ignorant lawyer who had won to the bench through political sagacity, and to him these giants of the profession loomed like gods. It was an utter impossibility for such a man to maintain the authority and impartiality of his position. When he did venture to oppose General Grady, that veteran quietly and smilingly, by sheer force of prestige, persuaded him to favorable rulings. Sid Cade was in despair; the defense was getting all the best of the breaks.

The general made it clear very early that Tarwater's plea would be self-defense. Just how he would undertake to build up such a defense mystified all who had known the Hackler boy, but they were speedily enlightened. Grady put two men in the box who swore that young Hackler had threatened to get even with Guy Tarwater for having teased him. One of them testified that he had seen Ben practicing with a six-shooter in his backyard, and when he inquired why, the boy had replied that perhaps it would be useful to him pretty soon. In vain the prosecution tried to break down these witnesses, to prove that they did not even know the Hackler boy except by sight, that they were almost strangers to the town, that their reputations were dubious. In vain the district attorney sneered about this "courthouse defense." Their story remained unshaken, and anybody could see it had made a profound impression.

The Kandy Kitchen man, who had been expected to tell the most dramatic story of the killing, proved a terrific disappointment. Although he had gabbled freely to friends immediately after the event about what he had heard pass between the two boys while they were sitting at his soda counter, he could remember nothing of it when under oath; and upon being pressed by the prosecution, admitted that his early statements were incorrect and due to the excitement of the moment. And thus the Mystery Girl faded from the picture.

Throughout the trial the defendant's mother sat in court close to her son, fondling his hand and caressing him at stressful moments. When she got up to leave the room Guy always escorted her, his arm around her waist. It was a touching picture. And there was hardly a dry eye in the room when the general warmed up and had Mrs. Tarwater sobbing convulsively on her boy's shoulder.

The Widow Hackler was there, too, but she wasn't an asset to the prosecution. The widow was of the stern pioneer type, accustomed to repress emotion, and for the most part she sat in stony impassivity. Only once did her face twitch, and that was when a witness described how her son had vainly hidden behind the barrel, crying out to Tarwater not to shoot, for God's sake, not to shoot! Now and again she glanced toward the defendant, and then her eyes blazed. This did not help her cause any.

The forensic feats that closed the trial have become a tradition in the county. Nothing like the oratory for the defense had ever been heard in any state court, and those who had neglected their affairs to crowd into the court room were well repaid for their trouble and sacrifice.

True, the prosecution did not amount to much in the way of oratory. Sid Cade was too cold and precise and the district attorney erred by displaying too great venom in denunciation. Indeed, he was so savage in his attack on young Tarwater and the effort being made by the Tarwater money to thwart justice that he set up a reaction of sympathy for the defendant.

The defense attorneys made no such error. They carefully refrained from attacking the character of the dead boy, and beyond reviewing the threats he was alleged to have made to even up his score with Tarwater, they made no reference to him. All their powers were exerted to winning sympathy for the defendant and his mother.

Each of the four attorneys spoke for two hours. They flattered, they cajoled, they thundered, they banged the table and wept. It was worth all it cost Pete Tarwater, even though he had to part with two pieces of valuable real estate. But it remained for General Grady to fire the big guns for the defense, and he made the finest oration of his long and distinguished career. It would have done credit to the greatest actor on the English-speaking stage.

He started calmly, on a tender note; then proceeded to denunciation of the prosecution's vindictive methods; he intimated that the district attorney was actuated by personal spite and was hounding this poor boy; he began to thunder; his voice broke and he cried like a child. He begged them to weigh the evidence produced and then restore this unfortunate boy to his mother, whose mother's heart was breaking, whose mother's arms would stretch out in the sleepless watches of the night to infold him, but he would not be there unless they did their duty and sent this lad out into Gawd's sunshine, free and unstained. The general tossed back his long hair and pictured that mother's anguish of spirit. He drew a picture of the scene in the manger of Bethlehem to convey what mother love meant, and he called upon them to remember the precepts and teachings of the Nazarene that we should be merciful, as we expect mercy. Grady had even the judge on the verge of tears. As for the jury and the spectators, they wept in pleasurable pity.

He sat down, and things progressed swiftly to the judge's charge to the jury. This was a cautious, painstaking effort to instruct them in the law. He defined what constituted murder and what was meant by manslaughter; he also took care to explain the law covering self-defense and made brief reference to the testimony offered.

Then followed defendant's special charges, which formed the bulk of the summing up. By request of defendant, the judge gave the following instruction as a part of the law of the case: That as regards the testimony of defendant, supported by testimony of the witnesses Tyler and Chapman, that he, defendant, believed deceased to be armed with a deadly weapon, if any, at the time and place the homicide took place, if it was, and deceased intended to attack defendant with same, if he did, the mere fact that the deceased did not carry any weapon at the time he was killed would in no wise impair the defendant's right under the law. It was immaterial whether or not deceased carried a gun if the defendant was informed and believed that he did. And so on and so on.

To the simple lay mind it might have seemed that the judge was going out of his way to protect the defendant's rights—that he gave considerably more consideration to them than he did to seeing justice done—but the lay mind is generally apt to miss the finer legal viewpoint. There were ample precedents and countless rulings to support this procedure, which has become the usual thing in our criminal courts.

The jury retired. Four hours later they returned with a verdict of not guilty.

"Well," remarked the general to a colleague, as they relaxed triumphantly in his office after it was over, "all I've got to say is, that boy's the luckiest —— in the world. He ought to have swung for it."

As soon as he was alone he sent for the Kandy Kitchen man.

"Now," said the general, after carefully locking the door, "tell me all about it."

"All about what?"

"Who was that girl they quarreled over?"

"What girl? I don't know of any girl."

"None of that nonsense with me!" said the general sharply. "Guy Tarwater said

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something about a girl which young Hackler resented. Didn't he?"

The Kandy Kitchen man fidgeted, glancing uneasily at the lawyer.

"Maybe he did," he gulped.

"Who was she? What was her name?"

The other hesitated. Then he blurted out, with an involuntary shrinking movement, "Your daughter, Mary Alice."

"The hell you say!" whispered Grady, his face ashen. They never exchanged another word on the subject from that day.

Sid Cade left the courthouse in profound dejection. What was the use? Justice was a dead letter nowadays. He went to his office above Kincaid's grocery and threw himself into his chair. There Henry Cunningham found him half an hour later.

"Well, what did you think of it?" inquired the traction attorney.

Sid made no reply for a moment. Then he raised his head and said with the solemn deliberation he always employed when discussing anything pertaining to a court, "I question the right of any man to employ his talents to cheat the public of the protection that is their due."

Cunningham nodded.

"Sure! And the greater his talents, the greater his guilt. Fellows like Grady mock justice. To hear that old bird blah-blah about danger to the Constitution and contempt for law! Why, lawyers like him are doing more to tear down American institutions than any other element! They're just as criminal as a lot of the men they defend. If they'd jail a few of these criminal lawyers, they could afford to let their clients off. The way the criminal laws are administered in this country they don't protect the public—they protect the criminal."

Cade assented sadly.

"Now why can't they jerk old Grady up for subornation of perjury?"

"You mean those witnesses about Hackler's threats?" asked Sid quickly.

"Of course. Everybody knows that kid didn't make any threats. He wasn't that kind. Everybody knows it was all framed up—courthouse stuff."

"I hesitate to believe," replied Cade, much agitated, "that a reputable member of my profession ——"

"Aw, cut that out, Sid! Remember, I'm a lawyer too. Oh, I know you mean it, but I tell you this as my solemn conviction—if Grady didn't actually dig up those floaters and employ them to go on the stand and swear as they did, he shut his eyes and let somebody else do it for him."

"Perjury was undoubtedly committed."

"Good! Now you're talking! The sooner we recognize the rotten practices in criminal law that are common in our profession, the better off we'll be. What's the use of shutting our eyes? Let's be honest with ourselves."

"Is there any honesty anywhere?"

"Cheer up," said Henry, with a grin. Then he pulled out a cigar, snipped and lit it carefully, and inquired, "Had about enough of criminal law, Sid?"

"I'd swing a pick tomorrow if I could get out of it."

"Fine! I've arrived at just the right time then. How would you like to join our legal department?"

Sid stared at him.

"You serious about this?"

"I am."

"Then you've bought something. Shake!"

Within thirty days after the trial it had faded to little more than a memory. There is too much happening nowadays for any human drama to monopolize public attention long, and the town turned eagerly to other interests. Young Tarwater disappeared and was absent almost a year. When he came back he brought a bride. She was pretty and vivacious, and everybody liked her; so for her sake people tried to forget the tragedy and to treat Guy as though nothing had happened. This was made easier for them by old Pete's death and Guy's inheritance of all his property.

It appeared for a while as if he were trying to turn over a new leaf and live a life that would atone in some measure for his earlier lapses. But that did not last long. In less than two years he was backsliding again, and some of the orgies and cockfighting and gambling parties he organized set tongues wagging throughout all that portion of the state. He ran afoul of the law a couple of times, too, but his money and influence hushed it up.

Meanwhile Henry Cunningham became president of a merger of interurban trolley companies, Sid Cade moved up to head of their legal staff, and the general continued to prosper and grow in prestige. He could have been governor had he wanted it, but he preferred to pull the strings that controlled the political puppets. The town was very proud of him, and his big Colonial house, set amid trees on top of a gently sloping hill in a suburb, became one of the show places to visitors.

"There's where Lawyer Grady lives," the farmers would say as they drove past. "He's a wonder, the general."

He held his age well—a little grayer, perhaps, a trifle thinner of face, but straight and alert of carriage still. And he retained every ounce of his power and fire in a court room.

One day he was sitting in his office above the Citizens' State Bank, when Guy Tarwater entered. Guy was red-eyed and nervous, a condition almost chronic with him now.

"General," he began, "you've always stood by me, and now I want you to get me out of another mess."

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"I want a divorce."

Grady looked genuinely concerned.

"I'm shocked and grieved to hear it, my boy," he said. "What's the trouble?"

Tarwater told him the story. It was a rambling and disconnected story, and several times the general checked him sharply with questions. When he had finished, Grady sat in thought a while, scratching his chin. What was it he had heard lately about Guy? There was always some gossip afloat of his doings—let's see now—something about a woman in New Orleans—yes, that was it.

"Well, leave it to me to think over a while, and I'll let you know when I want you," he said at last.

To which Tarwater replied, "Don't let it drag along any more than can be helped, will you, general? Things can't go on like they are, and the sooner I'm free, the better."

"How long will you be away on this trip to California?"

"Oh, a couple of weeks—maybe three."

"Come and see me as soon as you get back. Possibly I'll have things shaped up for you by then."

He was smiling complacently as the door closed on his client. Tarwater would be willing to pay liberally for this business, particularly if he could rush it through. Then his heavy brows contracted—there were aspects of the case he did not like—naming Lee Forrest as corespondent, for instance; nobody would ever believe that. Guy himself did not—he had come near to admitting as much. Then why had he picked on him? Possibly because Forrest must have been at the Tarwater home a good deal, the two couples being neighbors and in the same set. And it might be that he figured Mrs. Tarwater would not fight the case if a transparent dummy were named; women were queer, and there was something back of all this. But Forrest would fight the case—the general knew him well enough for that, and he did not intend to let any client jockey him into a dangerous position, no matter how much he might be willing to pay. No, that matter would have to be gone into. They must find another corespondent. He went to work with all the resources at his command.

"Well?" said Tarwater, on his return from California a month later.

"I'm ready for you."

"Great! What's new?"

"Read those," answered the general, tossing a sheaf of depositions across the table.

Tarwater skimmed through the pages, a puzzled frown gathering on his face.

"These are bunk, of course?" he queried.

"I can prove every word of it. There's a copy of the hotel register. You don't have to put up a dummy, Guy. Forget Lee Forrest. Wiley's the man."

"Wiley!" repeated Tarwater, crumpling the papers in his hands. His pallid face had turned yellowish and there was a glare in his eyes that alarmed the general.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Nothing. Only—I—I want time to think this out." And he was gone before the lawyer could stop him.

Tarwater ran down to his car and went roaring out along the Reservoir Road toward the Wiley home. Before reaching it, however, he had another thought and turned off and drove to his own house. Fortunately his wife was away, visiting her mother. He took an automatic from the dresser drawer, dropped it into his coat pocket and again set off along the Reservoir Road.

The maid who answered the door told him that Mr. Wiley was away fishing and would not return until the following day. Tarwater felt like shrieking at her that she lied—that he knew where Wiley was—he was away with his, Tarwater's, wife—but he let the screen door slam in her face instead and ran back to his purring car.

Perhaps the maid told the truth, after all, and Wiley was fishing down at the lake. His partner said he had started for the Rod and Gun Club early in the morning and was expected at the office next day, so he could not have gone to join Mrs. Tarwater. What if the depositions were all lies? What if it were nothing but some more of the old scoundrel's manufactured evidence, to clinch the case? But, no! He felt deep down in his heart that it was true—all true. A lot of things came crowding up in his memory. They had vaguely puzzled him, but in the light of this information they were perfectly clear. Yes, they were clear now. Damn Grady for all eternity! Only for him he might have gone along believing in his wife's loyalty. A sudden gust of wild rage against the general seized Tarwater. He would like to show the old fox what it meant to insult a man's wife!

In late afternoon, his breath straining in long, quivering intakes, his eyes red and blazing, Tarwater lurched up the stairs to the general's office and entered without knocking. Grady was seated at his desk, signing some letters.

"Who found this out?" Tarwater demanded.

"Guy, what's the matter? For God's sake ——"

"Did you?"

"Guy, don't—wait ——"

"Take that, you rat!" gasped Tarwater, and fired point-blank into his body.

When they came running into the office they found the general huddled on the floor with his hands clutching his abdomen and Tarwater muttering incoherently about protecting his wife's name.

"Life's queer," remarked Henry Cunningham to Sid Cade as they were discussing the tragedy later. "There's old Grady made a fortune telling lies all his life—and the first time he tells the truth he gets bumped off."

The Growing Vogue for Pattern Floors

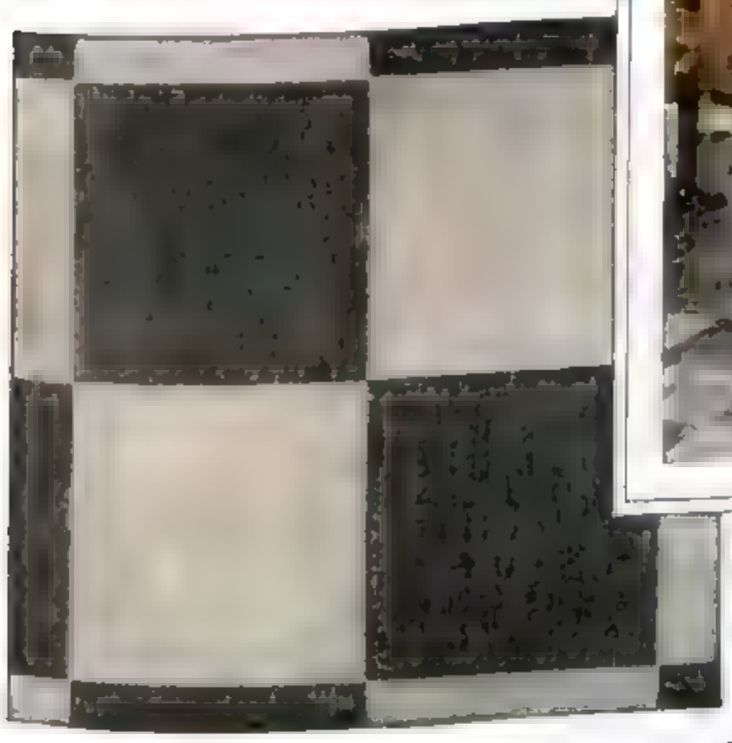
The newer designs in Armstrong's Linoleum are a source of inspiration to home decorators.

ONLY a few years ago floors were considered just something to walk on, to place furniture on. Then "soft wood upstairs and hard wood downstairs" served very well.

Today, however, floors are no longer mere utilities. For today interior decorators and thoughtful women are turning to the new designs of linoleum to secure color and pattern in floors.

Where is the bedroom that wouldn't look warmer, cozier and just a trifle "different" with a floor of this new Armstrong moulded inlaid design? This pattern, No. 3383, runs clear through to the burlap back.

A pretty interior becomes a beautiful one when a pattern floor of linoleum is laid. This new Armstrong design in warm gray marble inlaid linoleum is Pattern No. 76. What could be neater, smarter, or more sensibly modern?



Never before has there been so great, so rich a variety of colorings and designs from which to choose pretty floors, floors that will brighten your home as they lighten your housework.

Imagine one of these new patterned floors—a soft green Jaspé or a bolder inset tile effect—in your living-room. Your rugs seem brighter when laid on it; your furniture seems smarter. The whole room glows as it never did before. Perhaps your entrance hall appears dull, sombre. An inlaid linoleum in black and cream will lend to it cheerful, inviting charm. In just this way you can now select a pattern floor of lively color and design for every room in your home.

Look for the **CIRCLE A** *trademark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

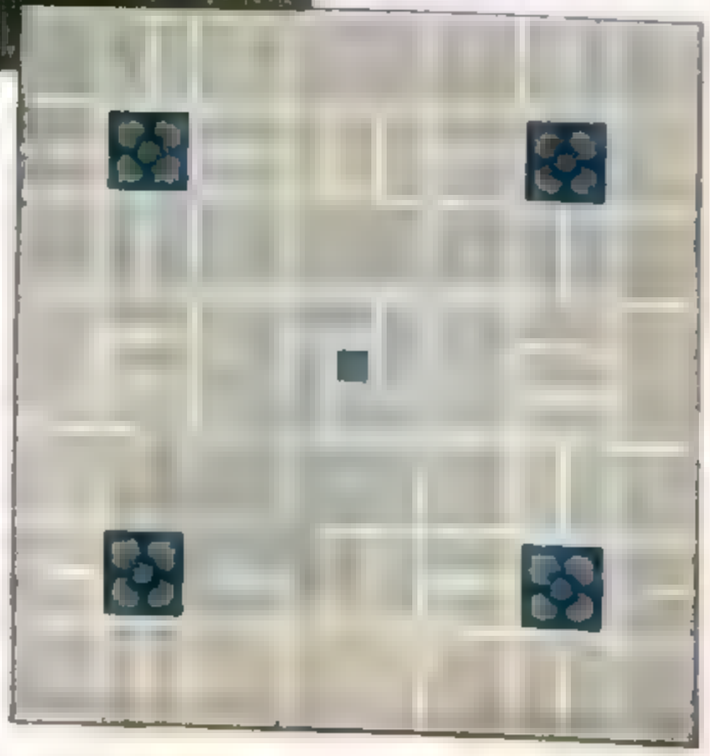
Before you spend a penny to have your old wood floors refinished again, see some of the new pattern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum at any good furniture or department store. A good store is also prepared to lay your floor of Armstrong's Linoleum so that it becomes in reality a permanent part of your home, good for a lifetime of hard service.

If you want more intimate information about the new patterned linoleum floors for interiors you may now be planning, write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration. You will receive individual color suggestions for any room you describe. This help costs no more than the time it takes you to write us.

A book on the art of home furnishing and decoration

This book, entitled "Floors, Furniture, and Color," tells in a simple, interesting manner the use of color in home interiors. Agnes Foster Wright, its author, is an authority on home decoration. She contributes to House and Garden and other magazines you read. This new book will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents (in Canada, 60 cents). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 850 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

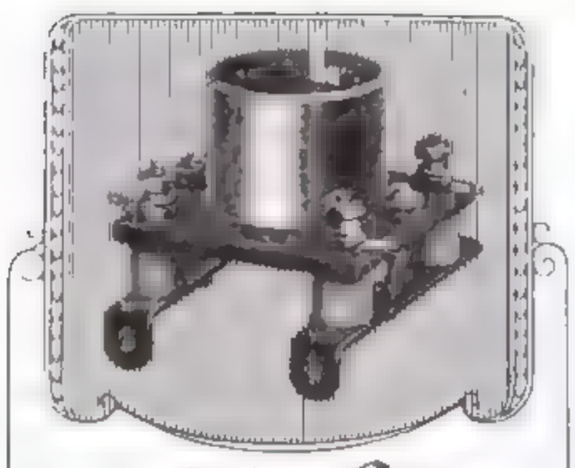
Here are the spirit and charm of wind-wrinkled grass. We call it the new Jaspé, Pattern No. 19. You will call it "My pretty new linoleum floor!"



This soft gray tile design for your bathroom or kitchen is brightened with touches of blue. A colorful floor, an easy-to-clean floor. It is the new Armstrong Printed Pattern No. 7102.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house



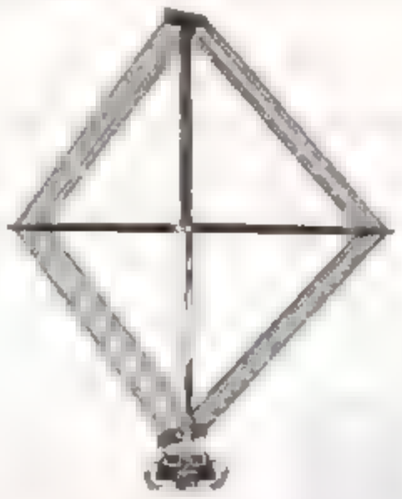
Cushion Your Tubes in SIGNAL SOCKETS

Your tubes are the hardest-working units in your whole radio set. They are delicate—they are vital! The efficiency of your set is dependent on their proper functioning.

Signal Sockets are the best radio tube insurance you can have. They cushion your tubes on rubber just as your automobile is cushioned. That passing train, street car or motor truck, that accidental but inevitable bump which your set is bound to get—don't worry. These shocks will never reach your tubes. Little cylinders of live rubber stand guard and ward off even the slightest vibrations.

At All Good Dealers'

Signal Sockets are made both for standard and for peanut (U.V. 199) tubes in single, two gang and three gang units. Each socket is provided with brackets for direct panel mounting as well as sub-panel mounting. For your tubes' sake, demand Signal Sockets. See your dealer.



The "Signola"

Truly an Unusual Portable Loop Aerial

Its popularity has been built on unusual performance—an almost uncanny ability to catch every signal to bring in stations far and wide, many of which you have never heard before. And such reception! The "Signola" is directional enough to clear up any program—yet not so critical that it must be continually adjusted while tuning.

About Super Heterodynes

The "Signola" is provided with a third tap which shortens the aerial and adapts it for use with Super Heterodynes and other hook-ups requiring less antenna. This is a valuable feature—you don't have to rewire the "Signola" to make it work with your set.

Folds Up Like an Umbrella

When you've finished using it fold up your "Signola" and put it away. Folds like an umbrella—a big feature where space is limited. Can be set up in a jiffy. All wood parts are of very hand-rubbed mahogany finish. Metal parts are polished nickel plated. The "V" feet of soft rubber covered flexible metal tubing are supported on genuine Formica spreaders. Rubber pads are also mounted from the base by a Formica strip.

See the "Signola" Portable Loop Aerial at your dealer's today. If he hasn't one, write us sending us his name. You'll want one after you see it.

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Dept. 1D, Menominee, Michigan
Branches in All Principal Cities

Put this in the mail box now!

Signal Electric Mfg. Co.
Dept. 1D, Menominee, Mich.
Without charging me send a copy of "Signal Sense," describing your radio products

Name

Address

My Dealer's Name and Address is

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

(Continued from Page 23)

There were contrary elements, confusing to the impressions, in the long room of the old-fashioned house near Newmarket where two men and a woman waited for Gilbert Channay. The ceiling was heavily beamed. There was a magnificent old fireplace at one end, in which, notwithstanding the season, a log fire was burning, rows of sporting prints upon the walls, a medley of guns, riding crops and fishing rods in every available corner; but indications, also, in plenty, of less desirable pursuits. On a long table in the center of the room were many packs of cards thrown together, and a discarded *chemin-de-fer* shoe. On the sideboard was an inordinate array of bottles, full and empty, a multitude of glasses, and many dishes—some empty, some still heaped with sandwiches. The atmosphere of the room, with its low ceiling and unopened windows, was overheavy with tobacco smoke. There was cigar ash upon the floor and table, an overturned chair, and everywhere an unpleasing sense of disorder and lack of restraint. The two men lounged opposite each other in easy-chairs; the woman, seated at the table, still toyed with the cards.

As the clock struck four she threw them away from her with a little gesture of impatience. Her whole expression was one of querulousness and discontent. Otherwise she was beautiful.

"I hate this waiting," she declared. "You needn't have packed everyone away so early, Sinclair."

One of the men—known more or less favorably to a somewhat critical world as Sir Sinclair Coles—tall, with grizzled gray hair, sallow complexion and unpleasant mouth—turned his head slightly toward her.

"It was better to be on the safe side," he said. "Bomford had had too much drink and was getting excited about his losses."

"Losses!" the woman repeated impatiently. "Five or six hundred at the most. I didn't get a penny of it either! Heaven knows I need it!"

"Nor I," muttered Lord Isham from the depths of his easy-chair.

The woman struck the polished table in front of her with the palm of her hand.

"I don't know what's come to us!" she exclaimed. "Luck! We haven't a vestige of it. Everything we touch goes wrong. Did you go round to the stables before dinner, Sinclair?"

"No," was the curt reply.

"I did," the woman went on. "Harding's quite right. We've had all our trouble with Lady Ann for nothing. Her fetlock's as big as my head. She couldn't hobble to the post."

Isham rose to his feet. He was clumsily built, carried too much flesh, his complexion was pasty and his eyes were bloodshot. There were wine stains upon his shirt front and his tie was disordered. Even his companion regarded him with distaste.

"It's foul luck," he muttered. "I'd got enough laid against her to give me a fresh start. Got it all done on the q. t. too. Even the clever ones thought the mare was meant to win, and she was always good enough to make a show."

The woman gathered up the cards again and let them fall idly through her fingers.

"Gilbert seems to be our last chance," she said, "and I am terrified."

Lord Isham picked up his tumbler and was on his way to the sideboard. His vis-a-vis checked him.

"No more, George," he insisted. "You've drunk enough already, and you'll need all your nerve."

Isham scowled.

"I don't see why," he grumbled. "Your prize-fighting gamekeeper's enough for the rough-and-tumble work, if it comes to that. I'll have some soda water, at any rate."

He helped himself, surreptitiously adding whisky. Once more the woman raised her head and listened.

"He won't be here yet," her host assured her. "You're quite right. I packed the others off too soon."

"Supposing all goes well and we get Gilbert here," she asked quietly, "what are you going to do? How far do you mean to go?"

Sinclair Coles rose to his feet and rang the bell. He waited until it was answered by a sleepy manservant.

"Is anyone up besides yourself, Johnson?" he inquired.

"No one, sir."

"You can go to bed. I will see to the lights and lock up. We may have a visitor for a few minutes. You can leave the hall door undone."

"Very good, sir."

The man withdrew. His master waited until the door was closed. Then he turned to the woman. He spoke unpleasantly. His upper lip was a trifle too short and he showed his teeth overmuch.

"We're going to have an explanation with Gilbert Channay," he said. "It is through him we've led this dog's life for the last three years. Somewhere or other he must have nearly half a million tucked away, and not a penny of our share have we touched. He has to disgorge."

"If he refuses, how shall you make him?" the woman asked. "The law doesn't come in, does it?"

The man's expression was for a moment almost ferocious. Though his hair was gray, his eyes were black and as bright as a boy's.

"Short of killing him ——" he began slowly.

"Why short of killing him?" Isham interrupted. "He deserves it, the brute! If we could get to know from him where the stuff is, and there was a quarrel—an accident—he'd be better out of the way."

The woman looked up from the table.

"Do we ever forget, I wonder," she observed, "that it was we who really made the great mistake? Gilbert was the only honest man amongst us all. He'd have kept faith with us if we'd kept faith with him."

Sinclair Coles was angry. He showed it in a strange, intensive fashion. He drew a long breath between his teeth. The pupils of his eyes seemed to dilate. He glanced across the room toward the other man.

"I can see that we shall have to look after her ladyship, George," he scoffed. "I believe she's in love with him still."

The woman rose to her feet. She looked from one to the other of her two companions; looked at one with contempt, at the other with hatred.

"If I still allowed myself the luxury of feeling," she said, "don't you imagine that I should be stark, staring mad not to prefer a man like Gilbert Channay to either of you?"

"Miriam!" her husband bawled.

She waved him back into silence.

"I have no feeling," she continued. "Those days have passed for me. What I want is money to pay some of my bills, a measure of security to get rid of the eternal insolence of these tradespeople, not to be all the time worrying from whom and with what manner of persuasions I can borrow. I hate it! There was a time when I thought that a life of adventure appealed to me. Well, it doesn't any longer. I want a bank balance, a home and rest. That's why I want this money."

"Leanings toward domesticity, I see," her husband sneered. "Perhaps if we get it you'd like me to pay off the mortgages at Undercombe and settle down into the small county magnate. We couldn't afford to race—not even sure that I could afford the hounds—but we could lead a very pleasant life. Bridge at a shilling a hundred, rough shooting, with all my pheasants wandering off to someone's land where they rear ——"

"Oh, be quiet!" she interrupted scornfully. "You haven't enough nerve to hunt the hounds even if they gave them to you. Listen!"

This time there was no mistake. The sound they heard was the sound of the opening of the front door, of heavy footsteps in the hall. They all three held their breaths. A moment before the woman had declared that she had no feeling, but a flush of color had suddenly crept into her cheeks. She shrank a little away, as though she dreaded what might be coming. The door was abruptly thrown open. The man who had made his reëntry into the world some hour or so before entered, and by his side a most unpleasant-looking companion, dressed like a gamekeeper.

"No trouble at all, sir," the latter announced with a grin. "When he saw me there waiting for him on the doorstep, he come along like a lamb."

There was a somewhat curious silence. Gilbert Channay, from the moment of his entrance, had looked at no one but the woman. Her first little gesture was almost pathetic. She had the air of waiting for some word from him. He, like the others, remained speechless. Suddenly the woman called out to him—called him by his Christian name, with swift, staccato expression. The spell seemed to be broken. Channay looked around him with a smile.

"Trouble!" he repeated. "The invitation of my friend here in brown velveteen was far too irresistible. Who am I to risk the happiness of my first day of liberty in unseemly brawling with a man of his stature? Well, well, only you three! I might have expected a larger gathering. George, you haven't changed a bit. By the bye, you have succeeded, haven't you? 'Your lordship,' I should say. Capital! Worth a hundred a year more on the board of any company. And Sinclair there—I beg his pardon. I forgot my unfortunate lapse from social equality—Sir Sinclair Coles. And the lady, whom I was once privileged to call Miriam—by what name does she pass nowadays?"

Lord Isham frowned angrily.

"Miriam is my wife," he replied. "Don't pretend you didn't know all about it. I don't think she's particularly grateful. I ain't a good husband, you know, Channay—never pretended I'd make a good husband."

"If I had been a woman," was the calm retort, "I should have found you an intolerable lover."

The woman who had declared that she possessed no feeling sprang to her feet, quivering. There was a look of torture in her eyes.

"Your tongue is as cruel as ever!" she cried.

Channay shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not in a good temper," he confessed. "I am here against my will, and it always annoys me to do things against my will. Can we get to business? These first few hours of freedom, notwithstanding their charm, are a little exhausting. I have been used to making my own bed and retiring at half past eight."

Sinclair Coles turned to the gamekeeper—a burly fellow with enormous shoulders and the face and physique of a prize fighter.

"Have you felt his pockets?" he demanded.

"In a clumsy fashion, he has," Channay intervened. "Let me spare you any anxiety. I am unarmed."

"Couldn't feel anything, sir," the man agreed.

"Take a chair then, and sit with your back to the door," Sinclair Coles directed. "Keep your ears shut and be prepared to act if you're wanted. . . . That's all right. Now, Channay, we can get to business. I'm speaking at this moment for Isham and myself. You can settle with the others afterward. We want a matter of a hundred thousand pounds to be going on with."

Channay, apparently more at his ease than any one of the little company, glanced around the room toward the sideboard.

"Aren't you a little inhospitable?" he protested. "I am warned by the prison doctor to go very slowly with alcohol at first, but I must confess that a small whisky and soda—the first, by the bye —— You wish me to help myself? Good!"

He crossed the room in obedience to a sullen gesture from Sinclair Coles, and with almost meticulous care searched for a clean tumbler, mixed a whisky and soda, sipped it and helped himself to a cigarette. Afterward he selected a comfortable easy-chair, and with a little sigh of relief relapsed into its depths. All the time they watched him, uneasy and discomposed.

"One hundred thousand pounds was the sum you mentioned, I think," he remarked.

"Well?" Sinclair Coles exclaimed, with a flash in his beady eyes.

"Do we get it?" Isham demanded.

"Not a single penny," was the distinctly spoken reply.

There was a brief, ugly silence. Even the woman, who had raised her head, seemed to have grown colder. The two men were more unpleasant to look upon than ever. Sinclair Coles' thin lips were parted a little, his eyes were full of menace; Isham was scowling fiercely. The custodian of the door, who was hoping for a scrap, was mildly interested. The note of defiance in Channay's tone seemed to him full of promise.

"A hundred thousand pounds," Isham said, "represents considerably less than a

(Continued on Page 159)

WHO PAYS HIS FUEL BILL?

Last year Fire's fuel bill was over $500,000,000! Who paid it?

You, for one. You paid your share even though you had no fires. Higher insurance rates, loss of business, idle labor, destroyed merchandise, depleted rents—all these consequences of fire impose a burden that every one shares.

It is the business of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company to lessen these burdens. It has policies that cover every loss due to fires—sound investments backed by ample resources and a century-old record of meeting every just claim.

It also has a large force of Fire Prevention Engineers, who are experts in locating fire hazards and making property safer. And finally, it has agents everywhere who know the insurance business and who can help you get whatever protection you require, whether it is greater indemnity against loss or more adequate protection against fire.

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"The only time we ever look at our Oil-O-Matic is when we have guests. It is a source of amazement to all that so simple a device can so completely relieve us of all thought and care of the furnace."

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING

Torn bits of paper lights and burn easily

Law No. 1 – Oil Must Be Broken Up.

Held this near the flame of a match and does not smoke

Law No. 2 Oil Must Burn in Mid-Air.

This settles the question of an oil burner

SOONER OR LATER someone was bound to perfect an oil burner. When you read this you will realize that it was done six years ago. You can judge for yourself.

Everyone agrees that oil heating would be ideal, if oil burners were correctly built. And now that one has proved itself for six winters—no one will deliberately choose the old-fashioned methods.

We did not begin building an oil burner because others were being built. But because none we knew of followed the four laws of oil combustion.

More than 20,000 satisfied users

Inventions of such great importance are not perfected in a week, a month or a year. They must develop. But your basement should not be used as a laboratory.

Before we offered the first Oil-O-Matic to the public we learned how to burn oil in our own factory. Not one Oil-O-Matic was installed in anyone's home until we proved it was right. It cost us $250,000.

The fact that every one of the twenty-odd thousand Oil-O-Matic users is more than satisfied is evidence that the public was not asked to pay for our developments.

All that folks ask now is an oil burner that is past the experimental stage—*a finished product.* One that requires no attention. That can be depended upon to give a service never approximated by coal. That completely divorces the heating problem from the owner's mind. Such an oil burner awaits your inspection.

These facts are vital

A complete description of the Oil-O-Matic could easily be written here and every statement be true. But it would sound incredible.

Only seeing it and talking with owners will ever convince you. So look for these things:

Open the door of the furnace and you will see no part of the burner inside. There's nothing to burn out or replace.

We use no hot plates because according to the first law of oil combustion, oil must be atomized. Our burner assembly is entirely outside the firebox because the second law says oil must burn before it touches anything. There's no manual control of dampers because the amount of air supplied must be exact. We line the firebox with brick because reflected heat assures better combustion.

Super Safety Control

But the crowning feature of Oil-O-Matic is the exclusive Williams Thermal Safety Control. It's all but human. Everything about your installation must work right or nothing can work. Not a drop of oil can flow. Ignition is shut off. The motor stops.

It costs us $150,000 a year more for our motors than some engineers say is necessary. A lighter motor would stand up, they say, on 99% of installations. We spend this extra amount to safeguard the remaining 1%.

Every Installation Guaranteed

It will interest you to see this oil burner that has finally solved the problem. Oil-O-Matic is sold and serviced by trained heating men in about 800 cities. Most of them are graduates of the Williams Institute of Heat Research. They have experience, facilities, organization and financial responsibility. They guarantee every installation they make. They are backed by the largest producer of automatic oil burners in the world.

Look up the authorized dealer in your community. See for yourself how perfectly Oil-O-Matic will heat your home. Let him examine your heating plant and give you an estimate of the cost of guaranteed heating service. You may pay for it as you enjoy it, if you prefer.

Send the coupon for your copy of "New Facts About Oil Heating," just off the press. After you read you will never be content with any other method of heating your home.

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Largest producers of automatic oil burners in the world *Authorized dealers everywhere*

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Here's the book that throws new light on the whole subject. Explains interestingly with illustrations how this perfected way of heating relieves you of all care and thought of the furnace. Shows diagrams for ideal arrangement of basement space. Beautiful library edition printed in colors.

A match held in the air on a pin will burn completely

Law No. 3—Oil Must Be Mixed With Air.

Reflected heat makes it hotter between big buildings

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A milkman who takes water *out!*

One of the favorite themes of the jokesmith is the milkman who waters his milk.

Though the joke has little basis in fact, you have heard it many times.

But have you ever thought of the milkman who does exactly the opposite—the milkman who takes water *out?*

That's what the Carnation milkman does—and here's why he does it:

Millions of people, all over the world, use Carnation Milk regularly; it comes to them from the finest dairying sections of America and Canada.

It seems foolish to pay transportation on all the natural water in this milk, so most of the water is removed.

Such removal serves to concentrate and enhance the food values in the milk, making it richer and smoother.

It also explains the satisfaction with which so many people use Carnation Milk in all cooking and in place of costly cream in coffee or on cereals and fruits.

Remember, Carnation is simply pure milk; nothing is added; no sugar or preservative of any kind.

You can restore it to its original strength and consistency merely by putting back the water that has been taken away.

It is milk exceptional in nutritiousness and digestibility, for convenience and economy, and for purity and safety—insured by sterilization.

Try it—see for yourself how satisfactory is this milk from the milkman who takes water *out!*

Let us send you Mary Blake's famous Carnation Cook Book

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY

432 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis. 532 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash. · New York Aylmer, Ont.

You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

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(Continued from Page 154)

quarter of the funds which should belong to the syndicate. Do you deny our claim?"

"Not altogether," Channay admitted. "Under normal circumstances, I imagine that your share might have come to more than that. But, you see—without entering into details which are known to all of us—you chose, instead of being content with your share, to try to do me out of mine. You chose to play upon me the foulest, most dishonorable trick a little company of men engaged in any enterprise for purposes of mutual profit could possibly conceive. You forced me to assume a clerical and technical responsibility which happened to be slightly on the wrong side of the law, after which you turned informers, with the sole idea of helping yourselves to the whole of the plunder during my forced absence from society, knowing very well that my claim to recover my share of the same would—er—scarcely be upheld in a court of law. . . . Forgive me, I find this rather exhausting. Conversation amongst my late surroundings was not encouraged, you know."

He stretched out a languid arm and helped himself to more whisky and soda. Not one of his auditors had opened his lips. All three remained listeners.

"I happened, if I may say so," Channay continued, "to be a little too clever for you. The shares in the Nyasa Mine, for which I applied on behalf of the syndicate, were allotted to me in my own name, and in my own name they have remained. You got rid of me all right, but you found yourselves no nearer the booty. You failed, indeed, to get what might have been your own share. Now you will never have it. You forgot the homely adage -honor among thieves. You will probably regret this superlative meanness for the rest of your lives, as you undoubtedly have regretted it during the last few years. . . . Of my deeper and more personal wrong I have nothing to say. It is one principle of my life," he added, with a little bow to Miriam, "never to criticize your sex. You are above the ordinary laws. You do what seems fit to you. But whilst we are upon this subject, since I have gone so far, let me finish all that I have to say to you now or at any future time. You knew very well that when I came out of prison, if the Nyasa shares had been allotted to the treasurer of the Channay Syndicate, I should never have been able to claim my own share. Quite right! The converse, however, unluckily for you, is also true. I make no pretense about the matter. The extraordinary premium to which the shares immediately rose enabled my brokers to take up the whole of them on such capital as I myself possessed. A sum of something like half a million is in my possession—a very pleasant sum, Isham, eh? Worth having, Coles! Well, for what you have done to me, not one penny of that do I part with to any one of you. Now, I have finished. It is your turn."

The woman, suddenly and unexpectedly, chose to be spokesman.

"Gilbert," she said, "think of us as you will. You couldn't think badly enough of us. We are the scum of the earth and we deserve to be treated as such, but you can't get away from facts. Supposing my dear husband and Sinclair Coles here accepted your point of view, there are the others—different types of men, as you well know, one or two of them. If you talk to them as you are talking to us, Sayers, for one, will kill you on the spot."

"You and I were once engaged to be married," Channay remarked. "Have you ever, during the whole time of our association, dreamed for a moment that it was possible to gain anything from me by threats?"

"I know that you are brave," she admitted, "but the situation is hopeless. You want to live."

"You want to live as a sound man," Sinclair Coles interrupted harshly, "not as a poor maimed creature with every bone in your body broken. Look here, Channay, we'll make a bargain with you. You shall keep your share—your full share—so long as you hand over the rest. You will be a wealthy man. What more do you want?"

"To keep you paupers, which I mean to do," was the quiet reply.

Even the woman's face hardened. Sinclair Coles, who some time before had risen to his feet, came a little forward.

"You were never a fool, Channay," he said. "What do you think of my gamekeeper there? Fighting Charlie, they call him. He was in the ring for four years and never beaten."

Channay glanced across at the man in brown velveteen, unmoved.

"Frankly," he replied, "and since you ask me, I think that he is the most unpleasant-looking person I ever saw in my life."

The gamekeeper rose to his feet, rubbing his hands together. He glanced at his master as though waiting for a sign. The latter shrugged his shoulders

"Miriam," he advised, "I think you had better leave us."

She hesitated for a moment, then she turned to Channay.

"Gilbert," she said, "the only difficult part was to get you here. Don't you realize that, now they have succeeded in that, it isn't any use holding out? They can half kill you here between them, and it will only be an ordinary row. They might even go further."

Channay stretched out his hand and helped himself to another cigarette.

"Honestly," he confided, "I don't think they'll go quite so far as that. It's a little risky, you know, isn't it? Terrible scandal in high life, anyway—especially for Isham, now he's a peer. And besides, they won't come any nearer to the money."

"They will hurt you horribly," she protested.

"It would hurt me more," he assured her, "to contribute a single penny to your absurd ménage."

The gamekeeper crept stealthily nearer. He was swinging his right arm a little; his left fist was clenched. Already he was developing a slight crouch. The greed of battle was in his eyes.

"Too much talk," he muttered. "Won't you say the word, sir? Am I to send him straight to sleep, or shall we have a little fun with him first?"

Channay watched his approach coldly.

"You'll get the fun, my lad," he warned him, "when you're picking oakum for this. I ——"

He broke off suddenly in his speech. A most unexpected sound rang through the house. Someone had pulled the old-fashioned bell of the front door, and in the silence of the early morning there was something menacing, even uncanny in its hoarse clanging. The gamekeeper's arm fell to his side. He looked around.

"What the hell's that?" he demanded.

The two men exchanged startled glances. The woman listened with a gleam of something which was almost like relief in her face.

"Someone who has seen the lights, I suppose," Sinclair Coles muttered angrily. "Get close to him, you others. Keep him quiet while I open the door. . . . They're in the hall!"

Almost immediately the door of the room was opened. Sinclair Coles, in his progress toward it, stood transfixed. An inspector of police had entered. He saluted hastily and glanced around.

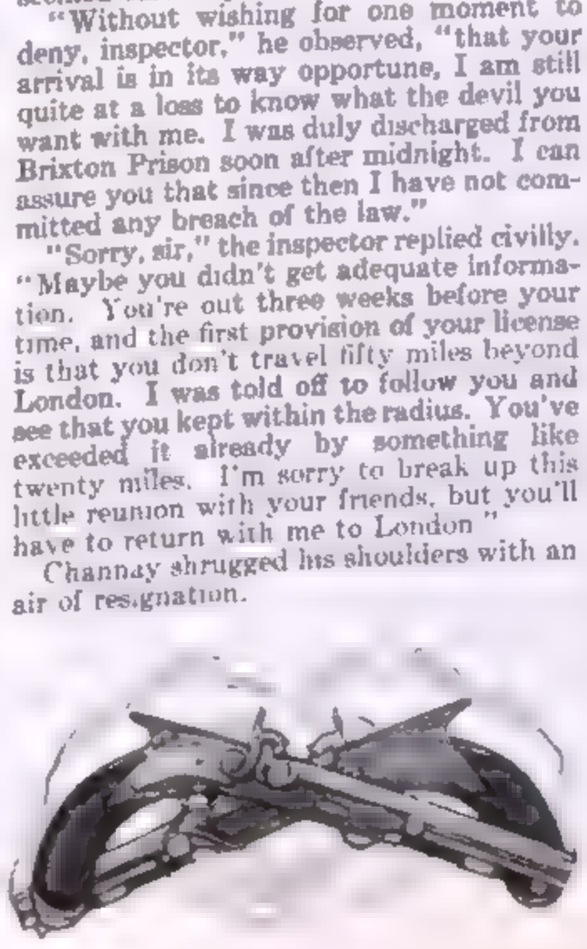
"Sorry to intrude, gentlemen," he apologized curtly. "Inspector Peacock is my name. My business is with your visitor there—Mr. Gilbert Channay."

Channay rose to his feet. The others seemed curiously tongue-tied.

"Without wishing for one moment to deny, inspector," he observed, "that your arrival is in its way opportune, I am still quite at a loss to know what the devil you want with me. I was duly discharged from Brixton Prison soon after midnight. I can assure you that since then I have not committed any breach of the law."

"Sorry, sir," the inspector replied civilly. "Maybe you didn't get adequate information. You're out three weeks before your time, and the first provision of your license is that you don't travel fifty miles beyond London. I was told off to follow you and see that you kept within the radius. You've exceeded it already by something like twenty miles. I'm sorry to break up this little reunion with your friends, but you'll have to return with me to London."

Channay shrugged his shoulders with an air of resignation.



"To tell you the truth, inspector," he confided, "I'm not quite so disappointed as I might have been under other circumstances. Believe me, I am quite at your disposal."

"I must apologize for my unceremonious entrance, gentlemen," the inspector observed, as he let his hand rest lightly upon Channay's elbow. "As I said before, I'm sorry to interrupt. Mr. Channay, however, should have known the regulations. This may mean another fortnight for him. You will be able to entertain him all right then."

"We shall look forward to the opportunity," Sinclair Coles muttered.

Channay looked back from the doorway and smiled. The inspector's hand still rested upon his arm.

"Forewarned is forearmed," he announced with a faint note of mockery in his tone. "Next time I leave London I think I shall get my friend here to escort me to the railway station. Your idea of hospitality does not appeal to me, Coles. I don't think that either you or Isham has improved during my regrettable absence. I don't like your methods of entertainment. I'm afraid that for the future I shall have to deny myself the privilege of your acquaintance. . . . I am quite at your service, inspector. Forgive my reminding you that your grip upon my arm is getting a little painful. . . . Good night."

The inspector had, indeed, shown signs of impatience. He hastened his captive across the hall, withdrew the key from the inside of the front door, and after they had passed through, locked it on the outside. He hurried his companion to a small two-seater car which was standing drawn up against the steps, pressed the starting lever and drove rapidly down the avenue.

"Sorry to interrupt any farewell speeches, Mr. Channay," he observed, as he pressed down the accelerator; "but I could see that Sir Sinclair Coles was beginning to get suspicious. The peak of my cap is all wrong and my tunic isn't at all what it should be. They wouldn't help me out at the prison and I had to get these things from a pal."

Channay, who had been leaning out of the window looking backward, resumed his seat. There was a pleasantly amused smile upon his lips.

"Martin Fogg," he declared, "you are a genius. What can you do on the road?"

"Forty," was the confident reply.

"Better let her have it then. The turn to the left is the Norwich road. There are lights flashing out in the garage and someone's in the avenue already. Your story was ingenious enough, but a bit thin when they come to think it over."

They swung into the main road. Far ahead was a rift in the sky; a faint lightening farther eastward. The heath on either side drifted away from them like a frozen sea and before them the road unwound itself into the semblance of a thin strip of ribbon. The light was scanty enough, but Fogg turned out the lamps.

"We'll breakfast in Norwich all right," he promised. "I punctured the back tire of the car you came down in. They won't be on the road until after we've passed Thetford. I'll have to stop and change my kit before we go through a town."

"Wake me when you do," Channay enjoined, leaning back in his corner with a yawn.

There was no pursuit; or if there were, it was ineffectual. When Channay awoke he was being driven joltily through the cobbled streets of Norwich and his companion had resumed his civilian attire.

"What about it now, Mr. Channay?" the latter asked him anxiously. "A defensive partnership, mind, nothing more! You see, I've ways of my own of discovering things. I knew that chauffeur at Adams' Garage had been got at."

Gilbert Channay looked out upon the sunlit streets thronged with their early morning crowd of loiterers. There was something wistful, almost eager, in his expression as he watched the passers-by.

"Fogg," he said, "you're a good fellow and I'm immensely obliged to you; but as regards the future, if this is the prelude, it is too good to share. . . . First turn to the left and you'll see the hotel opposite. Bacon and eggs and coffee, Fogg. Jove, I'm hungry!"

Martin Fogg pursed out his lips.

"You'll change your mind before long," he declared confidently.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in an early issue.

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DEAD BIRDS

(Continued from Page 27)

and send the chauffeur to fetch the police. Get a torch from him—two torches. Hurry! I'll wait for you here. Get a weapon, if the chauffeur has one."

Marsh went out through the long window door, which was ajar. Dodge, he thought, might have been reaching out to close the iron *volet*, or blind, when stabbed, possibly from behind, as they had heard no outcry. He had perhaps lurched back and fallen across the desk, which would account for the blood. This, welling up into his throat, might have strangled his voice. Or the shock alone might, in a man of his age, have resulted in the instant stoppage of his heart—killed him in his tracks.

Marsh ran across the open lawn to the garage. Scooping a handful of gravel from the path, he threw it against an upper window of the room where one of the chauffeurs slept. The man thrust out his head.

"Come down, quick! Mr. Dodge has been murdered! Hurry and get the police!"

The chauffeur wasted no time in idle questions. He furnished Marsh with the desired torches and an automatic pistol, then jumped into a car held ready for any sudden call.

"As soon as you get back," Marsh ordered, "take a length of wire and try to find the break and connect the lights and telephone. Mind you keep on the road!"

"No fear, sir. I drove for the general staff through the war." And he was off.

Marsh ran back to the house. The bishop was still lighting matches, examining the premises as best he could. He eyed the automatic in Marsh's hand and nodded.

"Now let's go up and talk to Smith-Curran," he said grimly.

With the house still plunged in utter stillness, they went back and up the stairs. Marsh led the way to the rooms occupied by Iona and her father, the latter's next his own. With his pistol ready, he rapped. There was no answer. Marsh rapped again. There came a rustle in Iona's room, as if she had risen in bed, then the click of an electric light switch and a low exclamation, as of surprise. The bishop nudged Marsh.

"An alibi—or art."

"More than her father's furnished," Marsh muttered.

Iona called, "That you, daddy? I'm so relieved. The lights are off." She got out of bed.

"Come to the door, please. It is Bishop Starr and McQuentin."

The bolt was slid and the door opened a crack. The bishop flashed his light on her face. She blinked. "Please don't do that."

"I beg your pardon. Where is your father?"

"Oh, Bishop Starr, then he was right! There are burglars? What's happened? Is father hurt—killed?"

"Not to our knowledge. But we fear the worst for Mr. Dodge. When did your father go out—and why?"

"I was just getting into bed when he came to the door." Iona drew her nightdress up about her throat. "He whispered that he had put out his light and was sitting by the window smoking a cigarette when he saw two figures slink along the terrace just beneath. He said he was going down to investigate. I begged him not to, but father's that kind."

"Was he armed?"

"No—that is, he had only the brass poker he'd taken from his fireplace."

"How long ago was that, Miss Smith-Curran?"

"Twenty minutes, perhaps, though it seems like an hour. He told me not to turn on my light. I've been lying in the dark, waiting. Oh, Bishop Starr, what about Mr. Dodge? Is he so badly hurt? And where can father be?"

"I can't answer either question just yet, Miss Smith-Curran. Please go back to your bed, and do not leave your room until sent for."

The bishop closed the door, practically in Iona's white, frightened face. Marsh, even in his grief and horror at what had taken place, thought it a little rough, still believing Iona to be ignorant of the affair. Smith-Curran had always been a wrong 'un, Marsh imagined, and there is a penalty attached to one who is begotten of a wrong 'un, just as there is for being born that sort oneself.

He flashed his torch down the corridor. At the far end of it an open door partly obscured the window just beyond.

"That's the way he went," the bishop muttered. "Down the servants' stairs and out through the butler's pantry and kitchen. The chances are he peered into the lair from the terrace, and seeing Sherrill there alone, and nobody in the billiard room, took it for granted that we had gone up to bed. Or he might actually have seen us say good night and go out of the lair. And we two gabbling at the foot of the stairs like a couple of old fishwives while Sherrill was being done to death! Oh, God, forgive us!"

"It's not yet certain, sir," Marsh began, but the bishop interrupted with a sort of rage.

"Certain as that the wrath of God shall find out the shedder of innocent blood—the avenger of the blood. This *bête sauvage* struck him down with the hearth poker as he was leaning out to close the blind. The blow sent him reeling back across the table. Sherrill would have given a cry if stabbed."

"But the lights ——"

"He had an accomplice, of course; somebody to cut the wires where they left the house, at his flashed signal. That might have been his daughter. There was plenty of time for her to get back to her room. He is apt to come back at any moment now. The chances are that he seized the body of his victim and carried it down to throw off the pier. He's a lean, powerful fellow. But we might verify that about the poker and make sure that he's not in his room after all."

Marsh laid his hand on the knob and opened the door, a little warily. Flashing his light about, they saw that the bed was freshly laid back, but had not been used. Smith-Curran's clothes, the blue serge coat, white flannel trousers worn by him that afternoon and evening were folded with military neatness and laid across a chair by the door, ready for the valet to take and press. It looked as if he had, as Iona had told them, sat by the window in pajamas and kimono to smoke a final cigarette before getting into bed.

"His nightdress would be an alibi of sorts," said the bishop, and turned his torch on the ornate rack of hearth implements beside the fireplace. Brush, shovel and tongs were there, but the poker was missing. "Yes, he did it with the poker."

Marsh was thinking hard. The first confusion of shock had now passed, to leave his brain clear and active. He began to find certain flaws in the bishop's indictment of Smith-Curran in regard to this horrid crime; not unanswerable ones, but still points that demanded closer scrutiny.

"He must have known that I hadn't yet come up, because my room is next to his. In that case, he would have reasoned that I must still be with Mr. Dodge."

"No doubt he did," the bishop retorted. "I just this moment pointed out that he probably saw us say good night to Sherrill and go out of the lair. He then gave us ample time to get to our rooms before striking the lethal blow and signaling to have the wires cut. We stood there talking at the foot of the stairs for at least five minutes."

"Then you believe the lights were cut off after Mr. Dodge had been struck down?"

"Yes, on further consideration; as, if they had been cut off before, Sherrill would have been put on his guard—called out to us or made some exclamation. I should say that the murmur of our voices must have been audible to him, with the house silent."

"Then if Smith-Curran first struck down Mr. Dodge, why should he have put out the lights at all, if he calculated that we must be already in our rooms and preparing for bed? Wouldn't we have reasoned that to plunge us in darkness would be sure to rouse our suspicion that something was amiss?"

"Not necessarily," snapped the bishop. "He might have counted on our merely thinking that something had gone wrong at the power plant, and that they would go on again directly. That happens sometimes in suburban places, and even in some cities. Last winter while visiting in Washington, at a big house on Massachusetts Avenue just off Sheridan Circle we were plunged in darkness for two hours. There were lamps and candles, of course. But our rooms are supplied with candles here, on the night tables and dressers."

"But all the same," Marsh persisted, "why should he have wanted to cut off the lights, with everybody gone up but Mr. Dodge, and nobody about the premises, no neighbors within view, no night watchman? I should think he'd have wanted light, if only to remove possible incriminating traces."

"My dear Marsh"—the bishop's voice was nervously petulant—"how can we say at this moment just what his reasoning was? Whoever cut the wires may not have known which was telephone and which was light. Or the man may have wished to eliminate all risk of being seen and recognized. In any case, he would count on a certain period of confusion that would give him time to dispose of the body in some fashion and return. He's apt to come at any moment. When he does, you will have to hold him up with your pistol and stand guard until the police arrive. You had better station yourself behind that door at the head of the back stairs—take him by surprise. If he attacks, don't hesitate to shoot, and shoot to kill."

Here evidently was a churchman of the militant sort, no conscientious objector to the taking of a certain sort of human life. But the most pious of prelates have been known to tuck up their cassocks and grasp a musket at the approach of a painted savage, and as the bishop saw him, Smith-Curran was infinitely worse. A soul already lost, a faggot for the burning.

"I am going to look around outside," he said. "If he comes before I return note particularly his aspect and his behavior, what he says and how he says it. Don't let him blarney you."

"I'll try not to lose my head, sir," Marsh said dryly.

"That's it. Don't get rattled, and don't permit your sympathy for his daughter to influence your sounder judgment. I now agree with you that she must be entirely ignorant of the whole affair—or else a consummate actress. But it's too early to decide."

"One minute, sir. Wouldn't it be better not to let him know of our suspicions until the police arrive—or not even then, for that matter? We haven't much to back them up."

"What's that? We haven't much —— But bless me, didn't he go out—with the poker?"

"Yes, but what if he tells us what he told Iona? It might have been true, at that."

"My dear Marsh, stop and think. This is not an attempt at burglary, but a murder, and the victim's body disposed of so that there can be no *corpus delicti*. The motive was not theft, with the striking down of Sherrill necessary to that end. Before this tragedy we had already a straight case of attempted murder, and now this man has slipped out the back door with the poker and not yet returned. What more do you want?"

"I don't know. It seems a stupid trick for a criminal of experience."

"He underrated the acumen of some of us here, and he knew nothing of our deduction about the starlings."

"Then Iona can't know anything about all that."

"No, I shall have to concede you that point." The bishop's tone was unconsciously reluctant. He disliked to see a fish slip from his net. "Perhaps you are right, though, about making no charge against the man just yet. Better not put him on his guard before being questioned officially. But I want you to observe him closely. Note every word and gesture and expression. Now I'll go out and look round a little."

He went out of the room and to the main stairway. Marsh stood on the threshold of Smith-Curran's room, deep in thought. The bishop must be right, he reflected, but this crime seemed an ill-conceived one for a clever criminal.

It had no props, no frame or blind or plant. There was nothing to account for the act, like a rifling of the desk drawers as if in search of the safe combination or the ripping out of the paneling, or something of the sort.

Would such a criminal as the bishop claimed Smith-Curran to be have made such a stupid job of it? Marsh did not think so. Still, he might be stupid, ruthless, but not cunning. And he might have believed that Dodge suspected something that he had thus far withheld but was apt at any moment, the next day perhaps, to

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Cold Pressed Beef
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lay before some expert criminologist. Smith-Curran might have decided to take a bold chance.

Marsh was convinced, however, that Iona knew nothing at all about the affair, suspected nothing. Her face in the aperture of the door had shown astonishment as well as horror. Marsh wondered what, in the event of Smith-Curran's conviction, her position would be. With such testimony as the bishop had to offer, which he himself would be bound under oath to support, Iona could scarcely escape indictment and conviction of being accessory before the fact, and sentence to a long prison term. She had been with her father in Dodge's room, appeared the next morning to have been searching the lawn to remove any morsels of evidence left by the starlings, lied about finding a four-leaf clover where no clover grew, started to drive off in the car with the dead starlings that would seem unaccountably to have worked their way out of Dodge's brief case. And it would not impress a jury as probable that a young woman should have remained lying on her bed in the dark while her father went out on a burglar stalk, armed only with a brass fire poker, in a house that contained a number of stalwart men.

There was no getting round the fact that Iona was in deep. Close examination of her previous relations with Barclay might bog her even deeper, in the matter of possible motive. Two big fortunes were involved.

And Marsh reflected, only thirty hours before, Iona had saved his life. This undeniable fact would not have prevented his taking any action in his power, no matter at what cost to Iona, to safeguard Dodge's life. But now that the blow had fallen, Dodge presumably killed, and Iona innocent, as Marsh believed, his obligation to her was of a magnitude that he could not deny. He must warn Iona of the net soon to be drawn about her, give her a chance to prepare some sort of a defense before being taken unawares by her first examination. There was no time to lose. The police might now arrive at any moment.

Marsh stepped to Iona's door. He was about to rap, when it opened suddenly and Iona confronted him. Evidently she had thought both men to have gone and meant to steal to the top of the stairs and listen, for she was still, as far as Marsh could ascertain in the dark, only in her nightdress. And at the same moment he heard the purr of a motor as it slowed to turn into the grounds.

"Iona," he whispered, using her first name in his haste, "there's something I must tell you quickly. The police are coming, and the bishop has a strong case against you and your father, first for the attempted murder and now for the actual murder of Mr. Dodge."

Iona gave a low moan.

"I knew he thought that. It's preposterous—Marsh."

"I know that you are innocent," Marsh said, "but things look black for your father. The evidence is strong against him. Wait!"

He hurried to the window at the far end of the hall, which commanded a view of the entrance drive before it curved round to the front of the house. The car had stopped and Marsh saw the flicker of a torch. Its bright beam flashed up into the air, against the foliage of a tree. That, Marsh thought, would be the chauffeur examining the wires. The car started ahead again. Marsh went back to Iona, who had stepped out into the corridor.

"Now listen carefully to what I have to say."

And as rapidly but comprehensibly as possible he gave her a clear brief of the bishop's summing up. Iona listened tensely, without interruption. Marsh, even while talking, heard the car come to a stop before the perron of the house, then a murmur of voices in which he was able to distinguish the bishop's vibrant tones.

As he finished speaking Iona raised her hands to her temples. Marsh, even in the murk, was able to see the dim gleam of her bare white arms. He failed, however, to see another white figure that had come from the other end of the corridor to the head of the stairs.

Iona, as if overwhelmed at what she had just been told, made some indistinguishable murmur in a low, stricken voice. And at that moment the hall lights, with those others that had been turned on at the moment of extinction, flared out brilliantly.

Looking then over Iona's shoulder, Marsh saw Cicely standing with one hand on the heavy carved rail that guarded the shaft of the stairway. She stared for a moment at Marsh as he stood there with Iona, then turned with a gesture of unspeakable disgust and made her way rapidly back to her room.

x

THE sudden illumination acted as a stimulant to Iona. She gave a choking gasp.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she moaned. "It's ghastly! It's horrible! You don't believe it, Marsh?"

"Not where you're concerned," he answered in a dull voice.

Here, no matter what might yet happen or be proved, was the end of all relations save hostile ones with the family whose patronage, then intimate friendliness, had promised such bright things for the future. Marsh felt that no amount of explanation could ever obliterate the impression that Cicely had received while yet in ignorance of the frightful tragedy that must now at any moment plunge her into a black abyss of broken-hearted sorrow. She adored and idolized her father. No doubt the reason for her being still unmarried at twenty-four was because she had not yet met the man who impressed her as in any degree filling his measure.

"What am I to do? Oh, what shall we do?" Iona moaned. "Where is father? Have they arrested him?"

"I don't believe so. They've just arrived. Nothing is certain yet."

"But it's outrageous, Marsh. How can anybody be so cruel? Especially a man in holy orders, a bishop? The man's a fool. He's mad. Father has been through some fearful things in wars the world over, South Africa and China and Russia and the Great War, but he's no assassin. It's preposterous!"

Marsh heard steps coming up the stairs. He thrust Iona gently back into her room.

"Hope for the best," he said. "I'll do what I can for you. Try to get yourself in hand. You are going to need all your courage and clear-headedness."

He closed the door and walked back to the head of the stairs, meeting the bishop at the top of them.

"The police are here," panted the churchman, "and as you see, the chauffeur has found and connected the break in the circuit."

"He was quick," Marsh muttered.

"Yes, he met two constables on their way here in a car. The driver hailed him and asked if anything was wrong at the Dodge place. It seems there was a telephone call for the house, and Central, on being unable to get communication, suspected something and immediately informed the police station. There is so much of that sort of thing nowadays. Dear me, dear me, now I have a frightful task. I must tell Cicely."

"Break it to her gently," Marsh advised. "Tell her that Mr. Dodge has been kidnaped; say we hope that he may not have met with foul play."

"I'll do my best. She's a brave girl. For some reason there's been no time to go into, the police seem to think there's more behind this than I have briefly outlined to them. They are not impressed by my charge against Smith-Curran, but I have not gone into the first attempt. They think it's an outside job, to get at the contents of the safe. Now they want the safe opened to discover what it may contain."

"Does anybody know the combination?"

"Yes, Cicely. Sherrill gave it to her in case something should be wanted in his absence. These two men are not of the town police, but a pair sent here to investigate another criminal case. They impress me as efficient. No sign of Smith-Curran?"

"No. Doesn't that strike you as rather odd?"

"It's all grotesque. I am on the point of losing my wits. How about Iona?"

"She came out of her room and I told her just what had happened."

"Was that discreet?"

"What does it matter? She's not guilty. It was indiscreet, though. Cicely had been wakened by the car stopping at the door and came out to the head of the stairs. Just then the lights went on and she saw what must have seemed a scandalous affair, considering her ignorance of what's happened."

"Dear me, what a frightful, ghastly mess. I must go. They are waiting for the safe to be opened. They hope to find something that may furnish a clew of sorts. They won't though. You had better wait here

(Continued on Page 165)

Are your rugs *safe* playgrounds?

The rugs upon which children romp **are safe playgrounds** only when they are clean *to the very bottom of their deep, soft* ***nap.*** **For danger** lurks where dirt hides—*the danger of disease!* And dirt hides in every **rug that is** not beaten regularly. You can prove this*. . . . Because The Hoover BEATS, **it keeps rugs** free from embedded germ-laden dirt. The Hoover Sweeps and Air-**cleans, too—three** kinds of cleaning, which make rugs safe playgrounds, *and keep them safe!* **The Hoover** dusts, as well, *dustlessly;* its *swivel-jointed, tightly connected* tools **reach everywhere.** And powerful suction draws the dust safely into the dust-tight Hoover **bag. Why not be** *sure* your **rugs are clean?** Any Authorized Hoover Dealer will de**liver your Hoover, complete** with attachments, for $6.25 *down.*

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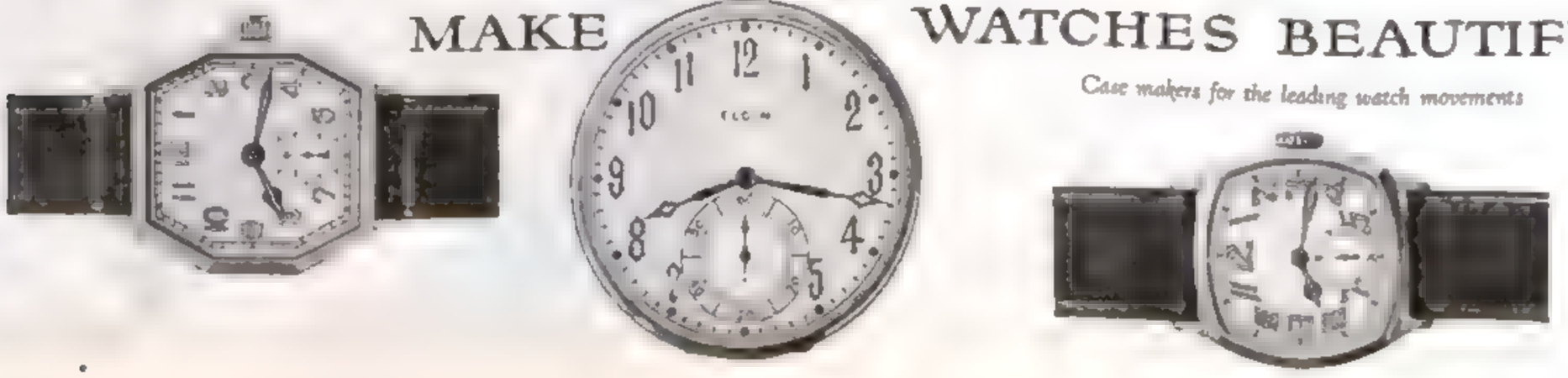


(Continued from Page 162)

until relieved, Marsh. I consider it vitally important that Smith-Curran's aspect be noted before he may be able to suppress any evidence—bloodstains on his person, and the fire poker."

"Very well."

The bishop made his way to Cicely's room at the head of the stairs. Some minutes passed. He came out followed by Cicely, who had slipped on a dressing gown of some dark stuff. She held herself rigidly, walking with a firm step. Her gaze went for a moment in the direction of Marsh, who was standing with his back against the wall; but she gave no hint of seeing him at all.

Nevertheless he felt no anger. Pity submerged all other emotions. Poor girl, facing bravely her life's first overwhelming grief, and not overwhelmed. She had been very little when her mother died. The bishop, Marsh believed, would hardly have bothered at this moment to say anything in defense of Marsh's position when the lights flashed on, especially as Cicely would not have mentioned her witnessing it. The human mind does not, as the bishop had claimed for his own, work fourth dimensionally. An actual fourth dimension is required for that.

As the minutes now dragged past, Marsh began to find his vigil becoming insupportable. He found himself resenting the bishop's self-assumed direction of the case. After all, what right had this prelate to give Marsh his orders? The police were now in charge of it, not this, as Marsh began to feel, officious clergyman. If, in the opinion of the proper authorities, it was advisable to take Smith-Curran red-handed on his entrance, why had they not given their orders to that effect—detailed one of their own men? It struck Marsh also that only two men were entirely inadequate for a criminal affair of such gravity. But perhaps they had telephoned for more, who might arrive at any moment.

Then, as Marsh's impatience was becoming rapidly exhausted, Iona's door opened and she came out clad in a dark jersey dress.

"Any news of my father?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"What are they doing downstairs?"

"Examining the contents of the safe."

"I can't stand this any longer, Marsh. It's terrible about Mr. Dodge; but for all I know, my father may have been killed also. He's impulsive and absolutely fearless. He may have run right into it. I want to go out and look for him."

"Come on then," Marsh said. "I'll go with you."

Ignoring the bishop's orders with a sort of angry relish, Marsh led the way to the back stairs. They went down them, through the butler's pantry, the laundry that put off at one side and out into the night. Making their way close to the wall of the house to the wing at the end of which was the lair, they approached it silently. Marsh was flashing his light along the terrace, and now as they drew near the corner of this wing some bright metallic object flashed within the zone of light, just around the corner of the lair and against the wall.

It was the brass fire poker, a sort of tomahawk implement. Marsh picked it up. His first close scrutiny on holding it to the torch showed a smear of blood and some few hairs on the heavier squared extremity.

"That did it," Marsh said grimly.

Iona had seemed to freeze. Her breathing was a series of gasps, as if she had been running up a steep hill.

"Oh, Marsh, you'll suppress that—throw it in the sea? He didn't do it! He didn't! I know he didn't! But that poker would be horribly damning. Throw it in the water!"

"I can't do that, Iona. Sherrill Dodge was my friend."

"Marsh, I saved your life! You said yourself I saved your life! If it hadn't been for me you would not be here now to get my father unjustly incriminated. If I'd let you drown ——" She wrung her hands. "There's no sense in it, no reason."

"Hush!"

They were dangerously close to the window of the lair for even Iona's low impassioned whisper. At any moment somebody inside might open it and come out. Marsh, holding the poker in his right hand, took Iona's elbow with the left and urged her across the terrace, down the steps and onto the lawn. They were both wearing the deck shoes with which they had been shod on landing from the yacht.

Out of earshot from the house and shrouded in the gloom of that black night, Iona turned their steps toward the shore. Marsh did not resist. Some voice within him was repeating over and over, "She saved my life. Yes, she saved my life. She held me up when I was sinking and might have drawn her down. Yes, she saved my life. And after all, Dodge is dead. She saved my life, and I can't help save Dodge's."

Shambling along in this way, Iona clinging to Marsh's arm, they came presently to the path at the top of the rocky rampart along the shore. Here they paused. The tide was out, though there were no mud flats, as the shore line on this promontory was fairly sheer; but there were black fissures between the rocks, and impenetrable chasms from which a cool dank air rose, impregnated with the cadaverous odor of dead mollusks and rotting detritus that had washed ashore.

This and the heavy darkness, unstirred by the faintest draft of moving air, gave to what was normally a charming spot an atmosphere like that of a Stygian flood across which those departed the world of light and motion waited to be ferried.

Neither of them spoke. Marsh, holding the accusing implement in one hand and with Iona clasping the other in both of hers, an imploring gesture, stared out across the sunken stretch of water that was flat as a pool of coagulating ink. Of the Trilby, at her moorings out there, only the riding light was visible, as though his fond creation had receded from before his perception, like all associated with her.

For it was in Marsh's mind that here, through some mocking trick of destiny, his march to success had reached the end of its beat; that he stood on the edge of a future rather like the waste in front of him, dark, uncertain and in which he might yet sink to an unknown depth. Well, poor Dodge was probably out there somewhere, in body if not in spirit. And here stood himself, Marsh, who had begun to love the man, his hand clasped in that of the daughter of Dodge's murderer, and giving ear to her implorings.

Marsh no longer felt any doubt of Smith-Curran's guilt. Call it stupid, a burst of homicidal mania, blood lust, anything you like, the poker had proved the man a murderer. But Marsh still believed Iona innocent of all association with the affair. Since Dodge was dead, why ruin utterly her life? Leave vengeance to the Lord, and to the law. It couldn't help Dodge. And why exalt the credit of the bishop as a crime detector?

The bishop, Marsh felt, ought to be ashamed of himself. Defense was one thing and revenge entirely another. It was not becoming to his cloth, once the crime had been committed, to keep on nosing like a questing bloodhound or play the part of police. Marsh owed him no odds—and he owed Iona his life. But for Iona, he would at this moment be down there under that black slimy water in the black mud, bait for crabs.

Thrusting out the arm to which Iona clung, Marsh whirled the brass poker up over his head, then flung it spinning in a dull golden arc against the sky of wet soot. Far out from the shore, in four-fathom water at mean low tide, a faint splash reported that it was stricken from the records.

XI

MARSH, as he recovered from this record poker throw, became acutely conscious that with that lethal if domestic implement he had flung overboard a good deal besides. Iona's arms were round his neck, her face against his chest. She was choking her acknowledgment in a low, strangled voice. These were incoherent, probably to Iona herself as much as to Marsh, who was not giving the slightest thought to them.

His mind was now entirely self-centered. Here of his own deliberate act he had stepped beyond the pale of civic virtue, repudiated an obligation not only to the land of which he was a citizen in good standing but to a dear friend, and to the family of that one. He had consigned to the oblivion of bottom mud the one bit of really damning evidence against Smith-Curran. The blood, the hairs on the poker were subject to comparison and identification; would have been enough to hang a man, Marsh thought. So that in suppressing them Marsh had made himself accessory after the fact to the murder of his friend and patron.

Iona, still clinging, was sagging now. The burden of her weighed on him, unpleasantly at first. Then, as instinctively his own arms encircled her body to relieve the strain on his neck, a thrill almost like a stab of pain went through him. This, in a way, was a mental as well as physical reaction. It crossed his consciousness that there was now established between them a sort of union to make them of similar species, a bond of outlawry that placed them side by side in their relation to a more law-limited society. Well, let be. His rise had been a bit skyrocketish, so let him burst in a vortex of bright multicolored sparks before his spent shell started down.

His clasp of Iona tightened. Good or bad, innocent or guilty, this creature in his arms was of a sort to fill the needs of a self-determined Adam. Her lithe suppleness, which might be of soul as well as body for all he knew or cared, roused in Marsh a sort of savage recklessness, an indifference as to whether he hurt her, just as he had felt indifference as to whether he drowned her. If now, Marsh reflected profanely, he were to be driven out of paradise just when his title to it seemed guaranteed, then he would take with him a solacing Eve. Also, he remembered, he had, in the eyes of Cicely and her complete future vision, done so already.

Iona murmured, "You've squared your debt, Marsh. And he's not guilty."

Marsh did not answer. He was in this moment like a man who has stepped outside his real self and surveys that simulacrum with a contemptuous defiance. What worth all the work and worry and suppressions of his past life? At that moment, from no great distance farther along the shore and under the break of the low cliffs' edge, as it looked, there came a sudden upward flare of light. It shone out against the murk, then was extinct. Marsh laid his lips to Iona's ear.

"Keep still. There's somebody over there—under the ledge."

He released Iona, who turned. They stood for a moment listening. Again there came that sudden upward flare of light, as if some person at the bottom of one of the many fissures between the rocks had lighted a cigarette, when the reflection of the match had been faintly thrown in air.

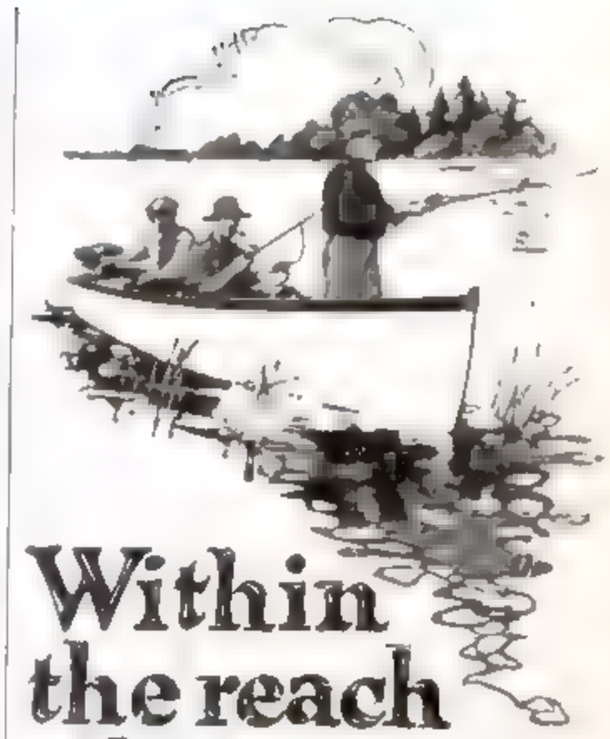
Marsh and Iona obeyed instinctively that primitive impulse that prompts one to crouch on discovery of an alien presence at a moment of stress, and where passions are rife. It was past the time and not the sort of night to tempt boating couples or canoeists to land along the shore. The same idea occurred to both, that here might be some solution for the disappearance of Dodge, the interment of his corpse below high-water mark, that all betraying signs of a new-dug grave be washed away as the tide rose. Marsh, at that moment, was convinced that here was the reason for Smith-Curran's failure to return. It was imperative that Dodge's remains be hidden beyond mortal ken as soon as might be. The law requires a *corpus delicti*, or at least some part of one. In such case, as it seemed to Marsh, the man described himself a bungling assassin to have forgot about the fire poker. The blood and hair on it when matched might have made these present efforts a waste of sweat and labor; carrying the heavy body such a distance, scratching out a hole deep enough to contain it—and here the poker would have come in handy—and lugging big stones to hold the cadaver down.

The matches struck would be to survey the finished job, Marsh thought, and immediately another problem presented. It was one thing to throw out into deep water the weapon or implement that Smith-Curran had used for the murder of Dodge, and quite another to withhold testimony should he now come on the murderer himself at the completion of his interment of his victim. In the first instance, that of the poker, Marsh had ceded to Iona's father the benefit of a slim doubt. But he could not find it in his heart or conscience to grant him any grace where there could be no doubt. No, the hand was played out, and no more tricks in sight for this thug.

"Wait here," Marsh whispered, and started on hands and knees to crawl in the direction from which the flare of light had come. He was all set to cope with a murderer at bay, provided with a blinker and the automatic pistol the chauffeur had given him. The best thing for all concerned, Marsh thought grimly, would be for Smith-Curran to rush him with a chunk of jagged quartz and get himself killed.

He had not crawled many feet when Iona was upon him with a rush. She flung herself down at his side, her arms round his neck again.

(Continued on Page 169)



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Yet it has taken all this time for the automobile to forget that its forebear was a buggy . . .

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Peculiarly, the last thing the automobile thought about changing was its wheels . . .

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The wheels on which it runs!

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They were strengthened and brought closer to the ground and encompassed with rubber and air.

But after all they were only glorified buggy wheels—survivors of the horse-drawn Nineteenth Century.

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Of course he built it of modern material—*steel.*

But more than that! He molded steel into a wonderful new design, adding immeasurably to its natural advantages. He built the only *convex* wheel—a form which permits the resilience of steel to temper the severity of road shocks . . .

Which makes braking more positive and steering easier, by permitting the placing of brakes and king pins in direct line with the wheel.

With tremendous rollers he tapered his wheel from hub to rim, giving it the utmost strength, plus fleetness where it spurns the road . . .

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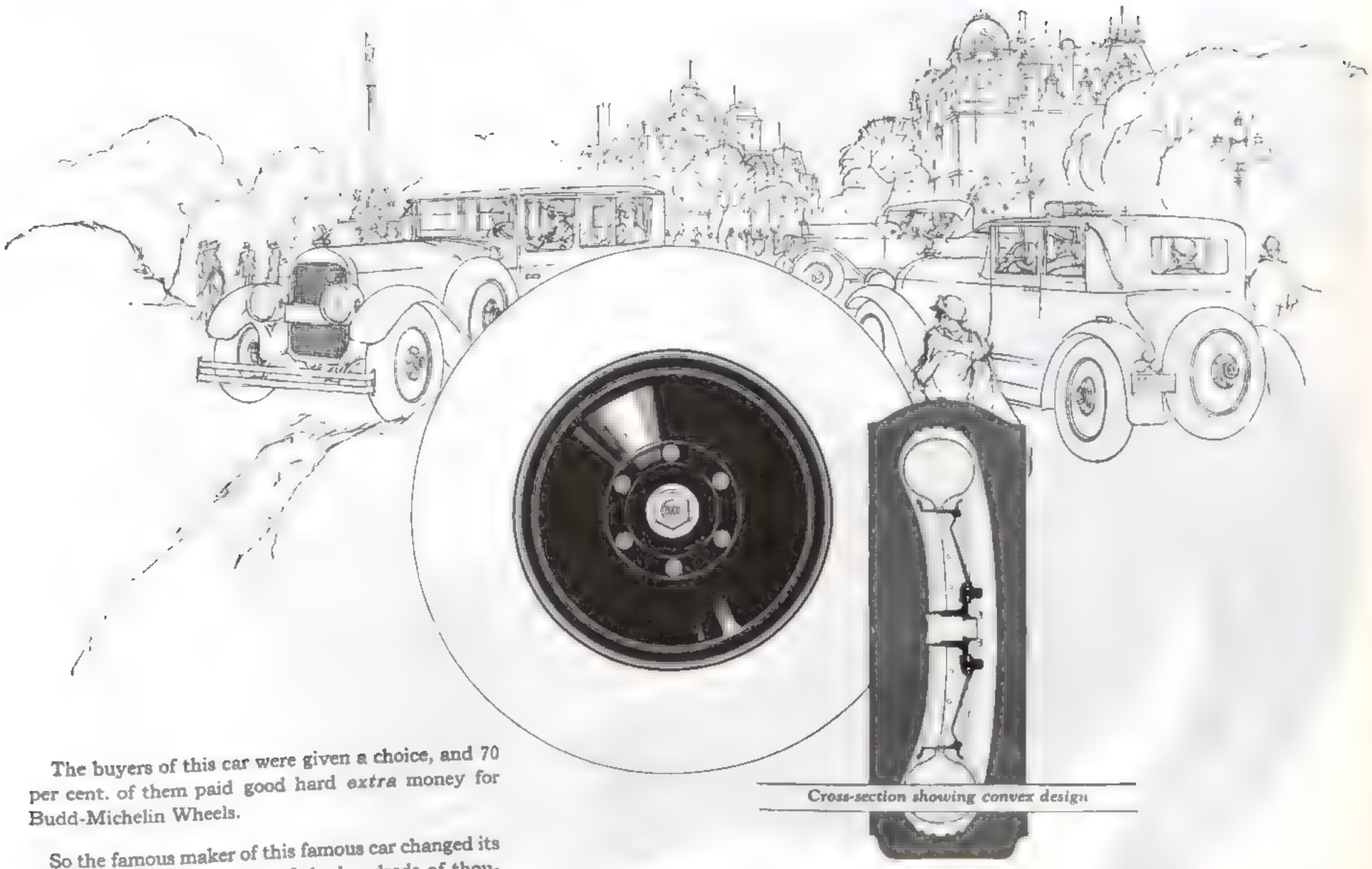
Americans first saw this wheel in France during the War. Saw it battling impossible roads under impossible loads at the Front—triumphantly! Saw its beauty flashing on the boulevards of Paris, on Europe's most famous cars.

A great General recognized its perfection—realized that it was finer than anything we had—and ordered official cars equipped with it.

The Budd-Michelin Wheel!

A short time ago, 70 per cent. of the people who bought a certain famous make of car voted against wood wheels—decided that they wanted wheels as modern as their cars.



Cross-section showing convex design

The buyers of this car were given a choice, and 70 per cent. of them paid good hard *extra* money for Budd-Michelin Wheels.

So the famous maker of this famous car changed its specifications, and now *all* of the hundreds of thousands who buy his car get Budd-Michelin Wheels without extra cost.

Another maker who sells about 1000 cars a day finds that more than 50 per cent. of his patrons back their preference for Budd-Michelin Wheels by paying *extra* money for them.

And so on down the long list of automobiles on which the Budd-Michelin Wheel is offered as an additional attraction. Manufacturers and buyers recognize Budd-Michelin as the last step in making the wheels of the motor car as modern as the rest of it.

* * *

The world is turning to Budd-Michelin Wheels. Just as it turned to stream-line bodies. To self-starters. To closed cars. To balloon tires.

Of course other steel wheels have come along—the sincerest form of flattery. But they can't be like Budd-Michelin Wheels. They can't have the exclusive Budd-Michelin features and design which add so much to the natural advantages of steel.

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—a light wheel (lighter than wood) tapering toward the rim, making starting and stopping easier

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—a wheel which cools the tire, adding to the tire's life and service by drawing off and radiating friction-heat

—a wheel which can't come off until you want it off

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Model VIII, Mahogany Cabinet with "Low-floating" Wood Bell . . . $35

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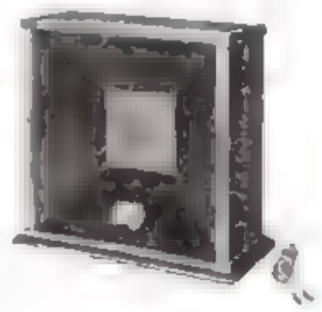


Model V, Metal Cabinet, Mahogany Finish, Wood Bell $18

Music Master RADIO REPRODUCER

(Continued from Page 165)

"Marsh, you don't have to do this! It's not your duty!"

"I can't stand it, Iona. This goes too far, shoving the body of my dear friend in the mud. Let go!" And then, as her grip round his throat tightened, "Let—go—you—cat!" This last word he spat out in strangling rage.

For mere persuasion, implorings, suddenly had changed their character. It was not now Iona's arms that were round his throat, but a twisted silken scarf with which she had deftly replaced them. So quickly was this accomplished that before Marsh realized what was happening, not only speech but breathing was choked off. He was on hands and knees, the woman on his back, and her hand in the knot she had managed to catch in the strong silken scarf now twisted it in the manner of a tourniquet. A French apache trick—*la garotte*.

Marsh flung himself over on his side, striving to seize on some part of her. But Iona, lithe as an otter, turned with and kept behind him. In such relative postures there was no force in the backward reach of Marsh's arm. Muscular leverage was against it. But if Iona had counted on that erratic heart action that had let him down in the water, then she counted in vain. Rage, horror, desperation and a growing suffocation served Marsh for the moment more in the nature of a stimulant. He threshed about, squirming to get back on hands and knees that he might rise and tear her off. But Iona, still tightening her throttle hold, squirmed partly under him, making it impossible for Marsh to get any brace of hands or feet—like a fallen horse that may be held down by a child sitting on the side of its head.

The struggle was as silent as it was savage. Marsh, in the very nature of Iona's vantage, could not cry out, and Iona did not. His struggles began to diminish in force. Distant chimes were ringing in his ears. Then, just as he verged on the loss of consciousness, the torsion round his throat was suddenly released. He gasped and the air rushed into his lungs. Iona sprang to her feet.

"Look out!" she cried. "They're coming!"

Even in his half-asphyxiated state Marsh realized that this warning must be for her father. Then, to his bewilderment, there came from that black niche in the rocks where the light had flared the sudden deep-toned thrumming of what sounded like a powerful marine motor. At the same moment two dark figures appeared, racing toward them across the lawn from the direction of the house. Straight on past Marsh and Iona they bounded, regardless of them, whipped down into the fissure with a rattle of loose stones that was followed immediately by a splashing and a clatter as if tumbling into a boat.

Marsh scrambled to his feet. Over the brink of the rocks a dark form took shape on the darker water, which immediately became a lambent blaze of phosphorescence. The craft was backing out at an angle that brought it broadside on, when it took form vaguely as a long speed launch, low and broad of stern.

There were then, as the bishop had opined, accomplices, though why these should have lingered on after the alarm and arrival of the police Marsh could not imagine. He thought then of the automatic in the side pocket of his coat, and whipping it out he began to fire on the launch, in which he could distinguish the figures of three persons. Aiming as best he was able for his swimming head, Marsh emptied the weapon, but without result. Then, as the launch forged suddenly ahead a bright tongue of fine flame leaped out—another and another.

"Drop!" Iona hissed.

They went to earth again, this time apart. The firing ceased as the launch tore a pale blazing crease over the black sheen of the water. It dissolved in the murk. Marsh looked at Iona.

"Nearly got me, didn't you?"

"I'm sorry, Marsh. I had to do it, but I wouldn't really have strangled you."

"Oh, wouldn't you have? What do you think of your parent now?"

"He is innocent, of course. I know him, Marsh. But I simply couldn't let you heap up accusing evidence against him. Even if a man is cleared, there are lots of people who still believe him guilty. And it mustn't happen here and now, of all times and places."

Shouts and cries had arisen at the house, the bishop's voice bawling Marsh's name. And then, as if in answer to them, there came from the place the launch had just left a faint, quavering cry for help. Weak as it was, there was a timbre to it that set Marsh's heart to bubbling and sputtering as his desperate struggle with Iona had failed to do.

"Help!" it called feebly, followed by a cough. "Help! Marsh! John!"

Marsh crowded back his growing faintness.

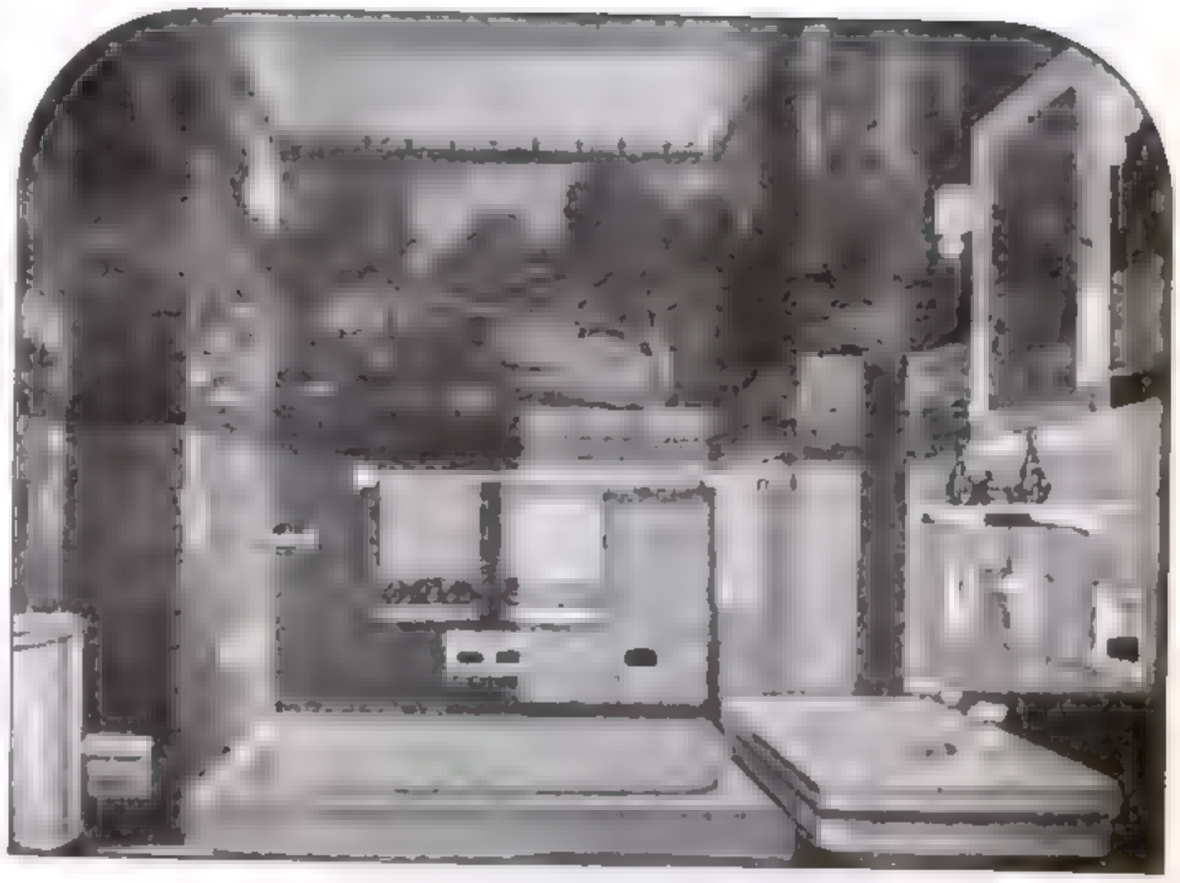
"Coming, Mr. Dodge!" he managed to call, and tottered in that direction.

Iona darted past him and down into the rift. Stumbling and sliding, Marsh followed her, sprawling at length onto the sand and shingle of a little beach with the sheer weed-hung rocks on either side. Scrambling up again, he discovered Iona on her knees between two prostrate figures. Marsh flashed his light first on one, then the other. They were, he saw, the still living persons of Sherrill Dodge and Major Smith-Curran. Iona was sobbing.

"Oh, Marsh, I knew he hadn't done it! They've killed him, I'm afraid—but he didn't do it. And look, Marsh! Turn your light here! Look at Mr. Dodge's head! There's not a scratch on it!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

After Thirty Long-Suffering Years, Horatius Terwilliger Openly and Publicly Refuses to Carry Any More Bundles for His Wife



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FOR THE BATHTUB
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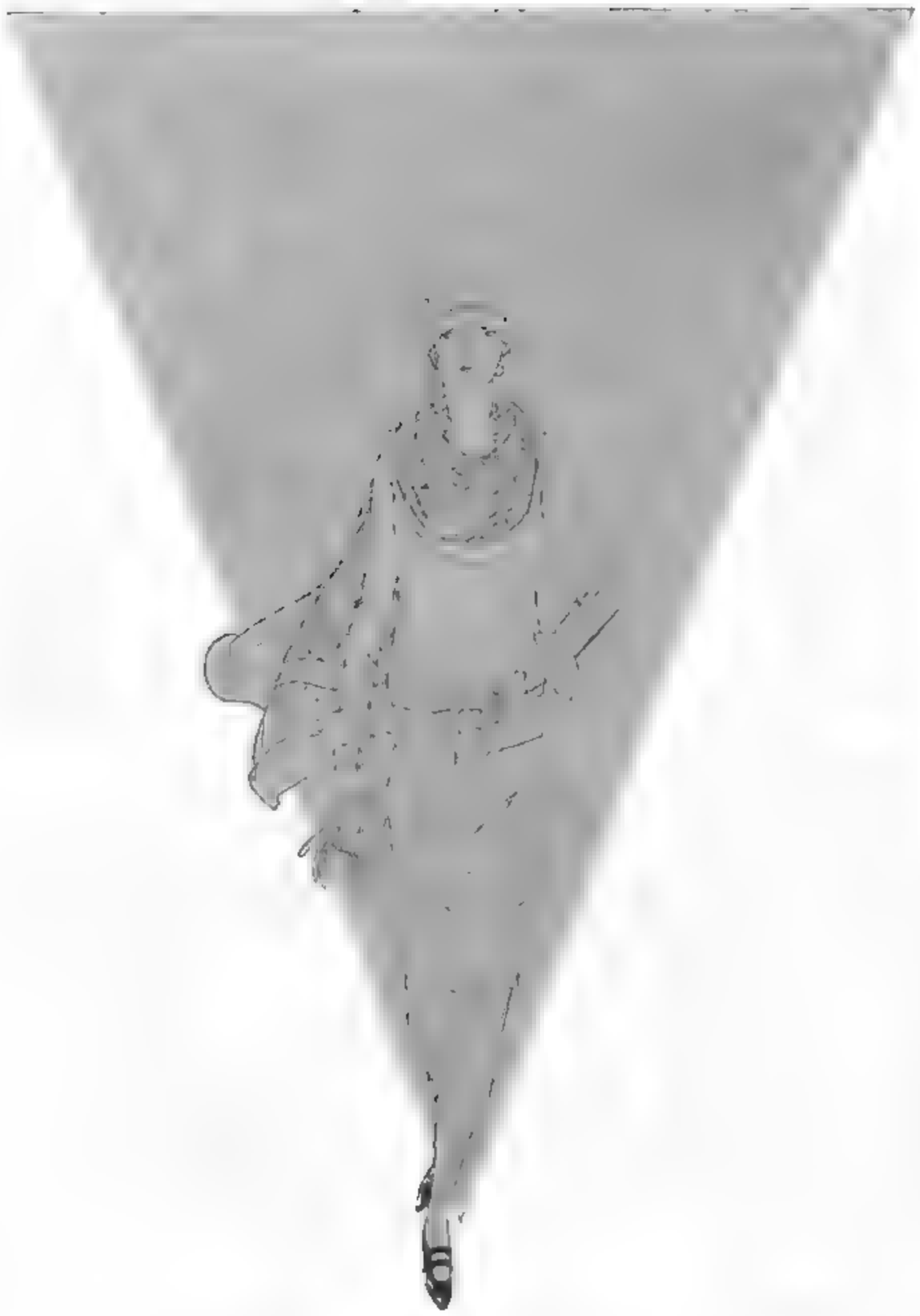

Feet that keep pace with good times

WITH Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes you never seem to know the strain and weariness that come from tired feet. Whether for dancing, for afternoon wear, for walking—you will find a style to complete the smartest costume and to strengthen, support and rest your feet.

Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes add beauty to the foot and trimness to the ankle because they give a delicate curve to the arch. They protect your foot where it needs it most. Lacing an Arnold Glove-Grip Shoe lifts up the arch instead of pressing it down. A patented, exclusive feature.

Models in the latest modes for men and women —$10 to $12. If you do not know the Arnold dealer, let us send you his address and a book of shoe styles. M. N. Arnold Shoe Co., North Abington, Mass. Dealers send for Catalog P-19.

ARNOLD
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A dainty shoe for all round wear. Beauty de-tailed with every [illegible] But in our Pasadena last, this [illegible] pump will give the longest lasting service

Look for this trade-mark. It is inside and on the sole of every Arnold Glove-Grip shoe

THE BUSINESS OF PORTRAIT PAINTING

(Continued from Page 19)

Ten years ago Sargent stopped painting portraits because of this and similar annoyances. He felt that the almost inevitable compromise in doing portraits was not worth the struggle, besides keeping him from doing his best and freest work. There is the story of the Western man who went to Sargent in Boston and said, "I want you to paint my wife's portrait."

"I'm not painting portraits any more," answered Sargent politely.

"I know," said the man, "but I must have you do my wife. I hear you got thirty thousand dollars for Blank's picture. I'll give you twice that."

"Sorry," said Sargent.

"Three times," insisted the devoted husband. "Name your own price."

"Give me a day to think it over."

The next day the man came back eagerly.

"No, I can't do it," was Sargent's answer. "I'd just make one more enemy."

One of Sargent's most interesting paintings, if not the most interesting, was refused by the woman who ordered it. It frightened her because it brought out her character too much; it was too frank, she insisted. So she rejected the stirring portrait. The painter obligingly said he would do another for her instead—and did; a gentle flattering canvas, which she took. Sargent sent the portrait, now his, to the Paris Salon. That was in 1884. It was a huge success, that Portrait of Madame X. For years dealers, museums and private collectors tried to persuade Sargent to sell it—he kept it in his studio in London—but he refused until recently, when the Metropolitan Museum acquired the lady in all her disdainful beauty. It is said that the lady was more than very sorry afterward.

Another famous Sargent painting, an interior, met with a somewhat similar fate. Sargent had made a happy visit at the villa of some friends and as a memento painted the family as they sat in the drawing-room every evening. A few days after he had given the picture to them, the wife, an elderly woman, came to the painter.

"Surely I'm better-looking than that," she said. "Couldn't you change the picture a little, Mr. Sargent?"

Much annoyed, Sargent took back the picture and gave them something else as a house present in its place.

Unfortunate Mouths

But it isn't always the subjects who are unreasonable. Anders Zorn once painted two members of a family. They had the same peculiar mouth, a family trait. When the picture was done they had quite different mouths.

"But," said someone to Zorn, "that isn't the mouth at all."

"You didn't expect me to paint *those* mouths!" protested Zorn.

Naturally, there are many different methods of carrying on this business of portrait painting. Numerous painters believe that the road to success—artistic as well as commercial—is through pleasing people. According to Artur Halmi, a widely known painter of women who has painted beauties from the Vanderbilts and Goulds to Jeritza and Alda, women from all over this country and Europe, the success of a portrait painter doesn't begin when a painter gets orders, but when the sitter is satisfied.

"I think," said Mr. Halmi to me the other day, "that the sitter should be pleased when she is buying the picture. If I want to please myself I hire a model. If a woman is beautiful she should be painted that way; if not so beautiful she should be painted to get the best out of her. Women spend all day in the quest for beauty, buying clothes, having their hair and skin made lovely, taking the right amount of exercise. What is more reasonable than that they should want to be made beautiful in a picture to hang in their houses?"

The problems of these painters who have arrived at the upper reaches of their profession are, however, as nothing to the difficulties of the beginners. Their problem in business is rather the lack of problems. Any sitter, no matter what the temperamentalities, would be a godsend to a young painter. Success and recognition come with incredible slowness and for years seem as remote as a financial coup does to a young clerk in Wall Street. Ways of getting started differ with American painters and those from other countries.

The Americans first. When the young artist has finished art school and considers himself ready to enter the competitive field of portrait painting, he cannot just take a studio with a north light, buy canvas, paints and a few orange-colored sofa cushions and hang out a neat sign:

FINE PORTRAITS PAINTED HERE

It is always a profession which demands subtle methods for advancing it; even an arrived painter cannot go up to a prospective customer and say "I'm the best portrait painter going; try me," the way another man can say "The Blank is certainly the car for you to buy and I can prove it."

Much less can a beginner cry his wares to the timorous artistic market.

He must wait and hope and pray and hire models. Friends also are a great source to draw upon. Almost anyone has vanity enough to be flattered when an artist of no matter how meager talents asks him to pose, and will give up Sundays and scarce weekday hours for the pleasure of viewing himself on canvas.

Word-of-Mouth Advertising

I know one girl who has a positive mania for having her picture done, seeing herself in paint instead of in print. She never hopes to have money to go to a recognized painter and order herself done, but is willing to let any dabbler in the world try his hand at copying her pictorial face. She keeps feeling that she will one day be the inspiration for a great picture, the Mademoiselle X of an undiscovered genius to hang in some gallery of the future.

These friends who pose for the struggling young artist do it for nothing more than this satisfaction. They don't get the portrait, of course, for canvases are too expensive to be given away. They are kept either for a stock on hand or scraped clean of the likeness for further use. In rare instances the sitter will buy the picture for a nominal hundred or so dollars, but usually this is a possibility too remote to be financially counted on.

With some small stock on hand the artist is ready, if not to make money, at least to hope to make money. The usual thing is to send several portraits to a big exhibition. Exhibitions are to young artists what spring openings are to dressmakers. Their best, freshest and most vernal efforts are there to be viewed, admired and heaven grant ordered. The subjects of the portraits bring friends who may perhaps have money enough to give a real commission to the painter, once they have seen the mettle of his work. Favorable or interested criticisms in the art columns of newspapers or magazines help. But the best way of putting one's talent on a firm business basis is two or three portraits sold to contented sitters. The person who is really happy with a finished portrait will not rest until he has urged if not persuaded his friends to do likewise. The man who has a doctor who can cure all ills is mute compared to the one who wants you to be done by his painter. It is, of course, of great commercial value to have a museum or gallery purchase a picture for a permanent collection, a thing to be emphasized in loud red letters in the mouth-to-mouth advertising, which is practically all that is permitted an artist.

The foreign painter who comes over here is apt to find out much sooner than the American whether he is to be a success—meaning success in the sense of making a living, not as a standard of sheer artistic worth. Social contacts and letters of introduction are vital unless the artist has a world-established fame like Zuloaga's. On one acquaintance may hang the whole future of an artist in this country. When one successful portraitist came to New York from Budapest fifteen years ago he had only one friend here besides his mother, whom he came to see. He was known as a painter in Hungary and had really not thought of staying in this country.

Just before his visit was at an end he called on the friend, whom he had known

(Continued on Page 173)

Three great factories are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of International Trucks. There are 105 direct company branches—the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world—located in the following cities:

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Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
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Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Tex.
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Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Forks, N. D.
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Green Bay, Wis.
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Kankakee, Ill
Kansas City, Mo.
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Lincoln, Neb.
Little Rock, Ark.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
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New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Parsons, Kan.
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Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Richmond, Ind.
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Rockford, Ill.
Saginaw, Mich.
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St. Louis, Mo.
Salina, Kan.
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The truck serves you— we serve the truck

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But remember, the service you receive from your truck depends upon the service the manufacturer built into it, *and* upon the service the truck itself receives when it is serving you.

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The International line includes a Speed Truck for 2000-pound loads; Heavy Duty Trucks ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds, maximum capacities, and Motor Coaches for all requirements.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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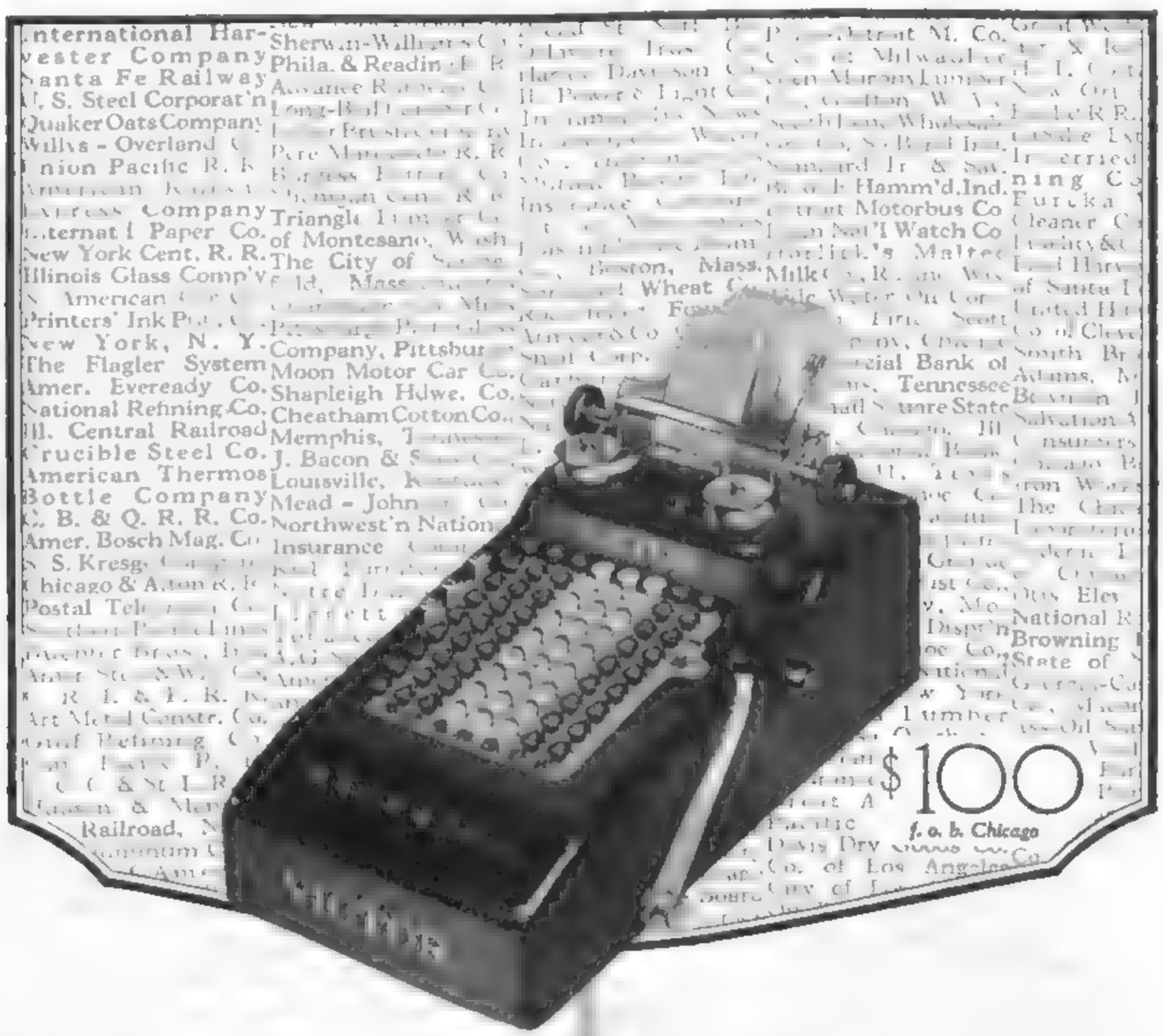
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

FOR LOW-COST HAULING

VICTOR

Standard Adding Machine



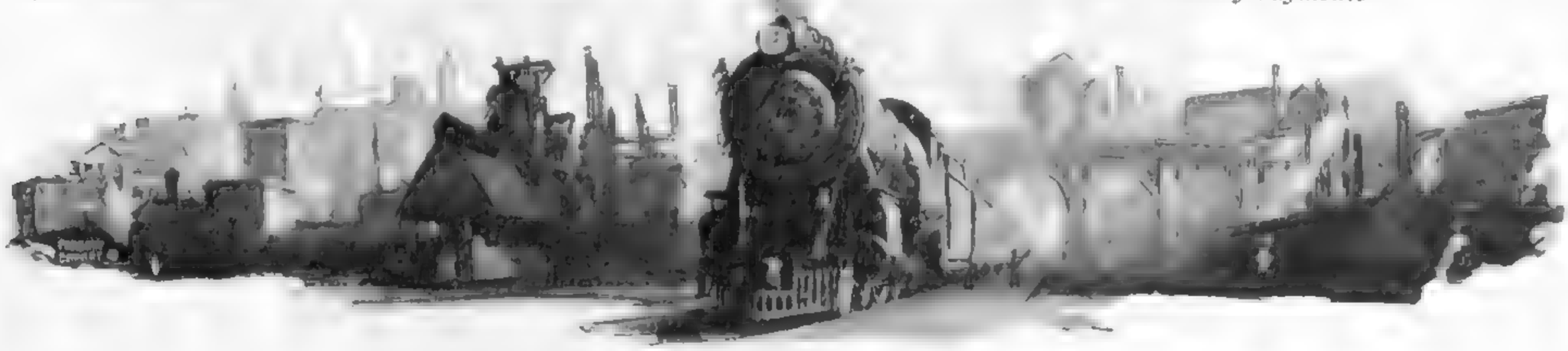
America's Greatest Railroads are Victor users

Among the widely-known Victor users who are listed in the panel above are many of America's foremost railroads. The choice of Victor by these leaders in a twenty-billion-dollar industry, with their varied figuring requirements and rigid accuracy-standards, confirms your good judgment when you choose Victor, too.

Modern, one-model manufacture permits production of a million-dollar capacity, full-size standard keyboard adding machine at $100. Adds, lists, subtracts, multiplies and divides, has non-add, sub-total, repeat and calculating key, triple visibility and totals with one stroke of the speedy handle. Light weight, portable, long-lived, unreservedly guaranteed.

Write for Literature—Write for new booklet, to Victor Adding Machine Co., 319 North Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Free Trial—Monthly Payments



(Continued from Page 170)

as a youth in Switzerland, and was shown into the great office of the now successful business man. On the desk was a photograph of a lovely woman—his wife, the artist was told. The painter begged to be allowed to paint her, but said he would only do it if he were permitted to make the friend a present of it as a souvenir of old times. After some protest the offer was accepted and he painted the beautiful young woman, now a prominent New York matron. Her friends were excited about the picture, and before he knew it the artist had seven commissions to paint portraits. From that time on he has always had so many ahead he hasn't had time to think of going back to Budapest to live.

A second Hungarian wasn't, however, so lucky in setting up shop in this country. This boy came here, with only one acquaintance, a Hungarian banker, as a refuge from the unspeaking crowds of the streets and Subways. The banker told him he might paint his portrait and that he would give him a hundred and fifty dollars for it. The picture was ready to be delivered on—to make things just a little harder—Christmas Eve. The young man waited outside the dining-room door, wide-eyed at the dinner table crowded with expensive favors for a party. The banker stumped downstairs and handed him twenty-five dollars.

"But you said a hundred and fifty," protested the painter timidly. "I have bought ——"

"I wouldn't think of paying a hundred and fifty for a mere picture. Twenty-five or nothing. Take the painting away with you if you don't want the twenty-five."

He took the money because he had to have it; but he went back to Hungary as soon as he could, deciding that America was a bad place if even one's own countrymen grew so hard-hearted here.

Charged to Advertising

The long chance, that recourse of the debonair in spirit, is often taken by artists visiting these golden shores.

A Frenchman of very modest renown came to New York recently with a limited amount of money. He went to a hotel and engaged two pleasant rooms. He then telephoned an American woman with whom he had had several charming conversations the season before in Biarritz. She immediately asked him to dinner, and he almost as quickly said he would like to paint her portrait. It became, practically without words, a gentleman's agreement. She was to take him about with her—not a hard task, for he was very attractive, in a black polished way—and he was to give her the finished portrait. A free sample, as it were, put down in the budget to advertising.

He was teaed and dined so much that he found he could get along on a surreptitious breakfast of prepared coffee, rusks and an orange in his expensive room. Finally the portrait was finished, and he gave, as is usual when the portrait of a charming lady has had the final lick of paint on it, a tea to celebrate its advent into the world of art. With his last twenty-five dollars he had tea and cakes and the proper shreds of sandwiches sent up. This story has a happy ending, because he got two orders before the last guest was whisked away in her motor.

Making the proper social contacts comes to be almost as integral a part of carrying on the profession as knowing how to paint. Some painters like the game, enjoy being bandied about from tea to tea, being fussed over and making a fuss about slim beauties and fatter, richer matrons in their flower-filled, petit-point drawing-rooms. Others are revolted to the point of social paralysis at this necessity. They feel that it is immoral to have an ulterior motive when they go about to meet people or entertain. Terror comes over them when they have to leave the sanctuary of their own studios. One delightful painter, whose painting is as sincere as his convictions, said:

"The minute I know someone is thinking of having her portrait painted I feel an involuntary guilt as soon as I get near her. Of course I want the order, but I want it because she thinks I'm a good painter, not a good conversationalist. I'm interested in the technical part of painting, and it's hard to have to think of social maneuvers at the same time."

It is to painters like this that a good wife who is up on her part of the job is indispensable. Because, say what you will, the more people you meet who are interested in your product, the greater your chances of distribution become. A wife can take the edge off the crasser commercial details and make engagements in her own name. If she is both willing and charming she can see that her husband meets the proper people when out, and form a circle of her own that may develop into a salon. She can invite dealers who will further her husband's interests. She can cultivate mothers with paintable daughters and men with decorative wives. She can chaperon the timid during sittings or be conveniently out of the way.

A clever and tactful wife can serve as an inspiration, a hostess or a social secretary, according to the demands of the occasion. With the much advertised intuition of a woman, she can detect just what prospects her husband should be particularly nice to. She can persuade her husband to paint the prima donna of a revue, even if he doesn't like her type, because of the splendid publicity that will result.

And why not? Talent left in unopened paint tubes for lack of opportunity is like the rule in physics that no sound exists unless someone is present to hear it. No one would expect a great department store to keep silent if it had just received a shipment of old French furniture. How mad the manager would be considered if he said to the advertising department, "I don't think we'd better say anything about these pieces. They are really works of art and therefore not to be vulgarized by flaunting them before the public."

There has been in the past a sort of taboo in discussing prices paid for portraits. In many cases it is still a matter almost too delicate for mention.

The sitter hesitates to ask and the painter blushes as he states.

"And it's all nonsense," said a well-known American painter. "Everyone knows that portraits aren't brought by a stork; that painters eat and rent apartments and take summer vacations. When a person goes to buy a piano or a beautiful motor car, the first question, and loudly asked, too, is 'How much?' When he goes to a studio or a gallery to consider a picture, that is the last question and it is always whispered as if it was in church. It makes it very hard for the poor painter."

Luckily, this taboo is breaking down to some extent now. Catalogues often have the price after the title of the picture. One painter I know has a neat little printed card, like this:

PRICES OF PORTRAITS

Head and shoulders	$1500
Half length	$2000—$2500
Three-quarter length	$3000—$4000
Full length	$5000

It is obviously impossible to give any rule for what a good portrait should cost. They range in price all the way from the $100 or $200 that a struggling beginner will take, to the $30,000 that is said to have been paid to Sargent for a portrait of an oil magnate. However, a good portrait by a competent established artist who is not a world figure is apt to cost for full length about $4000 or $5000. Zuloaga's price, when commissions were accepted at his recent exhibition, was said to be $15,000 for a full-length portrait.

Different painters have their individual methods for charging. Savely Sorin, the Russian, whose beautiful portraits are known all over the world, who painted the Duchess of York not long ago, and whose spirited picture of Pavlowa is a valued acquisition of the Luxembourg, has a schedule of prices.

Another artist charges according to the difficulty he sees in reproducing the moods of the sitter. If he doesn't think he can do the sitter justice, he refuses to paint her, no matter what she offers.

On the whole, most portrait painters find it expedient to have a set price for their work. Prospective clients should—and do—shop around to find out prices and see the different manners. They find the modern artist quite human and willing to discuss the financial side. It has been said that the portrait painter should suit the price of his work to the individual purse, as a doctor does, but so far this Utopia has not been arrived at. A portrait need is never so urgent that it demands charity. True, a man will sometimes paint a particularly interesting or beautiful subject for less because he thinks it will enhance his reputation—just as good a business move as getting the full sum in most cases.

Temperamental days must be granted to painters too. One day a man will feel sincerely that he must have what seems an exorbitant sum to paint a portrait; another day he will reduce his price for no reason. A famous American painter once painted a man, his wife and his son. The price agreed on was $15,000 apiece.

When the portraits were finished the man thanked the artist and said he'd like to send him a check.

"Forty-five thousand is right, isn't it?" he asked.

"That sounds like an outrageous sum of money. I can't take all that," protested the painter.

"Why not? It's what we agreed on—$15,000 apiece, and I'm delighted with the pictures."

"I couldn't take it. Make it out for $30,000 for the three and we'll call it square."

How much does a portrait painter make in the course of a year? An artist told me that a young painter is lucky if he makes $1000 a year after three years. A good workmanlike painter, if he is pushed by interested friends and dealers, will make about $7000 a year. As a painter's fame increases, his prices leap up. He has more to do and less time to do it in. It becomes a case of supply and demand, as with any other commodity. When a man becomes one of the great his income can hardly be generalized about, since it is a matter of his own ambition and mood.

When Sitters are Not Pleased

Sorin will accept only four or five commissions a year. The rest of the time he paints for himself or his fellow artists. He says he must make all his work of the best, for when he goes back to Paris from New York his friends always ask him "What did you do in America?" and he feels he must have something worthy to show them, rather than a number of canvases over which he has spread his genius thin.

Zuloaga said that if he were to stay in America and accept all the commissions offered him he would make $300,000 this year.

The actual financial transaction in paying for a portrait are interesting. Some painters require a deposit on the order—often up to a half the price agreed on. Once in a while a contract is drawn up, but there is prejudice against this as a cold-blooded way of dealing with a profession so intimately concerned with beauty. Pictures are supposed to be paid for just as soon as they are accepted, and here arises the question of acceptance. If people do not like their pictures they are naturally not eager to hand over the purchase price at once, and painful scenes follow. According to a prominent member of the younger American group, a settlement should be made about an unsatisfactory portrait just as a compromise is effected in a business deal when a carload of material ordered isn't right.

Either the painter should paint another picture or the sitter should make some adequate and equitable payment for the time that has been put in on the unfortunate canvas.

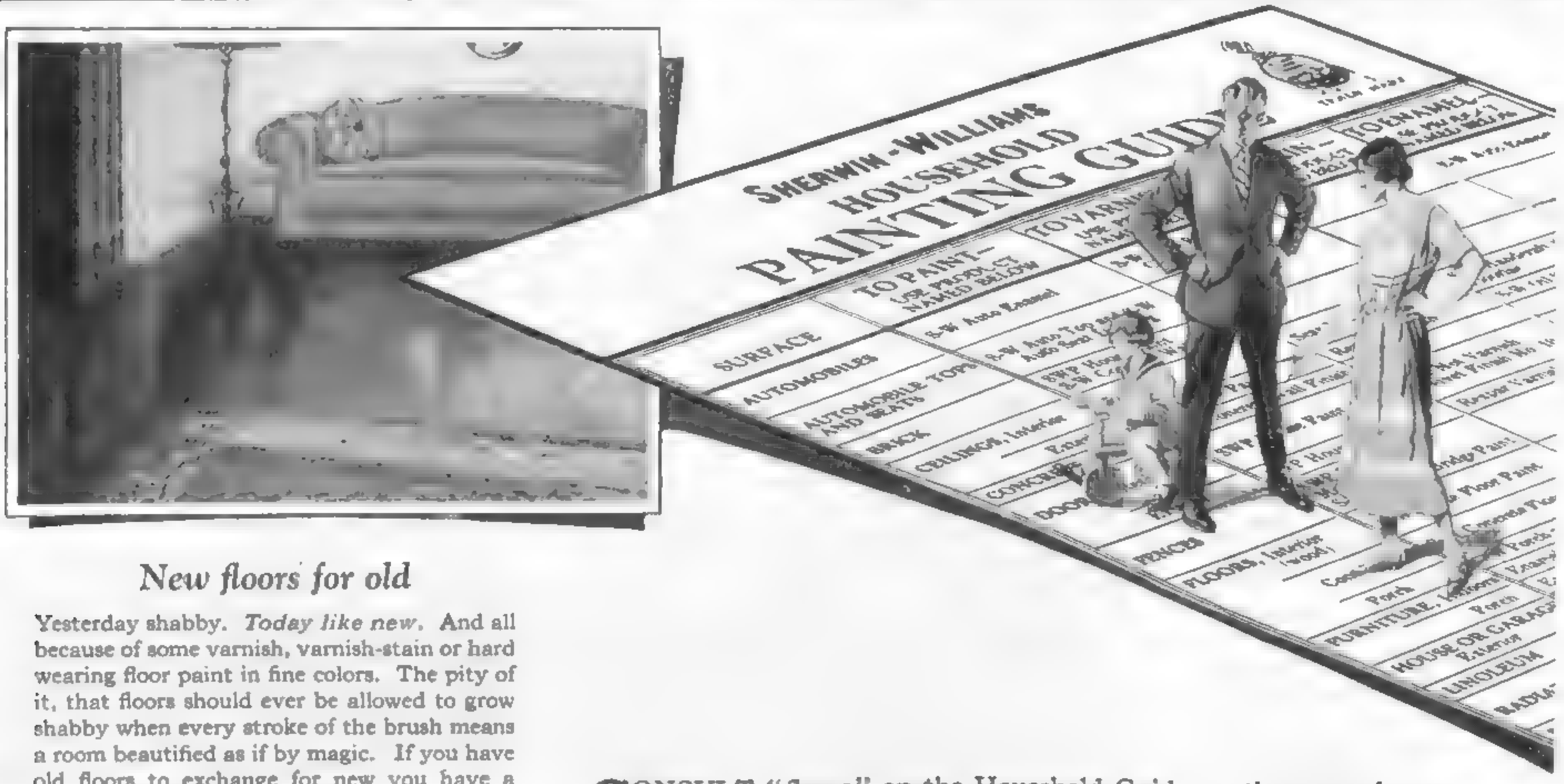
In addition to the financial adjustments that must be made and the artistic differences discussed in the first part of this article, there are the actual physical problems of arranging the sittings and getting the sitters on canvas, which must be taken into account in carrying on the business of portrait painting.

Jere Raymond Wickwire, an American painter, says, "The sitters should coöperate with the painter in trying to get the right mood, and if possible should try to give up their time to the portraits while they are being done—should go into it as they would a business or an operation."

(Continued on Page 177)

The Gypsy Dance: Sevilla. From a Painting by Ignacio Zuloaga

Stop Mistakes
— follow the *Household Painting*



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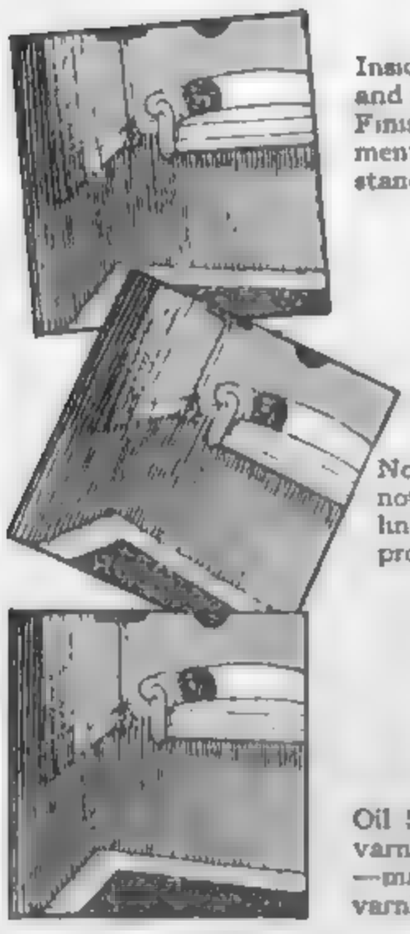

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in Painting

Guide *For instance: when creating beautiful new floors from old*

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AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS.. ...	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior...	Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
Exterior..	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint Metalastic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete....	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
Porch	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle ..... Metal ..... Composition .	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Family Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

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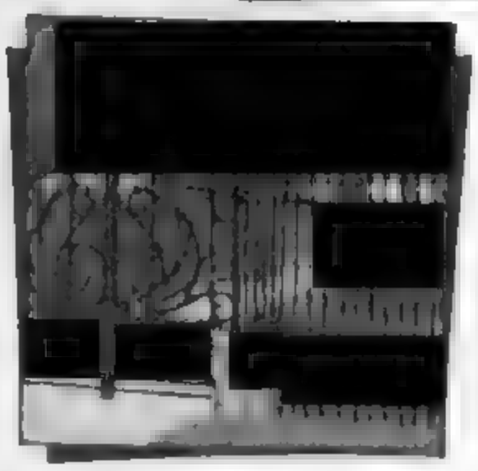

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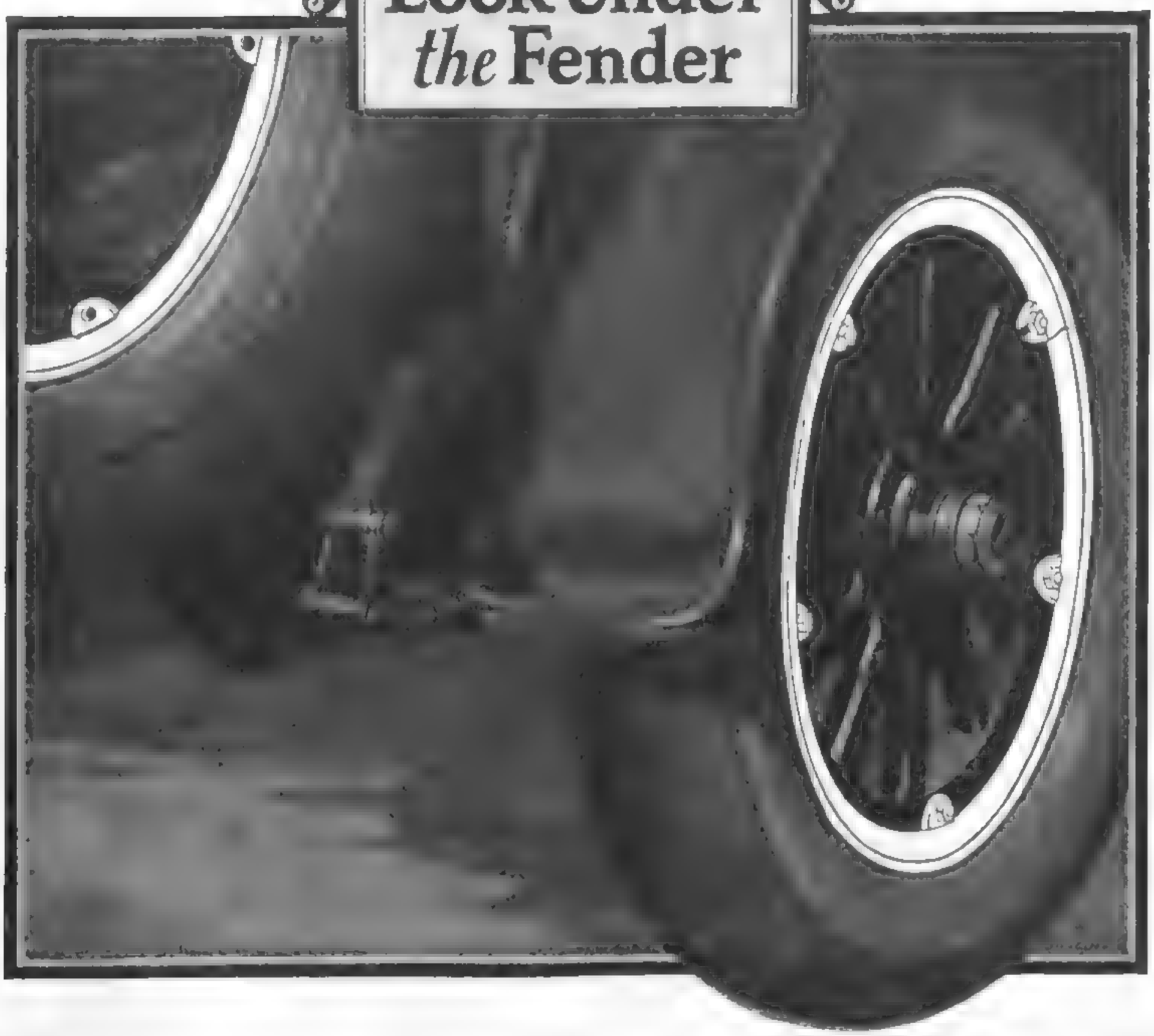
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

Look Under *the* Fender



On your new car—*"Look under the fender."* Find the attached-lug—find "Hayes" on the lug. This assures you of *good wheels* under the car—and a *good car* on the wheels.

The importance of *good wheels* is becoming more and more pronounced. Likewise, the demand for *Hayes Wheels* is also becoming more and more insistent. For wheels, *good wheels*, are the very foundation of safety and convenience in motoring. Thirty-six million Hayes Wheels placed in service during sixteen years, is undeniable evidence of the safety, the quality and the supremacy of Hayes Wheels among manufacturers, motorists and dealers everywhere.

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HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

(Continued from Page 173)

People are apt to feel that they can run in for a sitting as casually as they would stop into a drug store for a chocolate malted milk. Instead of resting and marshaling their bodily and spiritual forces so that they will leave a recollection of themselves at their best to their grandchildren, they assume that tag ends of time are enough.

Sargent once painted a portrait of an elderly American woman in London.

"We like it very much," said her daughters; "but mother looks tired."

The painter asked what she had been doing. Well, it seemed that she was enjoying a gay round of the London season, with shopping and social engagements galore; and the effects of these crept into the picture, for naturally the painter saw her as she was—tired.

A portrait painter must be ready to leap the hurdles of many obstacle races. John Young-Hunter, a well known Anglo-American portrait painter and once a pupil of Sargent's, got a hurry call from his agent one day.

"Could you leave on the midnight train for Boston tonight to paint a picture on a yacht?"

"W-why yes," stammered the surprised painter, "I think I could."

When Young-Hunter went into the Copley-Plaza in Boston the next morning he met Mr. Sargent.

"What are you doing here?" asked Sargent.

"I'm on my way to paint a portrait on a yacht," said his former pupil.

"It can't be done. You won't get the light—it's impossible. But I wish you luck."

The sitter was an extremely important business man, a power behind so many thrones that his name can't be used. He was so concealed behind thrones that he always lived on his yacht and had been persuaded by his business associates to sit, only after the most violent efforts. But he wouldn't go on dry land for it.

It turned out to be just a little yacht, instead of the big boat that had been described to Young-Hunter. The old gentleman first wanted to be painted right where he was lying in a hammock on the deck. He would be painted, but he wouldn't be put to any inconvenience. Finally he was persuaded to let the painter rig up a studio in his cabin, since the deck light was impossible. There he sat smoking and reading his paper.

The second day the old gentleman said suddenly, "I hate the sight of you."

"I didn't come here to make a good impression. I came to do my job," replied his artist.

"Well, get on with your job then."

He maintained a bitter silence as the little ship rolled and the canvas rocked precariously, until the picture was finished. At first he refused to look at it—it was all nonsense that he'd been coaxed into. At last he stole a glance and saw himself, newspaper, cigar, spectacles and all. Then he grinned. It wasn't so fancy after all.

"I guess the boys'll like that," he admitted.

One advantage that the foreign painter who visits these shores has is his usual lack of knowledge of fluent English. Such criticisms and idiosyncrasies of sitters cannot bother him very much. Either he doesn't understand or puts them down blandly to the customs of the country.

The question of whether the foreign painter or home talent is preferred by Americans is one that demands a yes-and-no answer. There is a great deal of competition between foreign painters—that is, those who come over for a brief time to visit and paint—and Americans or Americans by adoption. There is a flavor about being painted by someone with a strange exotic name to straggle across the lower right-hand corner of the portrait that appeals to the abused Middle West, and even to New York. It is like the Paris label in a gown. One of our painters said the other day that he thought it was almost time for a tariff on foreign portrait painters.

The vogue of these visitors, unless they are of the great, is apt to be brief. They frequently bloom and fade after the novelty wears off. A year or so ago a man arrived who was heralded as court painter to the king of a small country in Central Europe. Many people were charmed at the idea of being painted by a court painter and he got eight or ten commissions before it was discovered that as a painter he was a splendid diplomat. An American of his abilities would have got no place at all.

The American, though his rise in the profession is slower, is more likely to find his position stronger as time goes on; and once recognized, is pretty sure of an honorable and successful future. The masters in foreign art are, of course, outside this comparison. There can be no national distinctions between those who imprison real beauty on their canvases in the course of their business of portrait painting.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of The Saturday Evening Post, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1925.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared P. S. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Business Manager of The Curtis Publishing Company, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit

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The Curtis Publishing Company,
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of January, 1925.
[SEAL] W. C. Turner,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 1, 1927)

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THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONSUL

(Continued from Page 42)

shipmate, and the man who had signed had bought nothing but tobacco; yet he could only say that he supposed it was all right if the consul said so.

After this I experimented. Twenty-three men out of twenty-seven cheerfully assented to considerable purchases which they had not made. Seamen got rattled and nervous in a shore office and would say anything to get away; that was the only explanation I could think of. I tried to confirm Bullen's extraordinary statement that the favorite reading of the forecastle was Bulwer; but the author of the Cruise of the Cachalot was speaking of an earlier day. Few men had reading matter in their dunnage.

One dead man's kit contained Queechy and another a lot of dime novels; only this much did my researches yield.

Few seamen in those days would leave any portion of their wages with the consul or permit him to transmit them; yet I have found a group of sailors, hours after paying off, flinging half sovereigns for men to fight over. Each coin represented two days of hard work and grim endurance. I once paid off the crew of a vessel which had lain two years in a port of Java, and some of the men received considerable sums. One of this crew came in three days later to beg a meal and was only stupidly surprised when I reminded him that he had left $1000 with me. He had forgotten the trifle; yet he had apparently been quite sober when paid off. I positively refused him more than fifty dollars and promised to remit the balance to his destination, wherever that might be. He had no destination, no relatives, no home, he announced; he had a fancy for Bristol and in Bristol he would stay.

I went to the window. As I thought, the coy slattern who had irradiated the old city for him was prowling in the distance. I told him that if he could not get a ship I would buy him a passage to New York and remit the balance to the shipping commissioner there. He went away grumbling that the money was his to spend as he darn well pleased. He came the next day, togged out in those strange ingenuities which clothing manufacturers invent to make sailors on shore grotesque. With him came the outfitter and a bill of ninety-nine dollars.

I paid forty-nine dollars and said, "You gave him at least fifty dollars in cash and have added it to the bill. You must look to him for that."

A dreadful scene followed, but the shame of the seaman at not being able to do as he wished with his own money was soon lost in exultation at having done a landsman. That afternoon the drab Circe appeared disguised as a laundress. The bill for the gentleman's washing was nine dollars.

"You could buy his whole outfit for half that," I said, as I refused to pay.

"We've took 'im in," she said. "'Ow about his bill for board?"

"Two dollars a day from this hour."

She flounced out, muttering about "them as keeps honest folks out of their money."

A Lucky Escape

The next morning came her alleged father. The sailor and his daughter had fixed it up. Marriage, settling down, a tidy 'ome —— What about the money for "the bits of sticks"?

"His money is waiting for him in New York," was the answer; "if your daughter is your daughter, and she loves him truly, she can wait while he makes the round trip and brings the money back."

"Lord love ye," said the astonished man in a voice husky from balked avarice, "'e'd never come back!"

"A fortunate escape from a loveless marriage then."

The sailor came, in old clothes.

"They've turned me out," he said, "and kept my bag for the bill."

"How much do you owe?"

"Nothin'. She had the fifty dollars."

With the aid of a policeman, the clothes were recovered, a ticket bought for Liverpool and the man put in the train by the office boy. All this was trouble wasted, for nothing had been achieved except to change the port in which the money would be squandered.

I once found a blank page in a log and by merest chance asked the captain how a sailor had made that long voyage without buying so much as a plug of tobacco.

"That fellow's saved up to pay his passage to San Francisco to kill a man," said the captain. "He gave up smoking. He nearly froze round the Horn, but he wouldn't get into the slop chest. He means it, all right."

This was the story: A second mate had saved $1100 and bought a half interest in a sailor boarding house. On the third day his partner had reminded him that Ole Svenson's credit was exhausted and had said that Ole must ship in this vessel; but the Swede was dead drunk upstairs.

"You go down to the shipping commissioner's office and sign him on," the partner said, "and I'll bring him down to the tug."

This kind of thing was a trifling incident in the life of a boarding master. The unsuspecting second mate signed Ole's name to the ship's articles and was conducted with the crew to the landing stage; but Ole never came. The second mate told the story, pleaded, fought.

The Mate's Log Book

"The ship is ready," said the official. "You have just signed an agreement to go in her. We can't delay her. By your own story you were a party to an intended shanghai-ing. You must go."

So they put him on board. I know that he took passage for New York, but never heard whether the story had an end.

The mate's log book is the history of the voyage and the foundation for the legal documents on which are based insurance and salvage claims, and by which are adjusted those mysterious details known as general and particular average. The log is the tersest writing known; it is the bones of tragedy—a bare skeleton. Theoretically, a log is daily written up; of course it is not, in imminent peril. When the danger is over, the mate jots down the bare facts. A vessel was recorded for three successive days as on her beam ends off Cape Horn; nothing but that. No word was said about climbing round on a vertical deck, heavy seas breaking over; about the impossibility of cooking in a stove which hung on a wall; about gnawing raw salt beef drenched with sea water; about the grim captain lashed to the horizontal mainmast, protecting it from the axes of the sailors with a revolver. Handwriting was often hardly to be deciphered and spelling was haphazard. The noblest effort which I encountered was "zercriff." It was meant for "executive." The shortest long story which I ever heard of was summed up in these words:

"John Worress, cook, missing this morning."

Years afterward I heard the tale; here it is:

The bark-rigged vessel was owned by the captain. His son was his mate; the second mate was to marry the daughter, who was on board—a family party, you see. The bark, returning from Surabaya with sugar, put in somewhere for water, and at that port Juan Juarez, a handsome Spaniard, was engaged as cook. Within a week, brother and lover were on the watch, for a wild infatuation cannot be hidden in a bark. One night the mate knocked on the door of his sister's cabin, and after some delay, the matches for which he had asked were handed to him. He went on deck, to find, as he expected, that Juarez, struggling through the half poop window, had been seized by the second mate and lay half throttled. They gagged and bound the Spaniard, tied the grindstone to him and silently lowered him overboard. Think of the next morning! It was the mate's watch, but he left the deck to itself. The girl appeared, only a few minutes late—a pretty girl of twenty-two, I was told, but looking older because of the deep tan on the fair skin and the deep line in the forehead due to screwed-up eyes in tropical sunshine. The father told her that the cook was missing, that the ship had been searched, that no one had heard a splash.

"Yes, I heard," was the muffled answer of the girl, and this was understood by the father to mean that someone had told her. Thus began the tacit conspiracy to hide the truth from him.

Think of the long weeks that followed—two executioners and a wanton, jostling one another in the small cabin, taking their meals together at the small table, silent nearly always, for that is the way of sailors at meals, but rallying when the father spoke of his impending retirement or referred to the coming marriage. I was told that sometimes they laughed, actually laughed, when the Old Man's mood led him to tease his daughter and her lover. He never knew why the girl fled down the gangway the instant its end touched the shore, and he spent time and money in unavailing search. In the end, he mourned her as one who had met with an accident and been buried unknown; but later the second mate came face to face with her under the bright lights of Broadway. They passed without speaking.

Sails, the old-time sailor, the crude and voracious land shark, the weird superstitions of the sea—all are gone now. An American sailor on land looks like anybody else and finds his way alone to the savings bank instead of with a policeman to the cell. He knows just enough of the liberal laws which protect him to be inclined to argue and sometimes to act or refuse to act. I have known a boatswain in a vessel lying anchored in a roadstead to miss the line from the tender. As the man on the tender wound up the line for a second throw four bells struck.

The boatswain strutted away, calling out, "It's my suppertime. I'm going."

In the heavy tide, the tug lost an hour in maneuvering again into position alongside. The boatswain considered the anchored vessel in port and held that he had completed his nine-hour legal day; but such strict constructionists are exceptional.

The modern seaman in steam cannot tie knots or splice ropes as did his predecessor in sails, but he does not need to do these things. He cannot run up ratlines like a monkey and hand the royal, but there is no royal to furl. Skilled workmen on shore and at sea are alike in finding innumerable tools and appliances manufactured for them which their forerunners made for themselves. They have mechanical power, too, to do their heavy work, and the muscle-bound Samson with the small brain is no longer an ideal type. Elderly masters will say that under existing laws they have abandoned attempts to maintain discipline, but that means no more than that land and sea conditions governing hand labor have changed. I have yet to hear of ship imperiled for want of proper control.

Shipping Laws

Laws protecting seamen are adequate, but practice might be greatly improved. Consuls have the statutes, but not the precedents, hence construction is not uniform. There should be much closer touch with shipping commissioners and periodical distributions of reports of decisions of officials in the great ports of the world, involving disputes between master and men and violations of law. Judgments which cannot be made effective until the arrival of the vessel at a home port have been ignored in some instances by shipping commissioners and the consul not even notified.

Shipping forms are obsolete, complicated and sometimes inaccurate, and there is great need of drastic reform. A statutory form, for instance, has become so greatly corrupted that every time I have signed on a crew in forty years I have committed myself to the absurdity that each seaman is known personally to me. In few cases had I the pleasure of acquaintance with these roving gentlemen.

During the war the steamship Lanao sailed out of Manila, changed its crew at Shanghai, again at Hong-Kong and in part again at Port Said. The vessel was torpedoed in the Bay of Biscay and the crew was crowded on the deck of the rolling submarine. The German captain thought fit for some unknown reason to muster the crew. The master of the Lanao subsequently gave me a most ludicrous description of the wrestle with voluminous ship's papers on that unstable platform with half a-gale blowing. After an hour, the attempt was abandoned and the men were put on board a passing neutral.

I do not think it beyond human ingenuity to devise such a form as will show in one paper or booklet particulars of every member of the crew actually on board. Remember that that submarine would have dived at the approach of a hostile vessel and drowning men might have cursed the complicated forms which delayed them to their death.

The American people hate to be documented; but a law to compel an American seaman to produce a continuous discharge book before he can be engaged would be the seaman's protection and the ship's guaranty. A series of discharges all under one cover, each one certifying "Very good" as to character and ability, is an honorable testimonial, aiding to priority in engagements, sometimes opening chances of promotion and always insuring consular aid and protection when needed. In time of war, such a document would reduce the work of consuls in maritime ports and sometimes keep the possessor out of prison.

In the late war, next to the Japanese, Filipino citizens were the best documented seamen who traveled the seas. That was because the Americans who devised the system had a clear field and used common sense. These little brown men from the Pacific, always courteous, always sober, were the best men in the fireroom of a steamer that ever I saw. Many were bottled up by war in the great coal port of Cardiff, Wales, where I was consul, and many a boarding master carried them along solely on account of their self-respecting character. They uncomplainingly suffered want, for though under the law I could give them the protection of the American flag, I could not legally feed or lodge them. One of the times that I completely lost my temper was when an inland consul wrote that he had sent a poor wandering Filipino on to me, sure that I could get the man a ship. At that time I had fifty on my hands and nothing to feed them with, and I dashed off a letter peppery beyond the widest bounds of officialdom.

Page the Vikings!

I do not believe that any ingenuities of legislation can build up a great American mercantile marine; by which I mean a fleet of merchant vessels manned by American citizens. Seamen are the foundation of maritime supremacy. Small overcrowded countries with incurving bays all round and deep-cutting fiords develop into seafaring races. A broad continent studded with opportunity imperatively summons youth from the seaboard. Thousands since Horace Greeley have echoed his enthusiastic command. Where is one who has cried from the fullness of his heart, "Go to sea, young man?" Within 1000 miles on either side of the center of population, how many have felt the imperative call of the sea? On the Pacific Coast, which will ultimately support ten times its present population, how many are surrendering unexampled land chances for the lesser opportunities of the ocean? On the North Atlantic Coast there is some hereditary predilection for salt water. Does the South Atlantic Seaboard develop a crowd of potential vikings?

When the United States becomes overcrowded, when land chances are equaled by sea chances, then some American poet may express the soul of the youth of the seaboard in some such haunting words as English John Masefield wrote:

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied.

In the easy-going early 1880's the highways of ocean were indolently followed by restless world tramps who wandered casually where they would, untroubled by lack of passports and unhampered by immigration laws. Protected by poverty and listless apathy, they traveled far and saw nothing. Even Russia was open to them, and I knew one purposeless migrant who had circled the Mediterranean from Tangier to Gibraltar. They begged or worked passages in vessels or stowed away and strolled off unhindered at such stopping place as took their fancy.

On shore, straggling from port to port, these tourists, as was natural to men of international experience, were more predatory, a little cleverer and more consistent in following a policy than land tramps. Some touched the border line of the confidence man in lucky moments when clothes were good, and all knew when a change of administration had occurred. That meant a fresh crop of consuls, inexperienced men, tender-hearted, unable to hear unmoved the tale of a fellow citizen in distress.

(Continued on Page 182)

For 15 years Stewart-Warner has furnished equipment to leading car manufacturers.

Hold the Confidence of Your Customers

A Personal Message to the Automobile Dealer and his Salesmen

THE man who buys a car from you has placed a world of confidence in you.

He has made one of the big, important purchases of his life. He has invested, through you, his surplus from months, perhaps years of hard work. He believes the things you have told him about the car you sell and the service you will render him.

And he will buy the accessories you recommend providing they are of the same quality as the car purchased, with the expectation that they will serve him well.

For your own interest you will suggest accessories that surely satisfy. You can and will recommend Stewart-Warner Accessories, knowing that they will help to retain his confidence as a future buyer.

Stewart-Warner Bumpers, Spotlights, Windshield Cleaners, Shock Absorbers—all are members of the well known Stewart-Warner family—all have the high quality and reliability of the Stewart-Warner Speedometer and Vacuum Tank, with whose well nigh flawless service every car owner is familiar.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
CHICAGO - U. S. A.

Stewart-Warner Accessories

The Stewart-Warner line of accessories is backed by an exclusive service—nation-wide—not duplicated in the accessory field.

Intelligent handling of money *gives* you money for the things you want—comforts, luxuries.

Money grows fastest when you pay by check —for these 8 reasons:

These facts can help every man and woman who is seriously working toward financial independence, today. *Read them!* It is a very simple secret.

WHAT definite *plan* are you now following—so that some day you may be finally and absolutely free from money worries? Saving a certain percentage of your income? (*Can that percentage be increased?*) Investing in sound securities—real estate? (*Can you invest more—or faster?*) Buying your home?

Here's some *new* thinking on the subject. It won't take long to read. It's plain common sense—agreed to by financial authorities, proved by financial successes.

And there's much more on the subject you can have by sending the coupon below.

Making income go farther

You have a certain income right now. Large or small, it's probably not what you'd like to have. (That's a rather common condition.)

But, whatever it is, it must be plain that your progress toward independence will be rapid or slow—just as you succeed or fail in getting the very most from your present income.

It's a question of using every available help in handling the money you *have*. And there are modern tools for that job. People who use them *do* get ahead faster.

Money grows fastest when it is efficiently handled.

There is just one intelligent, efficient way to handle money today—just one modern tool for the job. That is . . . *a checking account.* Every financial success proves this fact. Every financial authority *approves* it.

Why? 8 reasons

Pay by check and you put yourself in position *to control expenses—rather than to be controlled by them.* You put yourself in position to utilize every aid in accumulating funds and assets that one day will make your dreams come true. This is why:

A checking account (1) eliminates chance to lose money from pockets or pocket-books; (2) removes chance to lose by making incorrect change; (3) reduces the chance of

SUPER-SAFETY BANK CHECK

BANKERS SUPPLY
THE TODD
NEW YORK CHICAGO

FREE A new book of valuable information on the science of making money go farthest. Send coupon for your copy—today.

paying a bill twice—since a check is its own best receipt; (4) discourages thoughtless, unnecessary expenditures; (5) saves your time—which is money in another form; (6) offers the only possible way to operate a budget intelligently—to control expenditure in relation to income; (7) gives you the friendship and valuable counsel of a good bank—in even the smallest financial problems; and finally (8) earns the respect of people with whom you do business, a valuable asset for the future.

Talk to your bankers

There are a score of ways in which modern banking service can really aid you in the winning of independence. Small ways as well as larger ways. *Find out about them. Use them. Talk to your bankers.*

One of the most important ways is by making it possible for you to pay by check. Yet it is a fact that many checking accounts actually represent a loss to the bank—through the cost of handling, tellers' time, bookkeeping, stationery, and the like.

This is why some banks make a small monthly charge where checking balances fall below a given minimum. *But it is a charge you can well afford to pay*—when you consider the tremendous value of a checking account.

Another banking service

Today many progressive banks—more and more of them daily serve checking depositors in a new way. They supply Super-Safety Checks—without cost to the depositors. These checks protect you against fraudulent alteration.

They are made of the safest check paper furnished by any bank. It instantly exposes attempt at alteration by knife, rubber or acid erasure. No unprinted sheet of this paper, large enough to make a check, is permitted to leave our factories. It is as carefully guarded and accounted for as government bank-note paper.

And they are handsome checks—with crisp "money feel" and "look." Easy to write upon, too.

This is another interesting service to discuss with your bankers.

Valuable book free

This book was privately printed to give you new help in making money go farther. It is packed with valuable information.

You can have a copy, free—simply by mailing the coupon below.

An easy enough thing to do. And you'll find yourself well repaid for doing it.

This mark in upper corner identifies Super-Safety Checks—*safest any bank supplies.* Look for it!

Mail coupon for copy of FREE book

BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY, DIVISION
THE TODD COMPANY
1004 So. State St., Chicago

Please send me free copy of new book, "How to Make Money Go Farther."

Name

Address

City..... State

Name of Bank

COMPANY, Division
COMPANY
ROCHESTER DENVER

"Anne, isn't this the most *delicious* candy!"

"It is delicious, isn't it?" said Anne, laughing. "But don't you remember your old seashore chum? It's Oh Henry! . . . *sliced!*"

There are few people in the country who don't know this famous candy. For Oh Henry! is one of the most delicious candies you ever tasted, and people eat nearly a million bars a day.

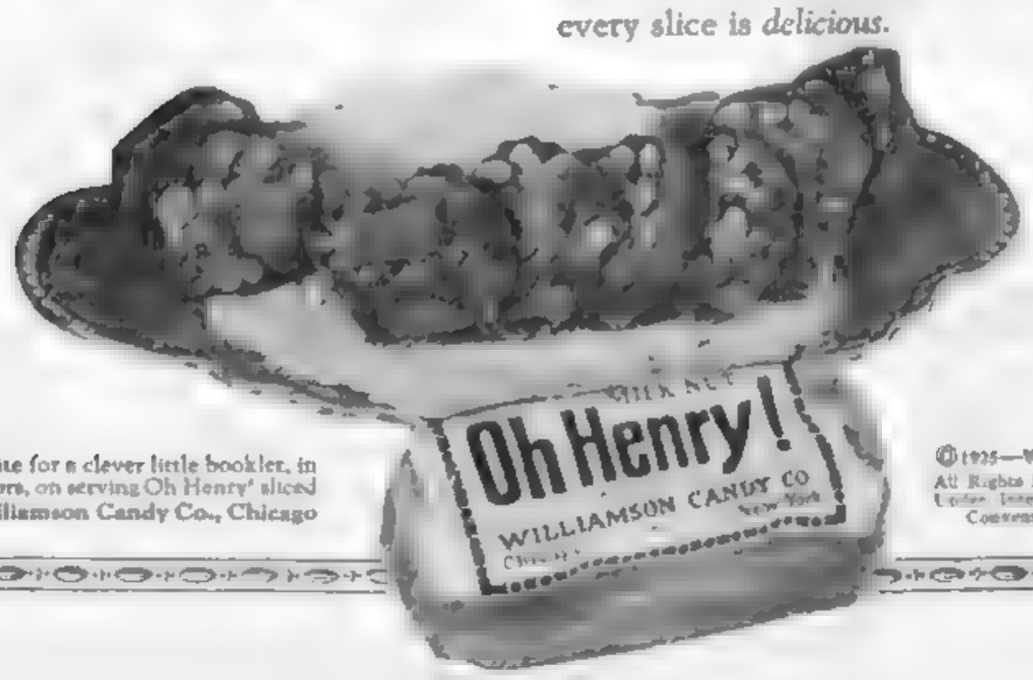
But *slicing* Oh Henry!, to serve at home as you serve chocolates and bonbons, is *new* . . . a new way of serving candy originated by Chicago women little more than a year ago. And it makes Oh Henry! even more tempting than ever.

Imagine a rich butter cream, dipped in a luscious, creamy caramel, rolled in crispy, crunchy nuts, and then thickly coated with the smoothest of milk chocolate! Then, imagine that candy sliced and daintily served!

Convenience is one reason that so many women are slicing Oh Henry! for teas, bridge games, Mah-Jongg and use at home. A few bars in the pantry, and you can have candy at a minute's notice. And *fine* candy, too, for no $1.25 chocolates are finer in quality, or made with more care than Oh Henry!

Telephone your grocery, drug or candy store for a few bars, and try it. It isn't costly. A 10c bar cuts into 8 liberal slices. And every slice is *delicious*.

Oh Henry!
SLICED



Write for a clever little booklet, in colors, on serving Oh Henry' sliced
Williamson Candy Co., Chicago

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Under International
Conventions

(Continued from Page 178)

The happiest time for world tramps, so one of them informed me, was after the second election of Mr. Cleveland. The Secretary of State replaced Republican consuls so fast that he seemed to have realized the ideal of the Roman emperor; it was as though the consular service had but one neck, severed with one swift descent of the guillotine.

In that pleasant summer of 1893, in which some tramps left the United States to escape the money panic, they found in almost every consulate in the world an untried official fresh from home, a little uncertain about his obligations, as easily accessible as he had been in his home town, and perhaps a little homesick. How was such a one to sift hard-luck tales of gales, tempests, wrecks, cruel captains and demon land thieves? He simply could not refuse to help a fellow countryman in a hard strange land—a fellow countryman who had apparently made no enmities among the gods, but had, nevertheless, suffered as never had the cunning and resourceful Odysseus in getting home from Troy.

The law provides aid at government expense to certain limited classes of seamen, but accounting officers of the Treasury know no compassion; food, clothing and a passage home must be given by regulation and not according to the needs of the man. In fighting the Treasury Department against disallowances in those early days, I was ingenuous and inexperienced enough to waste ink, paper and moving language in pitiful descriptions of the sufferings of the unhappy subject of the correspondence. I might as well have fired a pistol at the Capitol, as a British poet whom I knew did at the Houses of Parliament. In protest against the sufferings of humanity, this poet shot the clock tower, but Big Ben rang out just the same, and the accounting officers continued just the same to disallow my expenditures.

I hope and believe that through all my official life I achieved a high per capita expenditure for relief of seamen, for the United States should not stint a dollar in the cost of a flannel shirt which a shipwrecked sailor who has lost wages and kit is to wear across the Atlantic in winter.

In the early 80's the percentage of legally entitled applicants at Bristol was a fraction more than 2 per cent; aid to the 98 per cent was personal. A few of this great majority were genuinely deserving men who had stumbled on ill fortune by other paths than vice or indolence. Some were on the border line, fundamentally decent, who through loneliness, homesickness or despair had temporarily faltered in a foreign land when they might have won through at home.

A Tramp's Confessions

The ever-recurrent problem was to know when to refuse and when to help, and the solution was not always easy. A farmer in a tramp-infested prairie state may shut his ears and his pockets; but that same man, appointed consul, will probably feel and act differently in a foreign land. He is likely to part with at least enough for a bed, for to most officials thought of an American citizen in receipt of foreign public charity is abhorrent. A tramp once told me that it was known all along the London-Cornwall highway that a man had only to say "Spike" to me through his nose to get a tanner or a bob—slang for a sixpence or a shilling; "spike" is the cant word for the casual ward of the workhouse.

It was on a twenty-mile hike that I met this tramp. The map marked a bridle path which was not to be found and I asked directions of a shabby stranger. He took the map, oriented himself and read it with practiced ease.

"The path was there," he said pointing. "I remember it now—overgrown these three years."

Asked to share my lunch, he led me to a clear fern-surrounded spring and flung himself down on the grass. As we munched he showed me a worn map of the London road, on which were scribbled details of each casual ward along the way, and he gave me interesting particulars of the law and practice about tramps and paupers. In England, he said, every human being was legally entitled to food and shelter. The door of the casual ward stood always open inwards, but did not so freely swing the other way.

There were tasks to be performed in the morning, such as breaking a hundredweight of stone or splitting a specified quantity of kindling, and these varied according to the ideas of local managers of workhouses. So also varied the quantity and quality of the skilly, or thin gruel, and the requirement of a bath before retiring to the plank bed in the cell.

Certain spikes, he told me, were avoided; in one the stone was specially hard and could not be broken for macadam by dinnertime the next day; in another you had to get your order for admission from the relieving officer and then walk six miles to the workhouse; in a third, bath requirements were severe.

The objection to baths, it appeared, was no fastidious prejudice against cleanliness, but a well-founded fear of intense pain. A hard thin glaze formed over an unwashed skin, and if the overseer insisted on too much scrubbing in a hot bath, this glaze came off, leaving raw places and a system open to chills and cold. It was the baths which kept the spikes empty and the sixpenny doss houses full. Toward night on a cold day a tramp might even work to get the few pennies necessary to keep out of a workhouse.

Talk and luncheon ended, the tramp addressed me by name, and it was then that he told me the password to my pocket.

"I'm an American sometimes," he said, grinning, "in a city where there's an easy consul. I've been in your office lots of times since I've been working the Bath road—and that's these ten years."

Two or three years later he brought me the rusted metal frame of a revolver and the blade of a bread knife.

"I got these off a sailor at Plymouth," he said. "He was just in from San Francisco and he picked these up in a store while the fire was still burning."

The Parson's Slip

I still have these souvenirs of the big fire and of the tramp who remembered for years that I was a San Franciscan.

Reference to workhouses recalls a ridiculous experience. An alleged American citizen had been found wandering and witless and placed in the imbecile ward. It was thought that I might get something out of him and the hospitable master of the workhouse asked me for the week-end to his charming quarters. At breakfast on the Sunday morning I met the pleasant old clergyman who was to take the service for imbeciles in the chapel. He was, I was told, greatly respected for his brilliant half-century-old record at Oxford for cricket and rowing.

With engaging frankness, he explained that he was one of the many who bought syndicated sermons. The writers, he said, took care that only one copy went to each city and the moderate price was five shillings—say, $1.20 a copy. The sermons were sound, noncontroversial and safe, and written in so clear a hand—typewriters were a luxury then—that he had no need to open the parcel until he stood in the pulpit.

The system, he said, had only once within his knowledge gone wrong. In an important Bristol church, served on supply—that is, by visiting clergymen during the temporary absence of the rector—the morning and evening words of the two preachers were the same; they had bought the same sermon.

The day chanced to be the first Sunday of a leap year, and very cold; but the imbecile pauper congregation in the chapel, exceeding fifty in number, looked warm and well clothed. With faces more or less vacant, they watched the clergyman unfold his manuscript. The opening sentence floated melodiously through the bare little chapel and it was this:

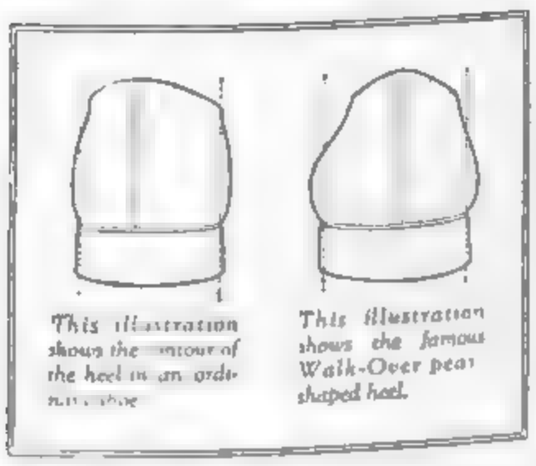
"Three hundred and sixty-five times during the coming year the golden goblet of temptation will be lifted to your lips."

"Three hundred and sixty-six"—the gruff, contemptuous correction rang out like a shot from the lips of the supposed American idiot.

An instant of patient silence; then the clergyman proceeded quietly with a sermon addressed in part to the idle rich, in part to the self-indulgent successful ones. It did not matter. It was a sermon. No imbecile in pauper dress resented being told to reduce expenses, drive one horse in a coupe instead of two in a carriage, or halve the pearls in his wife's necklace; but for the interrupter consequences were serious. Intimate acquaintance with the calendar was held to prove him normal and he lost special quarters, special diet, special attention. He

(Continued on Page 184

A shoe for men who believe their eyes


This illustration shows the contour of the heel in an ordinary shoe
This illustration shows the famous Walk-Over pear shaped heel.

Notice how wide the ordinary heel is at the top. No wonder most shoes gap at the ankle. Now look at the Walk-Over pear-shaped heel. It is extra-wide on that side where your heel is extra thick. When your foot settles down into a Walk-Over shoe, it can make itself at home. It has room to expand and be comfortable. The *pear-shaped* heel grips at the sides, without pressure at the back—and it *fits*. It stays snug as long as you wear the shoe.

Rest your eyes upon this shoe, men

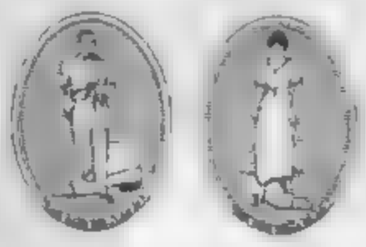
One look tells you that it is the kind of shoe a gentleman likes to wear. You can believe your eyes, too, for this is a Walk-Over—even better than it looks. The uncopyable *pear-shaped* heel makes it cling at the heel and top. There is plenty of room at toe and tread. It is made with half-century-old quality—quality that makes Walk-Over shoes walk longer and like it better than any other shoes you ever wore. Stop in at the Walk-Over store in your community. Your first step in a Walk-Over shoe will tell you more about smart comfort than you've learned in a lifetime of wearing shoes without the fit, comfort and good looks that are stamped into every shoe with the Walk-Over trade-mark.

The Walk-Over Main Spring® Arch gives rest to your feet while you are walking. It is made of hand-tempered steel, supported at three different points, and the two forward points rest on rubber. It weighs only a fraction of an ounce. The normal foot does not know it is there, but when your foot needs support, or is tired from overuse, the Main Spring® Arch adds unbelievable comfort.

** Reg U. S. Pat. Off*

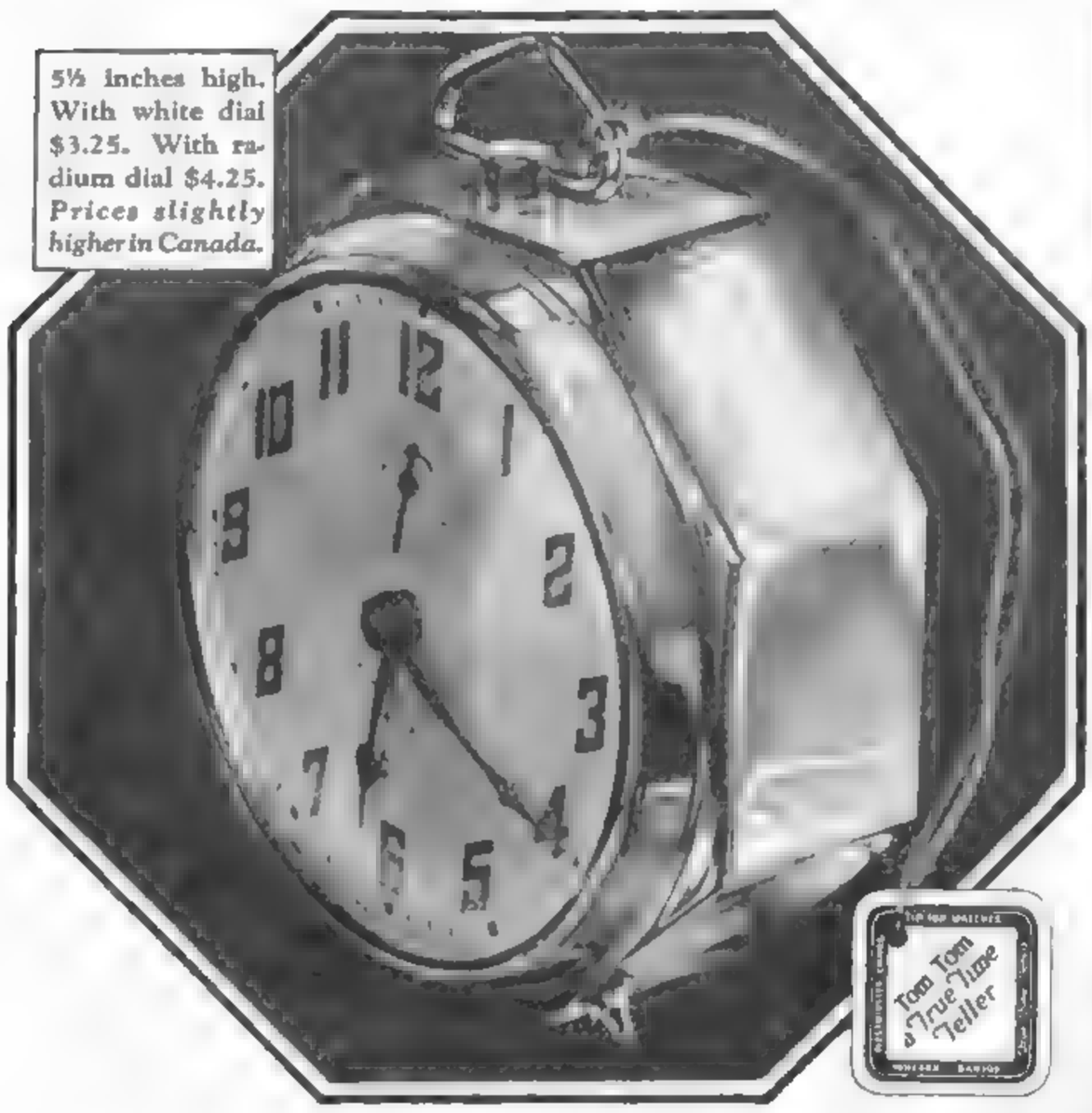
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello, Brockton, Mass., U. S. A.

Walk-Over Shoes



for Men and Women

© 1925 G. E. K. Co



5½ inches high. With white dial $3.25. With radium dial $4.25. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

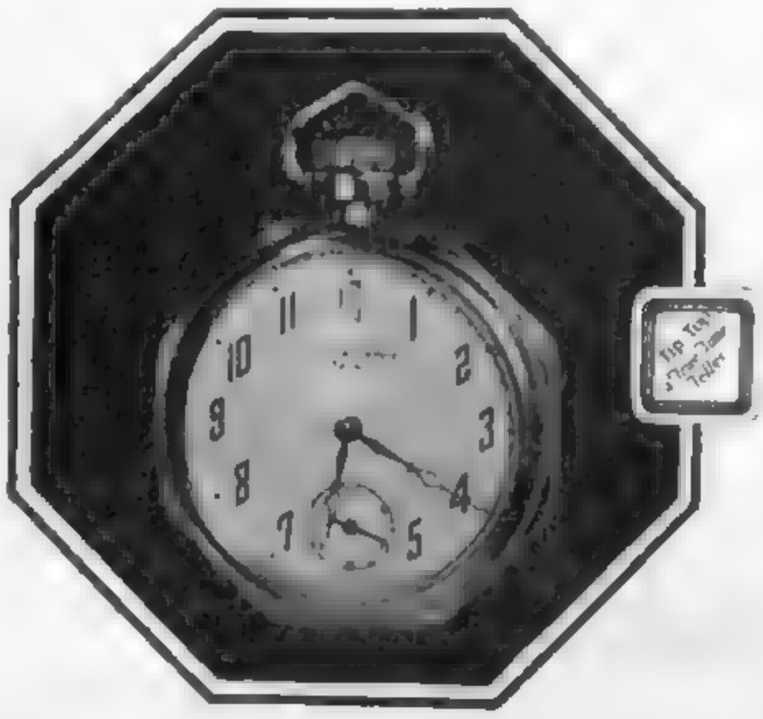
"Sailors - - *hit the deck!*"

AS SURE-ROUSING as reveille down the long white deck of a battleship are Tom-Tom's twelve persistent calls. A dozen clamors in ten minutes . . . at half-minute pauses. Long and loud—till you have to wake, to make that tom-tomming stop.

Then he ticks right on in his scarcely audible way that makes you wonder if he's still keeping his dependable time. And he is. He has to. He was tested for accuracy 48 hours before we ever turned him loose.

Tom-Tom's a superior fellow—the daddy of the True Time Teller family. Octagon shaped, with convex glass front that makes time-reading easy at any angle of light. He's so handsome you are proud of him in almost any room . . . proud of his special top-ring, his cubist figures, the beautiful lights and shades of his highly polished case!

Tom-Tom has a junior by the name of Tidy-Tot, dial 2¼ inches. Same octagon shape, convex front, repeating alarm and silent tick. Go to your dealer and ask him to show you these distinctive clocks. The New Haven Clock Co., New Haven, Conn. Clock makers since 1817.



Tip-Top, the beautiful octagon True Time Teller watch. With soft, quiet tick. White dial $1.75. Radium dial $2.75. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

Continued from Page 182

never again relapsed into intelligence and was ultimately buried in a grave without a name.

It has been pointed out that some world tramps followed a definite plan in extracting money. Here is an example: A young American, very badly educated, ill clothed but well fed, once burst in on me and without preamble told me of an evicted young man sitting crying on a pile of photographic apparatus in an Omaha street.

"'Leave the junk,' I says to him, and he done it; and we went to the freight depot, pitched a hard-luck story and put up a dollar each to take the freight for Dakota. The brakeman hid him in a box car and me in the tender, and what must he do at a God-forsaken little water tank in the desert but stick his head out and yell, 'I say, what station's this?' The brakeman, seeing red at such nerve, runs up and says, 'D'ye think I'm giving you a 300-mile ride for a dollar and calling the stations besides? Come out of it!' The last I seen of the guy he was sitting on the platform crying."

My talkative visitor poured out tale after tale with the humor and vivacity of the born story teller; and when I had finished laughing he said, "What is it worth to you to laugh for an hour in a climate like this?" Satisfied with my payment, he remarked that there were 10,000,000 men in the United States trying to get by without working and that he was one of the few who had solved the problem.

"Fools," he said, "try to make people cry. I make 'em laugh. The mourners get the boot or the cold cabbage. I get the dollar."

Thus had this youth adapted to the Western world one of the oldest occupations of humanity, still pursued in the Orient, where the itinerant story teller gathers his little knot of cross-legged listeners.

An Ancient Fraud

The oddest petty fraud ever practiced on me was perpetrated by an elderly seaman of considerable dignity of manner and self-respecting cleanliness of threadbare clothing. He produced a mate's license and told a story that sounded well. He seemed too good a type to be pushed off with a quarter, and with apparent satisfaction gave me names of relatives who would respond to a cablegram. Told then that if he admitted that no response could be expected I would give him one dollar for saving me the five that the cablegram would cost, he assured me that a remittance was certain and asked me for ten cents to get his spectacles out of pawn that he might read in the free library pending the coming of his money. I never saw him again, nor did I get a reply from the states.

Why did he fine me five dollars and himself ninety cents? Was it reluctance to admit himself a fraud? That can hardly have worried a man who had sunk so low. I can only think that he doubted that I would give him the dollar, even though I assured him that I had paid out several sums under like conditions.

The system worked in every other case. Moralists may question a policy which rewarded a man for admitting himself a liar, but it was an acid test which saved some American youths from the rapid degeneracy of beggary and the workhouse. In a few cases telegrams were answered, funds came, and subsequently letters from parents so gratefully worded as more than adequately to repay.

In likely cases I sometimes went through the farce of lending small sums. In a period exceeding forty years I was repaid just once.

The letter which accompanied the remittance was framed as a curiosity and I welcome this chance to hand down to posterity the name of John Nolan, of Philadelphia, as that of the unique honest man encountered in a lifetime.

The youth of many of these world tramps was surprising; their ignorance, in a land of free education, astounding; their national arrogance appalling. They spoke habitually of peoples of other nations with a profound and genuinely felt contempt. This mental attitude, which has had a limited effect on the political and economic relations of the United States, I attributed in part to highfalutin' oratory which rarely dwelt on the obligation of American youth to profit by its better opportunities and in part to an immigration which brought foreigners for the hard manual tasks. Through economic conditions, these young men had insensibly adopted the point of view of the poor white man in a country where slavery exists. They despised rough work and the rough worker. As their ability was not sufficient for anything better, they became vagrants, wandering the world in lawless indolence.

In a day when cattle were admitted on the hoof to England, and afterward, during the war, when horses and mules were imported, a half-drunken rabble would sometimes capture a consulate by storm and announce an intention to camp there until their Government did its duty by them. As they had drunk their wages in a night, and had sold, lost or gambled away their return tickets, they were surely up against a hard world; but the consul was powerless to aid, and in any event could not yield to threats, so the police must be summoned.

A ludicrous scene often followed. The law did not allow the policeman to use unnecessary force. The invaders knew this and knew enough not to resist an officer. So a fat sergeant, quietly removing his white gloves, would fix on one man and good-humoredly say, "You are a trespasser. I have been asked to eject you. Will you go?"

Sometimes no answer; sometimes a negative; never a profane word which might become the subject of a charge; never a provocative gesture. Off would come the spotless pipe-clayed belt, forty-four inches at least, and the intruder would be firmly but gently grasped about the waist and literally be carried to the sidewalk. I have seen this done with eighteen hefty men in succession, and have been compelled to send for the official ambulance to carry away an exhausted, much disheveled but unexcited policeman.

This quiet and scrupulous regard for the law would have delighted that highly original Mayor Gaynor, of New York, who was a determined and lifelong opponent of rough police methods.

The English people, I think, are the most docile and law-abiding in the world, and this national characteristic insures success to mild methods; but the American city which inflexibly forfeits the position and pension of a policeman who shoots at a burglar and kills a bystander, or who vindictively uses his club, will have the most orderly population.

The surest draw in petty trickery ever practiced on me was the scheme of a woman tramp. Her skin was dark from wind and weather, her clothing coarse but clean, and her voice and words conveyed the unmistakable message of a half-forgotten education. Agitated, she told me that her American husband, limply clinging to the lamp-post outside, had become a beggar as the result of sudden serious functional attacks; that he had one now; that it was some distance to the hospital; that an infirmary was near; it was useless to go there unless she could take with her a surgical instrument for which she must pay half a crown. I looked out at the pallid, anguished man, fished out the sixty cents as quickly as I could and saw the devoted wife literally run to the succor of her suffering mate.

The Old Scamp's Prayer

The next day I saw the pair coming out of an office, saw the lady bring her flattened hand down on the shoulder of the man with more than marital tenderness and heard her say, "You silly fool, if you had stuck to your story you would have got the money!"

How trusting youth may be is illustrated in the following experience with a garrulous white-haired beach comber who came at intervals and touched me for a bob. He certainly knew Ohio well, and claimed to have been born near my birthplace. One day I had no silver and so gave him a half sovereign to get changed.

He burst in two days later, flung himself on his knees, lifted his hands palm to palm and prayed thus:

"O, Lord, forgive this thoughtless brother who put temptation in my stumbling way. Teach him to understand, O Lord. Thou knowest that not in these many years have I touched gold. Thou knowest that I meant to bring back the change, but the minions of the law took me to prison. Teach him to understand, O, Lord."

He rose and handed me a shilling.

"Four shillings for gin, sir," he said humbly, "and the magistrate fined me five."

"Drunk and disorderly?"

"I'm never disorderly, sir; drunk and incapable."

Months afterward I saw this man talking from a soap box in Hyde Park, that great safety valve where half-wits may transpire any gas they choose so long as their vaporings are not followed by overt action.

The most picturesque tramp of my acquaintance was a melodramatic sailor, grizzled, mahogany-skinned, whose bronzed chest, deeply exposed by his wide rolling collar, was covered with frescoes executed by a tattoo artist of lively imagination. This hardy old shellback wandered through Europe, deploring at consulates the disappearance of sail and his consequent inability to get a berth. When fancy led him inland, absence of ports was no embarrassment. In Switzerland he represented himself as proceeding from a shipless Mediterranean to crowded Baltic docks where a boatswain's berth was a certainty. This man once thought to send me to an early grave, but good fortune and a good aim sent him to the hospital instead. This is how it happened:

I met in a London-bound train a young man with a brilliant skin, a tawny mustache, a confident manner and a fund of vivacious careless talk. He told me that he was Harold Frederic, newly appointed London correspondent of the New York Times, and that he had qualified so young for this important appointment by reporting four Sunday choirs through a series of years in his upstate home-town paper. As all the reports must be laudatory and all sopranos and contraltos equally praised, he studied the dictionaries to such purpose for the right word that his reward was this London appointment.

He quickly established for himself an outstanding position and achieved a solid reputation with his novels. His brilliant, haphazard, slap-dash talk was in such striking contrast to his pleasant, restrained written style that I have heard fellow members of the Savage Club absurdly deny that he wrote the books which bore his name.

In the train at this first meeting he asked me to write some of the tramp stories which I had told him. Among those which I subsequently sent to him was the tale of the melodramatic sailor.

Some months afterward, this sailor burst into the Bristol consulate, drew a long bright sheath knife and bounded toward me with a snarl of hate. An official paper weight, a solid glass cube heavy enough to hold down the record of the most intricate international complication, caught him full in the temple and he fell unconscious.

The Tale of a Cynical Tramp

I frequently visited him in hospital, taking tobacco to him and sometimes delicacies, and ultimately in softened mood he explained that I had ruined him; that in consulates he was now greeted not with money contributions but with my contribution to the New York Times. Offered a berth, he declined with thanks, saying that he had not been to sea in twenty years and was now too soft to endure the forecastle. When he was discharged from the hospital I gave him a pair of heavy plated earrings which I had bought from a starving sailor too proud to accept charity. He had his ears pierced.

The dangling decorations and the scar on the temple made of him the perfect pirate; and when, a year later, I caught a glimpse of him in the Salle des Pas Perdus in Antwerp he looked prosperous and contented. My article had been forgotten.

The most cynical tramp that I ever encountered was a young wastrel whose assets were his mother's letters. Written from the depths of a mother's heart, flowing over with mother love, these letters appealed for reform, for return to his home, in words so touching that it was impossible for a stranger to read them without emotion.

"I'm an only son," the young man explained, "and I've never done nothing worse in my life than to get drunk by accident three times, and then I got sick of the little burg and just come away. That's all there is to it. I've crossed the Atlantic three times as a cattleman and once in the fireroom, and I've had enough. If you write to mother, she'll send you my passage money. Will you?"

I would and did. I wrote to his mother, and became responsible for the young man's board and lodging pending the receipt of the answer. I kept an eye on him and was pleased by his discreet behavior. He came every day to the consulate to read the American papers, and one morning found Arthur Napoleon French, the office boy, alone. Presently Arthur had business in the inner office. When he came out the visitor had gone; so had my overcoat and all the money and stamps in the drawer.

For some forgotten reason I did not circularize brother consuls about this mother's darling, but wrote a letter to the nearest official suggesting that he pass the warning along. The accidental wording of my letter had an amusing result. I described this tow-headed, blue-eyed ingrate as "a short Saxon-looking youth named Fowler." In due time the warning came back to me, enriched by a comment from every consul in the United Kingdom.

Among the contributors to this fat pile of slyly sympathetic or openly humorous manuscript was Bret Harte, then consul at Glasgow. I have before me as I write the yellowed verses in his handwriting, without alterations, but for all that, not dashed off, but, I am sure, finally copied. It was only by laborious effort that he achieved that mastery of meter which made everything he wrote in verse a delight to the ear.

At that period Harte lived at Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, London. It was so well known that he lived in London that when he retired from the Glasgow consulate the papers printed a story to the effect that in the fourth year of his consulship he put his head out of the train on its arrival at Glasgow and asked "What station is this?" He liked his friends to consider him as constructively in Glasgow, and they sent their dinner invitations to the Clyde in such ample time as to allow them to be forwarded to him in London and his reply to be sent to Glasgow for mailing.

Bret Harte's Verses

One morning I was walking in Hamilton Terrace with Bronson Howard, that most charming of playwrights, who was spending a summer just round the corner, and we met Harte coming out of his house.

"Delighted you're in London," said Howard. "I mailed a letter to you last night asking you to dinner on Sunday."

"I can't possibly stay that long," was Harte's reply; "but I will run down again over Sunday. I'd go farther than that to dine with you, Howard."

"Mr. Lathrop is on leave," said Howard slyly.

"Lucky man. I wish I could get leave."

"Your position, Mr. Harte," I said gravely, "is much more exacting."

I reminded him of his verses about the Saxon Fowler, and told him that I held myself lucky that the correspondence had been brought to his attention; that the result for me was a cherished manuscript in his handwriting.

"I attend personally to all correspondence," he said.

Here are his verses, dated July 12, 1884:

I'm acquainted with affliction, chiefly in the form of fiction, as it's offered up by strangers at the consul's open door;
And I know all kinds of sorrow that relief would try to borrow with various sums from sixpence upwards to "a penny more."
And I think I know all fancy styles of active mendicancy, from the helpless Irish soldier who mixed in our country's strife,
And who laid in Libby Prison in a war that wasn't hisn and I sent back to the country—that he never saw before!
I know the wretched seaman who was tortured by a demon captain till he fled in terror with his wages in arrear,
And I've given him sufficient to ship as an efficient and active malefactor with a gentle privateer!
Oh, I knew the wealthy tourist who—through accident the purest—lost his letters, watch and wallet from the cold deck coming o'er.
And I heeded that preamble, and lent him enough to gamble till he won back all his money on a "cold deck" here ashore!
I have tickets bought for mothers and their babes—that were another's—and their husbands—who not always could be claimed as theirs alone.
Till I've come to the conclusion that for ethical confusion and immoral contribution I have little left unknown.
But I never, never, never, in beneficent endeavor fell into the wicked meshes by the Saxon Fowler spread.
And it seems to me a pistol used judiciously at Bristol would have—not too prematurely—brought this matter to a head!

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Lathrop. The next will appear in an early issue.

My Life Work

The finest shaving cream you will ever know

Let me send you a tube to try

By the Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

You have your own ideals and aims in life. Mine is to excel in a shaving cream. I devote myself to soap chemistry.

One of our creations is Palmolive Soap—the world's leading toilet soap. Now in less than 4 years, Palmolive Shaving Cream, too, has gained top place. Its success is a business sensation.

Will you do us the courtesy of trying it? Men literally are flocking to it. When we started, we little dreamed so great an improvement could be made in a shaving cream.

We asked 1,000 men

Our first step was to ask 1,000 men what they most desired in a Shaving Cream. All of them agreed on four things.

But one requirement, and the greatest of all, is something no man mentioned. They were not scientists. They did not know the prime requirement in a shaving soap. That is, strong bubbles which support the hairs for cutting.

We made 130 trials or tests

We made up 130 formulas which we discarded. Each was better than the one before. But none, in our opinion, reached the utmost in a Shaving Cream.

Then we attained, by many times over, the best Shaving Cream in existence. Today Palmolive Shaving Cream is monarch in its field. It is winning men by the millions, as they try it.

Don't change from the cream you like now until you see what Palmolive Shaving Cream does. But make this test. You owe it to yourself and to us. Try ten shaves, and let the results show if we have excelled the rest.

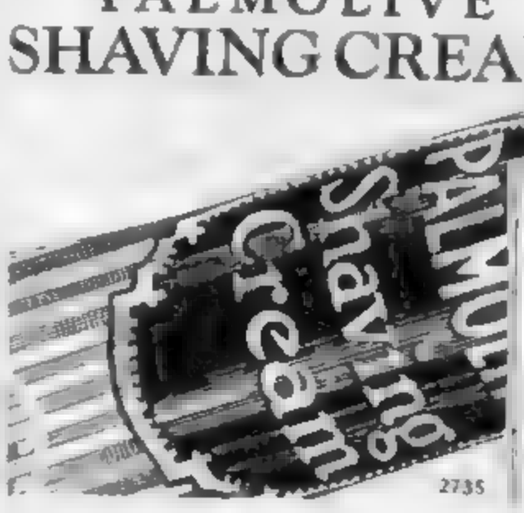
5 New Delights
Five Remarkable Results

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in one minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-977
Address for residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis. Address for residents other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

YOUR Rexall DRUG STORE

Who runs it?

THE man who runs your Rexall Drug Store is the *one man* chosen from your community to enter the greatest druggists' partnership in the world.

He is one of 10,000 Rexall Druggists, united to manufacture, buy and sell in order to help you *save with safety.*

Your Rexall Druggist is a man you can trust. Otherwise he could not secure the valuable Rexall franchise. Before he became a Rexall Druggist he had to make good "on his own". He

had to prove that he is financially sound—that he thoroughly understands pharmacy—that he is a live, progressive merchant—that, above all else, his integrity can not be questioned.

Your Rexall Druggist has established himself in the life of your community. He runs a local enterprise and runs it well. He merits your patronage on his own account alone.

But back of your Rexall Druggist are the brains and stability, not only of an individual, but of the greatest drug store organization on earth.

Your Rexall Druggist is a partner in the United Drug Company, with 12 big manufacturing plants in the United States and connections throughout the world.

The United Drug Company produces expressly for the 10,000 Rexall Stores. It owns the 300 Liggett Drug Stores in America's largest cities. It controls Boots, Ltd., in England, with all the Boots plants and its 700 retail drug stores. It has 1000 drug stores and agencies of the United Drug Company in Canada.

THINK what your Rexall Druggist commands through this coöperative partnership! The vast control of resources—the tremendous buying power—the savings through volume production and selling—the service of eminent scientists—new products, improved methods, fresher goods—all at the call of your Rexall Druggist—all making for finer drug store service and better drug store merchandise at lowest possible prices to you.

Your Rexall Druggist can serve you with every item that other drug stores sell. But, thanks to his Rexall partnership, he alone can handle these famous United Drug products:

Rexall preparations, Puretest products for health and hygiene, Cara Nome and Jonteel toilet articles, Kantleek rubber goods, Klenzo dental preparations, Firstaid supplies for the sick room, Symphony Lawn stationery, Liggett's candies and pure food staples—each class made in its own manufacturing unit.

Your Rexall Druggist buys direct from his own factories and passes on to you the benefit of this saving. He gives you the best that the United Drug Company and all the Rexall, Boots and Liggett stores can devise—the best that the whole world offers in drug store merchandise and service.

Save With Safety At Your **Rexall** *Drug Store*

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY

Producing Rexall Drug Store Merchandise at

Boston New York Chicago St. Louis San Francisco New Haven Worcester
Highland, N. Y. Valley Park, Mo. Toronto, Canada Nottingham, England

THE FAKER

(Continued from Page 15)

men of Troop H who had taken over, at the order of the governor, the enforcement of law in the strike-ridden town. Corporal Tarleton's hand bore a folded newspaper and his face a mild and deluding smile. He hailed Sergeant Delaney, who, perched on the edge of a cot, mended a torn breast pocket of his uniform coat with needle, thread and profanity

"Here y'are," intoned the corporal, waving his paper; "all about the big riot on Fifth Street. Heroism of trooper sergeant in rescuin' People reporter. Oh-h-h, extry!"

"Gimme," the sergeant commanded, holding out his hand. "It's about time," he continued, unfolding the paper, "that Waldo played fair. Now that his own reporter ——"

He did not complete the sentence, though his mouth remained open while he read the double headlines, one in Polish and one in English, flaring across all seven columns of the edition. Then he stared blankly at Tarleton.

"Nice, isn't it?" the corporal commented.

Delaney read, in a dazed voice:

"Trooper Beats Reporter for The People." Then as his eye caught the opening paragraph of the English version of the affair, lying beside a companion column in Polish, his face grew red and then white.

"Go ahead," Tarleton prompted.

"'Brutal outrages by the Cossacks of Capitalism culminated in a climax this morning,'" the sergeant complied, "'when Edward McGinn, star reporter for The People, was savagely beaten up at the corner of Fifth and Paderewski Streets in an unprovoked assault by a trooper whose name is concealed by his fellow strong-arm men. Those who attempted to rescue the victim of class hate were set upon by the so-called law officers and roughly handled. Since only troopers deserved to be arrested, no arrests were made.'"

Delaney read no farther, but rose and reached for his sheepskin jacket.

"Now what?" Tarleton queried.

"I'm going to see this McGinn rat," the sergeant replied.

"He recovered consciousness only fifteen minutes ago. He didn't write that yarn."

"Then I'll make Waldo Throop eat this paper."

"Too late again," the corporal answered cheerfully. "Lieutenant's had a swarry with him already. Waldo said just what he always does—believes the story to be correct, but will investigate. You know what that means. All you can do is suffer in silence, kid."

"I can make him print my version," Delaney growled, baffled.

"Sure you can, and he'll do it under a headline like Cossack Version of Brutal Assault. He did that the last time the lieutenant squawked. It's easy to see why he's so poisonous now. With twenty thousand dollars to spend for strike benefits, he and Peter don't want this strike to roll over on its back and die while there's a nickel of it left."

"I'm going to talk to Peter anyhow," the other determined. "He always poses as being friendly. A yarn like this is a ——"

Still muttering, he struggled into his jacket and clumped downstairs.

Wadyslav Patchek, henchman and shadow of Peter Throop, shrugged his shoulders and shook his head at Delaney's request.

"Big boss is busy," he grunted uncordially, canting his knobby skull, with the peak of close-cropped hair growing low over the forehead, toward the door of the inner office of the Ramapo local of the Amalgamated. "He see no one."

"Yeh?" Delaney retorted, stepped quickly past the bulky man and pounded on the door. A scowl appeared on Patchek's wide, simple face.

"I t'row you out," he promised quietly, lifting two great hands. "Big boss tell me."

The door swung open before he could carry out his threat.

"Oh, it's you, sergeant?" said Peter Throop. "That's all right, Wass. All right, I say. Quit it, you thick sap! Only don't let anyone else in. Come right along, sergeant."

Peter Throop's ox-blood shirt sleeves were turned back from wrists shaggy with hair. Firm blue jowls bulged above a collar of the shirt's brave hue. A gold tooth glittered in the wide smile that never quite reached his crafty, little gray eyes.

"Wass obeys orders absolutely," he chuckled. "He's got just that much sense. What's on your mind, sergeant?"

"Seen The People tonight?" Delaney asked abruptly.

"Why, sure! Waldo always sends me one of the first he prints and then holds the presses until I O.K. it. Trouble on Fifth Street today, I see."

"Trouble in The People office," Delaney answered. "Let's come down to cases. What's your brother's game, and yours for that matter? That story is an absolute fake."

"Well now," the other placated, "maybe this McGinn draws a long bow now and then. He got chased out of New York for a fake story he wrote while he was drunk. Maybe he was lit when ——"

"McGinn," Delaney said slowly, "was unconscious in the hospital when The People came out this afternoon."

"Well," Throop frowned, after a second's hesitation, "I guess Waldo jumped a little at conclusions. You boys are too sensitive. What do you care what a paper says?"

Throop's smile, with its golden center, was a little wider than usual. His eyes, if possible, were colder. The door at Delaney's back opened a crack and the smile vanished as Patchek thrust his head in.

"Get out!" Peter snapped before his henchman could speak. "Send that guy away. I can't see him now. Tell him I'll come around and see him later."

The door closed sharply and Delaney rose.

"I'm wasting your time and mine," he remarked coldly.

"No, wait," Peter interposed, his eyes slanted toward the outer office. They blinked in satisfaction as a door slammed.

"After all," he resumed, "it don't make much difference what papers say, anyhow. No one believes their yarns these days. You boys worry too much. You have to print a ton to make people believe a pound."

"These strikers believe what the paper tells them," the sergeant persisted stubbornly.

"Well, no one with any brains does," Peter grumbled. "I'll ask Waldo to spare you boys' feelings as soon as I get this job over. I'm making out the strike-benefit sheet. We're paying day after tomorrow."

"Money in the bank?" Delaney queried.

"These men would have a fit if we put the cash in the bank the spring company uses," Throop replied with his wide smile. "No, it's shut up in Waldo's safe."

"You're running a risk," Delaney warned.

"We are not. It's a good safe and I'm going to have Wass watch it nights with a gun. He's the only guy I know I'd trust near twenty thousand dollars."

The outer office was empty as Delaney tramped out. Patchek and the unnamed visitor had vanished together. The sergeant stood for a moment in the cold twilight of the shabby street, with its drift of shawled heads and mustached foreign faces under the lamps, and then squared his shoulders and walked toward the hospital.

McGinn squinted up from his cot with nearsighted eyes as Delaney sat down beside it.

"Hello, sarge," he said weakly. "Come to arrest me?"

"What for?" the other demanded.

"Oh, be yourself," McGinn urged. "I know cops. Why don't you warn me that anything I say may be used against me? That's usually the next step. Only sarge, you hit the wrong man. You ought to have walloped Beeler."

"Who's Beeler?" Delaney asked.

"The guy I braced just before the lights went out," McGinn replied with a feeble grin. "Beeler Torrey. You know Beeler Torrey. For Pete's sake, don't tell me I've got so far back in the sticks that you cops never heard of Beeler!"

"Beeler Torrey," Delaney repeated, "the yegg? Broke out of Dannemora?"

"Well," exclaimed McGinn in a tone of relief, "he's got a mustache now, but he's the guy. I oughta know. I helped send him up after the Pioneer Bank robbery. I got a hundred dollars for my beat on that yarn, and it wasn't a fake, either," he reflected aloud with a mirthless grin. "And now look at me! Beaten up by the rural police for panning 'em in a lewd-and-labor sheet! Wine is a knocker, sarge, and strong drink is the limit."

Delaney rubbed his head in confusion.

"Listen," he said, "let's start all over again. What do you think happened this morning?"

The wide bright eyes narrowed and the satirically grinning lips relaxed as the little man concentrated.

"You told me to move on when I stopped to chin," McGinn said slowly, "and I talked back. Then you got sore and I blew. I saw this Beeler guy walking along with his head all pulled in like a turtle's. I grabbed him by the arm and said 'Hello, Torrey' to make sure. Then the roof fell in on me. I gather that was when you hit me for not moving fast enough."

He paused and cocked a scornful eye at Delaney, who sat, black-striped knees crossed, one spurred boot swinging.

"All right," the sergeant said briskly; "now let me tell you what really happened."

McGinn assumed an air of cynical boredom as the trooper began. Gradually the sensitive mouth lost its sardonic grin. He turned on his pillow with a repressed grunt of pain and watched the sergeant squarely with steady eyes. When Delaney concluded he spoke quickly:

"If this is true, why am I under arrest?"

"You aren't," the sergeant answered.

"What you've told me," the other said slowly and with emphasis, "is absolutely on the level then?"

"On the level," Delaney answered, meeting his eyes.

"H'm!" exclaimed McGinn. "I thought so. My apologies, sergeant, and my thanks. It hasn't been a particularly successful life, but I've had some fun out of it and I still like it pretty well. I'm obliged to you. It's a good story, anyway," he added, twisting excitedly under the blanket; "and it'll still be good in the morning when I get out of here. What did The People give it today?"

Delaney spread the paper before him. McGinn whistled faintly as he scanned the flaring headlines, read and snickered.

"They hired me," he said with a shameless grin, "because I've got a darned good imagination. I don't see why. Waldo is a first-class faker himself."

"What are you going to do about it?" Delaney asked impersonally.

McGinn hesitated an instant.

"Yes," he said at last, "you're right. I owe you chaps something. I'll see Waldo in the morning when they let me get out of here. If he's stuffy about it I'll sell the yarn to the A. P. It's news that Beeler's still in the state. Everyone's been saying he'd blown to South America. Meanwhile, don't tip off the yarn to anyone, will you? You have his description. He has a mustache now, and wears a dark overcoat and a black-and-white plaid cap. Have your men look out for him."

The street lay torpid in the cold as Delaney hurried along toward the engine house. Few persons faced the cutting wind. He passed two troopers, muffled to their eyes in their sheepskins, and halted to give them McGinn's description of Torrey, withholding his name. The windows of The People office, he noted as he pushed on into the wind again, were dark; but a light still shone in the labor office a few blocks away.

Sergeant Delaney and Trooper Laidlaw guided their horses between Third Street's rows of flimsy wooden houses, all painted a soiled and dismal yellow by a color-blind steel company, and out into the broader reaches of Paderewski Street. Laidlaw raised himself in his stirrups and stared away to the left.

"Crowd in front of The People office," he said. "Conway and Flint ought to be on the job there. What's up, I wonder?"

"Waldo's probably got out a bulletin on some new atrocity by the Cossacks," Delaney answered as they trotted toward the uneasy mass before the building.

A car came bouncing and lurching down the street from the other direction and men in gray leaped from its running boards and seats to plunge into the crowd. Before the horses of Delaney and Laidlaw a wide lane opened as they pushed into the gathering. The sergeant swung to the right, the trooper to the left, and with the skill of long practice drove the only half-resentful men out of their mass formation. Before the sergeant's snorting horse the crowd parted unwillingly and flowed away to either side in irregular murmurous furrows. Behind him unmounted men hurried it along.

Above, a window in The People office was lifted and Lieutenant Lambert, leaning out, called "Sergeant Delaney" through cupped hands and beckoned.

For an instant after Lambert had returned the sergeant's salute no one spoke in the littered editorial room of The Ramapo People. A drop light, suspended over a battered desk, poured a cone of pale yellow radiance down upon a dusty typewriter and touched the shoulder of Peter Throop, who sat beside it, his thumbs hooked in the armholes of his vest, his eyes brooding on the well-polished tips of his squared-toed shoes. At a roll-top desk, its half-open maw choked with papers, his brother Waldo leaned forward in his chair, nursing his thin knee with nervous ink-stained fingers, another droplight giving his thatch of red hair an unearthly crimson hue.

Between them Feodor Mallinski walked the floor, head bent forward, muttering to himself, and against one wall Lieutenant Lambert leaned, his face pale, his mouth tense. Beside the large safe in the far corner lay a heavy quilt, stained and torn, and upon this rested the door of the safe itself, the gleam of bright steel marking its broken hinges. Delaney stared at this until Lambert spoke quietly.

"Someone blew The People safe last night, sergeant."

"The strike benefit!" Delaney muttered involuntarily.

Peter Throop raised his head.

"Twenty thousand dollars," he confirmed. "He was asking me where I'd put it only last evening," he added, nodding toward Delaney.

"I thought Wass was going to watch it," the trooper replied.

Waldo Throop answered, his voice rasping and nervous.

"Wass was chloroformed and tied up by the men who did it. I found him when I came in this morning. Furthermore, since the lieutenant here seems too modest to tell you himself, we found a clew on the floor beside him."

He picked something off his desk and handed it to Delaney. It was a gun-metal button bearing the arms of New York State in bas-relief. To it clung shreds of gray cloth.

"Ever see one of those before?" Waldo sneered.

"Certainly," the sergeant replied coolly; "I've probably seen that one before."

He opened his sheepskin jacket and pointed to the breast of his uniform coat, where a buttonhole gaped emptily.

"That's probably my button," he went on. "It was torn off in the ruckus on Fifth Street yesterday. We've pretty near paved the streets of Ramapo with clews of that sort since we came here."

"H'm!" Peter Throop said reflectively.

Delaney's face flushed at his tone, but he gave no other indication he had heard.

"Where were you last night?" the newspaper owner asked disagreeably, after a pause broken only by the steady clumping of Mallinski's feet.

Delaney's flush grew darker, but he spoke smoothly:

"None of your business. That's one answer. The other is that I was in the fire house from 7:30 to 10:30. From 10:30 to 11:15 I rode with the lieutenant, inspecting patrols. From 11:15 to 2:15 I sat beside Trooper Laidlaw on telephone duty. From then on till 6:45 I was asleep."

"Just when did Wass say this robbery occurred?" Lambert asked.

"About midnight," Waldo Throop replied reluctantly. "The city-hall clock had just struck when they came in."

"They?" Delaney echoed. "How many?"

"Two, according to Patchek."

"And one was dressed in trooper uniform?" the sergeant queried sharply.

"He doesn't know," Waldo returned. "They threw a quilt over his head, tied and gagged him. Since, while fighting back he tore that button off someone, it's fair to presume it was a trooper, isn't it?"

"Where is this Patchek?" the sergeant asked.

"He was all in and went home," Peter volunteered. "McGinn has gone to get him."

"He's the reporter you beat up yesterday," Waldo explained acidly. Delaney

(Continued on Page 193)

What battery costs the least?

EXIDES WORK IN MINES

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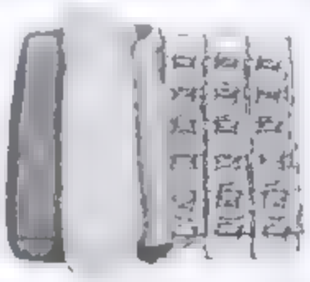

materials are of germ-cured fine tow, best grade of moss and clean, white, felted cotton. Cushions are filled with patented spring construction made of a multitude of fine steel coils, firmly and flexibly interlocked. They are heavily padded and will hold their shape indefinitely. It is easily possible to cut costs of upholstery fabric, but not possible to maintain quality by so doing. Mohairs, velours, damasks and tapestries can be

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(Continued from Page 188)

opened his mouth and then shut it again. "He and I," the newspaper owner continued, his lips twitching angrily, "are going to run you uniformed crooks out of town and out of the state—if we can."

"Now, Waldo," Peter soothed, "keep your shirt on."

"That's interesting," said Lieutenant Lambert. "How are you going to do it?"

He spoke as one might to an angry child Waldo's face turned the color of his hair; but before he could reply Peter interrupted again:

"Shut up, Waldo! Lieutenant, I'm not hot-headed, but there's going to be trouble here if you stay. No one but us and Wass and McGinn knows the money was in that safe, but we'll have to tell the strikers at the meeting tomorrow night. That button makes it look bad for you boys. If I was you I'd pull out of town in the interests of law and order. There'll be trouble if you stick."

"Thanks," Lambert drawled. "It's nice to have a show-down, isn't it? Now listen! If sixteen can't handle this thing, then we'll have a whole troop in here. And if seventy-eight men can't swing it, there are five other troops we can call in. And another thing, Throop: If you print any more lies about us in that sheet of yours, you'll be in jail for inciting to riot before the ink's dry. What do you think of that?"

"Omitting mention of the fund, I'll print facts," Waldo retorted; "and you can't stop me."

"We haven't been able to induce you to so far," Delaney commented with a hard smile. "It ought to be an interesting experiment for The People. Incidentally, how are you boys going to alibi yourselves out of this mess? Peter has the money. Peter doesn't put it in the bank, where it belongs. He locks it up in brother's safe and tells his Man Friday to stay with it all night. In the morning it's all gone. You better get McGinn to write you a nice explanation of that."

All this while Feodor Mallinski had paced the floor with the ponderous abstraction of a caged bear. As Delaney finished he halted, stamped suddenly and struck his hands together as he lifted his head.

"Yes!" he cried. "How, Peter? How, Waldo? Twenty thousand dollars I urged you to bank, and you would not because it would make bad feeling, you said. You think this talk of a button fools me, eh? You think because I cannot speak English so good as you that I'm stoopid? We shall see! Mebby I cannot talk English, but I can pull the hearts out of my pipple."

A deep ground swell of oratory crept into his heavy voice.

"Suppose," bellowed Feodor Mallinski, "I tell that a note for ten thousand dollars I signed for you is due next month, Peter?"

The eyes of the others were on the impassioned figure, standing erect in the glare of wintry light from the broad window; but Delaney, watching Peter Throop, saw him wince and then resume his tolerant smile.

"What's this about a note?" Waldo snapped.

"Nothing." His brother shrugged his shoulders. "Money I borrowed. Money I'm gonna pay back when the time comes round. Next, the old fool will be saying I blew the safe myself."

"Mebbe not you," Mallinski thundered dramatically; "mebbe your brudda dere."

Waldo leaped from his seat, eyes sparkling, his face white beneath its shock of flaming hair.

"Why, you ——" he began and, before anyone could intervene, took a quick step forward and slapped the man across the mouth.

With a roar Mallinski lurched forward, grappled with him and then bore him to the floor with a mighty crash. Delaney crooked an arm about the man's throat and tore him away, but Waldo Throop made no attempt to rise. He lay as he had fallen, his eyes staring unwinkingly at the cracked ceiling. Lambert slipped a hand under his head and drew it away, his fingers wet and scarlet.

"I thought so," he said. "He hit the desk corner as he fell. Get some water," he ordered sharply to Peter, who stood dazed and irresolute.

"There's better than water in the drawer," Peter stammered, and returned in a minute with a bottle. As he passed Mallinski the man lunged forward, half breaking Delaney's hold, and struck at him.

"Take that crazy man out of here," the lieutenant snapped; "turn him over to someone and have him jailed. I'm telephoning the hospital. Throop's badly hurt."

When the sergeant returned to the office the crew of the ambulance was lifting the inert body of Waldo Throop on a stretcher. As they bore it away Peter started to follow, hesitated and resumed his chair.

"I want to be here when you question Wass," he explained. "I want to see if he tells the same story now he did before."

Feet sounded on the stairs and Patchek clumped into the room, eyes uneasy until he marked Peter, who nodded. Then his nervousness left him and he bestowed on the other a bland oxlike stare. McGinn, a cross of adhesive plaster on one cheek bone and a limping right leg not completely dissipating his swagger, followed on Patchek's heels.

"'Morning gentlemen," he remarked. "You couldn't have a nicer day for a robbery. Here's the watchdog of the treasury."

He looked hard at Delaney through a pair of gold-rimmed nose glasses with a wide black cord attached, and still holding his eyes, spoke to Lambert.

"Lieutenant, I suppose you've discovered that that job was done by an expert. That's as artistically blown a safe as I've seen in my sinful career."

Something clicked in Delaney's mind.

"There was a man ——" he began excitedly, and his eyes crossed McGinn's again. The little man shook his head almost imperceptibly and lowered his lids. The sergeant gulped and was silent.

"What's become of Mallinski?" McGinn asked. "And where is ye editor?"

The cynical arch of his eyebrows heightened a little while Peter informed him. While Throop talked McGinn marked the liquor bottle with the alertness of a pointing dog. He reached over and set it on his desk beside the typewriter.

"Who's in charge of the sheet?" he asked mildly.

"You are," Peter informed him; "but listen, at no time are you to mention that someone has got away with the strike-relief fund until I tell you you can. See?"

"Sure," McGinn replied flippantly. "If I'm in charge I better start getting out a paper."

He sat down at his desk and played abstractedly with the keys of his typewriter for a moment.

"Come over here, Patchek," Lambert ordered from the corner by the safe. "I want to talk to you."

Delaney lingered beside McGinn, who fanned himself with his battered hat and looked past him out of the window.

"Play up," the little man muttered. "See me later and keep your mouth shut."

Delaney stretched, gave a brief nod and joined the lieutenant in the corner.

"All right, Patchek," Lambert said a half hour later. "You can go."

The man stared at Throop until he had nodded dismissal and then walked heavily from the room.

"Satisfied?" Peter asked the lieutenant.

"He sticks to his story," Lambert answered noncommittally, walking slowly toward the door. He paused beside McGinn's desk, where the little man, bending forward, hammered away at his typewriter.

"I warned Waldo Throop," the lieutenant said impersonally, "and I want to warn you against the printing of any more fakes. Understand?"

McGinn nodded without raising his head and continued writing.

"Bah!" Peter snorted. "Anyone would think this was an influential paper, the fuss you boys make over what it says."

"People believe what they see in print," Lambert said stiffly.

"They do, eh?" scoffed Throop. "Well, I don't."

McGinn banged impatiently on his desk with the base of the whisky bottle.

"If the class in journalism will get out of here," he snapped, "I'll try to get out this paper."

They could hear the typewriter clicking furiously as they went downstairs.

In the office of the captain of the fire engine company, a few hours later, Lieutenant Lambert walked to and fro, running agitated fingers through his sandy hair. Delaney, leaning against a window sill, watched him sympathetically.

"McGinn's got something, lieutenant," he said quietly. "Maybe after I've seen him we'll have a lead on this mess."

"McGinn," Lambert retorted, "is a little rat, a double-crossing faker, if you ask me."

"I'm a heap surer that Peter framed this, somehow," his subordinate returned.

"But what for?" Lambert exclaimed, agony of doubt and responsibility in his voice.

"Peter," Delaney said slowly, "has put a lot of money into various enterprises in this town. That's one reason he has the place by the neck. I think he's overstepped himself and this strike has kicked prosperity all to thunder. On top of that, we've come in and sat down hard on rioting that might have finished up the trouble quick. We've put him out on a limb and he's got a note coming due pretty soon. Well, this strike benefit was a godsend, if he could get his hands on it. He could split with the guys who helped him and still be on Easy Street. What could be sweeter?"

Lambert shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"You heard Patchek's story. It was smooth."

"Too darned smooth. Wass is Peter's man. If he had a little more sense he'd be dangerous to Throop. As it is, he's a Grade-A witness because he hasn't enough brains for anyone to confuse. Peter's sitting on the world. He's got the cash he wanted. He's got material to start the worst riot ever, and because of that button someone planted by the safe, he can charge the whole thing to us."

"And he's given us twenty-four hours to leave town," the lieutenant supplemented. "That's what it amounts to. If we don't clear out, there'll be a battle. And if we do, the strikers will take the plant apart. I can do two things—yell for reënforcements from barracks or else stand pat."

"Yes," Delaney agreed, watching him closely.

"I'm standing pat," Lambert concluded, meeting his eyes.

"Yes, sir," the sergeant answered gravely.

There was a moment's silence.

"Waldo's out of the picture," Delaney resumed. "He'll be in the hospital for weeks with that fractured skull. With the lieutenant's permission, I'm going to see McGinn."

The newspaper man looked owlishly over the top of a paper at Delaney as he entered, and fixed his glasses more firmly on a nose broadly smudged with printer's ink. Then he beamed.

"Boy," he commanded an entirely invisible assistant, "you may show General Pershing into the handsomely upholstered editorial sanctum. General, I'm delighted to see you. What wars have you today?"

Delaney stared suspiciously.

"Oh, you're quite right, my dear admiral—beg pardon, I mean general," McGinn informed him with an airy wave of his hand, "I'm drunk—amazingly, completely, ecstatically, absogoshdarnlutely drunk. If you came in the hope of confiscating Mr. Throop's bootleg liquor, you're too late. It's been confiscated already. I did his work and I drank his hooch; and 'God's in His heaven; all's right with the world.'"

He blinked moist eyes at Delaney and hiccuped.

"Pardon me," he exclaimed, "merely my tummy asking for more. Did it ever occur to you, dear general, what slaves we are to our stomachs? Who can stop their clamor for food or their yearnings for hooch? Who, I ask you, my friends."

"You said you have something to tell me," Delaney prompted coldly.

"Why, to be sure!" McGinn answered. "To be sure! Let me think."

He clapped a hand elaborately to his brow and stared into space with a vague smile.

"I'm drunk," he complained; "but, general, you would not muzzle with herbs the stalled ox that treads the corn. I got the little old paper out on time and to the victim belong the spoils. Peter says people don't believe what they read. He's an ass."

His eyes dropped as they met Delaney's and a trace of humility crept into his voice.

"No use glaring. I'm drunk. I concede it, and when I'm drunk I can't remember anything. As a matter of fact," he added slowly, "that's why I get drunk."

"You had something to tell me about Beeler Torrey," Delaney suggested.

"Never heard of him," McGinn returned firmly. "Never even heard of his family. Never heard of anyone but Eddie McGinn, the boy reporter. I don't even recall your name, general. Is not that sad? Oh, sad and pitiful!"

His head was pillowed on his arms as Delaney turned to leave. His voice was

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raised in loud and satisfying moans of elaborate grief.

At midnight, the sergeant, returning from a tour of inspection, spoke to Trooper Home, fighting off slumber beside the telephone.

"Any trouble?"

"Not a yelp all night," Home answered. "Everything quiet. First night that's happened since we came. Good sign."

"Bad sign," Delaney muttered to himself from the wisdom born of years of experience. "Peter's not bluffing then. He's sitting on the lid."

"Oh, say," Home called as the sergeant started upstairs, "a guy called you up an hour ago—McGinn. Said he wanted to speak to you."

"Let him," Delaney flung over his shoulder.

He opened his eyes, aware that someone was shaking him violently, and sat up to find Trooper Conway standing beside him.

"Gosh," his arouser muttered, "I'd begun to think you were dead! There's a little gink downstairs wants to see you."

Delaney rubbed the sleep mist from his eyes.

"Is he drunk?" he queried suspiciously.

"Well, not at present," Conway answered conscientiously. "He made me wake you up; said it was important."

McGinn's threadbare overcoat was turned up about his ears. The omnipresent cigarette wabbled up and down to the chattering of his teeth. All the exhilaration of a few hours before had drained away and his face was pinched and miserable, though his voice remained defiantly jaunty.

"Sorry to spoil your beauty sleep, sergeant."

"What is it?" Delaney snapped.

"Outside." McGinn nodded toward the door. "It's private."

The chill of the early winter morning set his teeth to clacking more violently. The entire street was an empty lamp-bordered vista, but he lowered his voice and looked at the sergeant with a mixture of shame and triumph.

"I've found Beeler," he muttered. "I know where he is."

"Yeh?" Delaney retorted skeptically.

"I had an idea yesterday," the other pursued, "before I drank that liquid thunderstorm. An hour ago, when I'd sobered up, I made sure."

He paused and peered quizzically at Delaney.

"Well?" the trooper prompted.

"He's hanging out with Wass Patchek in a little frame house on Fourth Street," McGinn said quietly.

"How do you know?" Delaney snapped.

"Oh, you cops!" the other mourned. "You have to have a thing proved to you before you'll prove it for yourself. Come along. I'll tell you while we hike."

Their footsteps rang loud through the icy darkness as they walked along.

"When I went to get Wass yesterday," McGinn pursued, "there was a cap hanging on a peg in the main room—it's just a two-room shack—that I was sure I recognized. Beeler had a black-and-white plaid lid the day I tried to nail him. I meant to tell you when I got a chance, and then—I forgot. When I'd sobered up a little I called you up, but I couldn't get you. So, a while back, I went scouting around there again.

"The joint is way down at the north end of the street, with no other houses near it. There was a light in the window, but the shades were down. There was an awful argument going on inside. I recognized the music, though I couldn't get the words. Someone was very peevish, that's a cinch. Finally it quieted down and a man came out. I plastered myself behind a telegraph pole and only got a glimpse of him, but I'm sure it was Peter. I was going to trail him, but I hung around instead; and by and by I saw Beeler's shadow on the shade."

"Probably Patchek," Delaney interjected skeptically.

"I know Torrey's face," the other returned with a long-suffering sigh. "Besides, he was smoking a cigarette. Wass doesn't smoke. His mind would dry up entirely if he did . . . Whew, you walk fast!"

They turned into the steep trench of Third Street. A dog yapped suspiciously as they passed, but no other sign of life came from the dark houses on either side of the way. At Delaney's suggestion they stepped from the sidewalk into the road, where the frozen earth muffled their footsteps somewhat, and floundered ahead over ruts and gullies. At length McGinn twitched his companion's sleeve and halted him.

"Right ahead," he whispered, pointing to a low-roofed cottage set back from the road behind a picket fence, its white paint glimmering in the darkness. They halted. McGinn blew softly on numbed fingers. As they crept forward again toward the silent lightless dwelling, a rooster crowed, far away, and low in the east the morning star hung bright. Dirt crumbled beneath their feet with the sound of an avalanche, and McGinn whispered profanely.

"Well?" he prompted, after a long minute's wait.

Delaney hesitated, eyes on the dark windows of the little house.

"Anyone else living there?" he muttered.

"Guess not," McGinn returned, his teeth rattling furiously.

"I'll go in and get him," the sergeant said, and lifted the latch of the gate.

Rusty hinges screeched as it swung open. Before he had taken a fourth cautious step toward the door, it was drawn ajar and Patchek's heavy voice demanded, "Who's dere?"

As Delaney hesitated an instant, he felt McGinn leave his side and edge behind him. Then he spoke loudly.

"Sergeant Delaney, State Troopers, Patchek. The house is surrounded. We've come after Torrey."

The door slammed heavily at his last word. He sprinted and flung his shoulder against the portal. It gave a little, while Patchek, inside, tried vainly to turn the key. From within, a voice called something and Patchek gasped, "Delaney—poleece!" Footsteps sounded hurriedly, culminating in a crash of overturned furniture.

Delaney's feet, slipping on the smooth boards of the stoop, came to rest against one of its pillars. He braced them against this and pushed more heavily. A panel crushed inward beneath his shoulder and Patchek yelped in alarm and let go. The sergeant pitched head first into the dark hallway. As he sprawled someone leaped across him, darkened the twilight of the doorway an instant and was gone.

McGinn uttered an anguished squawk. There was a curse, the sound of running feet; and then, out of the surrounding blackness came the blundering rush of Patchek's charge.

Delaney, on hands and knees, flung himself to one side and the kick aimed at him whistled past his head. He threw himself at his assailant's other leg and pulled the big man down.

In the darkness Patchek thrashed and floundered about like a great stranded fish, clutched at Delaney's throat and missed; and then all at once grew rigid and still as a revolver muzzle pressed against his neck. For an instant there was no sound but the noise of heavy breathing. Then Delaney called McGinn's name, and after a moment's hesitation a quavering voice replied.

"Come on," the sergeant invited grimly; "the war's over."

"Shut the door," he directed as McGinn obeyed, "and strike a light."

The reporter stood in the radiance of the kerosene lamp on the kitchen table and blinked at the trooper and his captive.

"That's Patchek," he stammered.

"So I perceive," the sergeant acknowledged. "His friend went out. Why didn't you stop him?"

McGinn's hands shook as he lit a cigarette. He managed an unconvincing grin.

"I was scared most to death," he said with weak defiance; "and anyway, I'm only a war correspondent. You're the army."

Patchek sat in the chair to which Delaney had dragged him and glowered at the trooper, who stood, gun in hand, while McGinn searched the kitchen and the bedroom across the hall.

"We didn't get our friend out of bed," the little man reported. "He was lying on top of the blankets and he left in haste. I think he took his drills with him. Anyhow, he had something under his arm when he passed me; but he left a roll of bills and a knife on the bureau. That is, I guess it's his, for it's got a T on the handle. Those may be his clothes drying on the line there. That's all I can find except this cap he dropped in the hall."

"Can you swear it was Torrey who came out of the house?" Delaney demanded.

"All I can swear," McGinn responded sadly, "is that someone eleven feet tall came bustling out at a hundred miles an hour and nearly ran over me."

"Patchek," the sergeant asked, thrusting his revolver back into the holster, "why were you hiding Torrey here? You'll save yourself a lot of trouble, Patchek, by coming clean."

Throop's henchman glared up from beneath the eyebrows narrowly separated from his close-cropped hair. His face was blank; his lower lip hung slack.

"I live here," he recited, "with Jan Tuski, my boarder. I don't know w'at you mean."

For fifteen minutes Delaney questioned him, at first calmly and then with mounting desperation, while the tin alarm clock on the mantel chattered and the growing dawn turned the drawn shades translucent. McGinn smoked cigarette after cigarette, and wearying of the monotonous exchange of query and response, prowled about the room, peering in corners and behind furniture with a birdlike inquisitiveness.

"All right," Delaney threatened at last, "tomorrow, after you've been jailed a while, maybe you'll talk."

Emotion wrinkled Patchek's narrow forehead for the first time.

"Tomorrow," he growled, "we run you out of our town."

"Who says so?" the sergeant asked quickly, but the man only answered with his monotonous, "I don't know."

The window shades were changing from silver to gold; and Patchek, slouched in his chair, cocked an eye at McGinn and Delaney, who muttered together in a corner.

"We're in a jam!" Delaney repeated scornfully. "I'm in a jam. I arrest this guy, and ten to one they'll discharge him for lack of evidence. I let him go and he'll blow the works to Peter Throop. Either way, I get in hot water for busting in here without a search warrant."

"Why not go to Throop and tell him we've pinched Beeler and Wass and that they've confessed," McGinn suggested.

"And he'll laugh," the sergeant retorted. "Beeler will have got to him already and told him all he knows."

"Beeler's probably running yet," the newspaper man objected.

"With a kit of drills under his arm, no hat and no money! He is not. He's gone straight to Peter, who'll hide him somewhere and then sit tight for our next move. Then he'll trip us up."

For an instant self-possession deserted him and he moaned as he twisted his felt hat between his hands.

"If we'd only nailed Torrey! We'd have Throop by the neck. We'd have choked off this trouble. All I've done is stir up the mess."

McGinn stared at the hunched figure of Patchek with an abstracted expression.

"Throop won't dare say a thing till Patchek gets to him. If he opens his yap before that, he'll have to admit that he knows Torrey. Beeler and Wass were having a terrible squabble just before Throop left here a few hours ago."

"What's that got to do with ——" Delaney began, but McGinn glared at him.

"Wait a minute," he snapped, and turning to stare at Patchek again with narrowed, estimating eyes.

Patchek, uncomprehending, saw the little man start suddenly, grip the trooper's arm and whisper excitedly in his ear. Twice Delaney shook his head and began an objection, but each time the other overwhelmed him. At last the sergeant nodded.

"It may work," he conceded, the ghost of a smile puckering his eye corners.

"It's gotta," McGinn retorted. "Let's go."

He opened Torrey's jackknife, cut down the line stretched across the other end of the room and stripped the drying clothes from it. After testing it with sundry jerkings, he advanced toward Patchek.

Sergeant Daniel Delaney, spruce and freshly shaven, stepped into the office of the engine company's captain, clicked his heels and saluted.

"Lieutenant!" he exclaimed briskly; and then, turning to his commanding officer's companion, nodded. "'Morning, Throop," he said with a genial grin.

Peter Throop stared at him with a baffled expression and cleared his throat.

"'Morning," he managed to say at last, and then relapsed into silence, his eyes flickering from lieutenant to sergeant and back again, while Lambert waited, puzzled. When the labor secretary did not resume his interrupted discourse the lieutenant spoke.

"You say," he said crisply, "that things will be peaceful if we pull out before that robbery becomes known. Hillman, manager of the works, called me up not a half hour ago and warned me there would be trouble tonight and asked for more troopers."

Throop came out of his sudden abstraction with obvious difficulty.

"If I were you," he said slowly, "I'd clear out before I tell the mass meeting in Kosciuszko Hall this evening that someone took the strike fund and left a trooper button as a swap. You boys won't be popular after that."

"And if we go you'll be able to take the spring plant to pieces, won't you?" Lambert replied. "We're staying. I urge you to keep your men quiet."

Throop seemed not to have heard him. He was staring at Delaney again. Finally he spoke with an elaborate assumption of unconcern.

"Didn't I see you out on Fourth Street early this morning, sergeant?" he asked.

"Me?" Delaney responded. "Gosh, no! I got the first full night's sleep I've had since I came here."

Throop opened his mouth, closed it again, stared hard at Delaney, and then picked up his hat and left with a grunt of farewell.

"What's the matter with him?" Lambert asked, staring.

"If the lieutenant pleases," Delaney suggested, "I think it would be better for me to play this out without his knowing anything about it. Then if it doesn't come out right I'll be the goat and no one else. Incidentally, I've reason for believing that Torrey, the yegg, is still in town. I've instructed all patrols to watch for him, but not to admit it to anyone."

"How long does this melodrama run?" Lambert asked stiffly.

"It finishes," Delaney returned, "or I finish, just a half hour or so after The People comes out this afternoon."

At two o'clock Sergeant Delaney stood beside the fire-house telephone, waiting. At two minutes after two the bell whirred. He waved the man on duty aside and took down the receiver.

"You'll get a squawk a little later," McGinn's voice promised. "He's been looking for our friend and is worried to death. Came in a few minutes ago and said he'd been kidnaped. Tries to be indignant and is really scared. I fixed up the house after you left."

"What do you mean?" the sergeant queried.

"Oh, turned the table over," the other chuckled, "and busted the light and rumpled the carpet and so forth. It looked a mess and it didn't make him happy. He's hooked, I think."

(Continued on Page 198)

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A mammoth plant was built to fabricate this fibre into a strong, durable building lumber which contains millions of sealed air cells—the most efficient form of insulation known to science. It was called Celotex Insulating Lumber. Three years ago it was put upon the market—the first *insulating lumber* the world had ever seen.

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The story three years has told

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More than 13,000 refrigerator cars have been insulated with it. Churches, schools and great auditoriums have employed it for acoustical correction.

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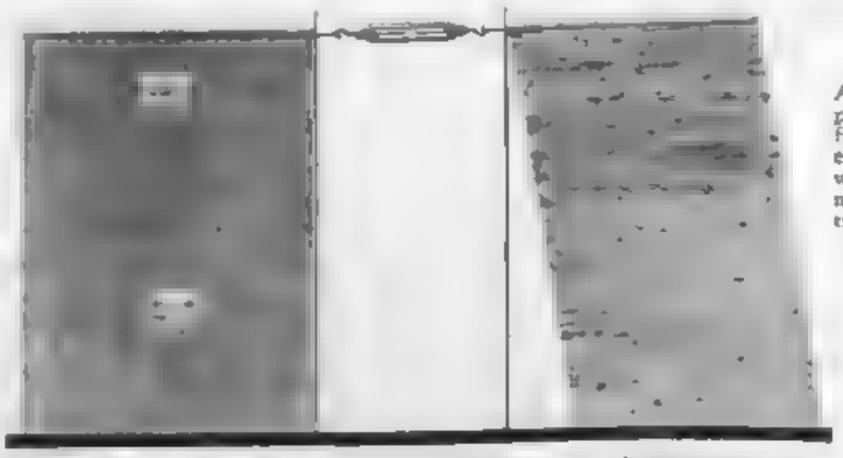

At a pressure equivalent to wind or tornado pressure frame sheathed with Celotex Insulating Lumber was only slightly out of plumb

At 3/5 of this pressure, frame sheathed with wood was racked more than 11 times as much as Celotex

These pictures illustrate the results of a test made by the engineering laboratories of Robert W. Hunt & Company to determine the relative strength of Celotex and wood as sheathing. It was demonstrated that a wall sheathed with Celotex is several times as rigid as a wall ordinarily sheathed with lumber

How CELOTEX *Insulating Lumber is used*

You use Celotex on the outside walls of your house and under the roofing in place of the wood lumber known as sheathing. Test after test by unquestioned authorities has proved that a wall sheathed with Celotex is many times stronger and more rigid than one as ordinarily sheathed with lumber.

This use of Celotex gives you heat-insulation without extra cost.

You use Celotex in place of lath, as a plaster base. Plaster bonds with Celotex and produces a wall several times as strong as one made with plaster and lath. And one less likely to crack.

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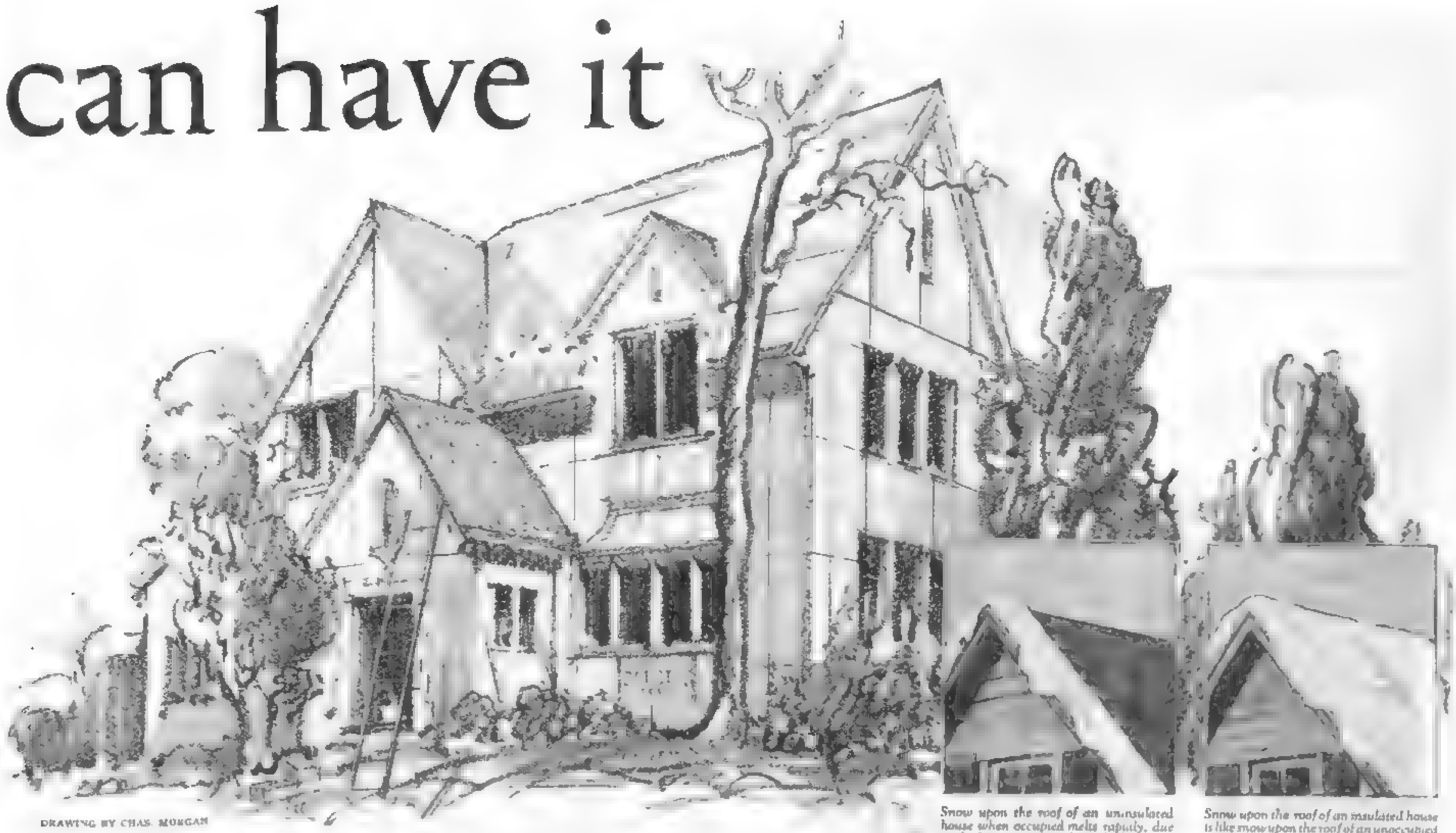

DRAWING BY CHAS. MORGAN

An artistic residence in Indianapolis, Ind. Frank B. Hunter, Architect. J. W. Darnell, Contractor. Celotex used as sheathing, replacing lumber

Snow upon the roof of an uninsulated house when occupied melts rapidly, due to the heat escaping through the materials with which the roof is built

Snow upon the roof of an insulated house is like snow upon the roof of an unoccupied house. It stays much longer, because there is no escaping heat underneath to melt it

FACTS *about* CELOTEX

Celotex comes in stock sizes: Thickness, approximately 7/16 of an inch; width, 4 feet; lengths, 8 to 12 feet.

The weight of Celotex is about 60 pounds to the hundred square feet, making it easy to handle and economical to apply.

Celotex is sawed like ordinary lumber and is nailed directly to all framing.

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Other Celotex uses

Celotex has many uses other than in dwelling houses. Mail the coupon for full information on any of the following:

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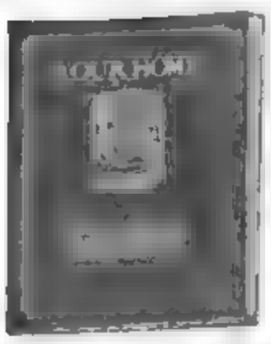

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(Continued from Page 194)

At three o'clock Sergeant Delaney tested his revolver, loaded it and, outwardly serene, walked briskly to the office of the local. He knocked on the outer door and, receiving no answer, traversed the empty office and pounded on the inner portal. Peter Throop jumped when he saw him.

"What," demanded the sergeant, entering unbidden, "is this new yarn about Patchek being kidnaped?"

"Oh, it's new to you, is it?" Throop sneered and watched the trooper's face for any reaction. Delaney stared woodenly.

"Lieutenant Lambert gave me your complaint ten minutes ago. How do you know he was kidnaped? When did you see him last?"

"When he left here at seven last night——" Throop began, and then checked himself with a frown of exasperation. Delaney's eyes, fixed upon the notebook in which he was writing, remained steady. "I went to his house on Fourth Street an hour and a half ago," Peter resumed. "The place was all upside down. There'd been a struggle. I couldn't find him. It's darned queer that the chief witness of this robbery should vanish, sergeant. I've told McGinn about it and he's gone down to look around and then write the story. You boys have grabbed more than you can handle if you've ——"

"What were you doing on Fourth Street early this morning?" the sergeant asked, lifting his eyes from the notebook.

"I wasn't there," Throop answered quickly. "Who said I was?"

Triumph on his full-jowled face faded to blank confusion at Delaney's reply.

"You said you thought you saw me there. I wasn't, but I supposed you were."

Throop coughed violently.

"I was walking along Paderewski Street and thought I saw you down Fourth," he explained finally.

"H'm," Delaney muttered, bending over his notebook again. "When did you visit Patchek's place?"

"At noon."

"Late in reporting, aren't you?" grumbled the sergeant. "Where does this man live? . . . All right, I'll take a run down there."

He closed the notebook with a slap and, after a nod to the baffled Throop, closed the door to the inner office behind him. He strode heavily across to the outer door, slammed it, then tiptoed to a closet in the corner and shut himself in.

For a minute no sound came to him in the musty darkness. Account books and stacks of paper on the shelves behind him prodded him as he shifted his position cautiously until he could stand upright and comparatively comfortable. He grinned to himself as a chair creaked in the inner office and he heard Throop begin to pace the floor.

The nervous beat of the footsteps went on endlessly. Light filtered through the keyhole and illuminated a patch of his sheepskin jacket. He watched this grow in brightness under his adjusting eyes, while minutes dragged by. Then the door of the outer office opened and the footsteps were checked.

After a pause Throop called, "Who's there?" and a boy's voice responded, "Here's your People, mister."

Delaney held his breath until the blood drummed in his ears. He heard Throop cross the outer office and growl "All right," and the door click shut as the boy departed. Paper crackled faintly. Then there was a stricken sound, half gasp, half grunt, and a long pause.

All at once Throop stirred, hesitated, with a scuffling of feet, and then almost ran back into the inner office. Delaney heard him hammer twice with a single, twice with a double beat on the stovepipe. A thrill of excitement prickled the sergeant's skin as he heard feet stir cautiously on the floor above. After a pause the stairs creaked faintly and the outer door clicked again.

"Keep away from the window," Throop ordered. "Stand over there. I want to read you something."

The paper crackled. Throop began:

"'Wadyslav Patchek, assistant to Peter Throop, secretary of the Ramapo local of the Amalgamated Steel Spring Workers, was foully murdered last night or this morning by a person or persons unknown. The body was found by a reporter for The People. The only clews thus far obtained are a checked golf cap, discovered near the body, and the knife with which Patchek was slain.

"'The body lay in a hollow in the field behind Patchek's residence at 359 Fourth Street. It had evidently been dragged there from the house, where signs of a terrific struggle were plentiful. A knife marked with the initial T upon the handle was buried deep between Patchek's shoulders. The murder evidently was due to a quarrel, for there was no evidence of robbery in the house or on his person.'"

There was a sudden stir in the office and a gasp from Throop's visitor.

"I won't read the rest," the secretary said with an oily smoothness in his voice. "Don't move or I'll drill you. Now talk quick."

The other gagged and coughed before he could reply.

"It was that bull who raided us last night—Delaney, or whatever his name was. I don't know anything about it."

"Where's your cap?"

"I don't know," the other whined. "Think I stopped to make me toilet when that flatty come bustin' in on us? You ought to be grateful I run like I did."

"Where's your knife?" Throop persisted mercilessly.

"I know what dis is," the dry frightened voice announced. "It's a frame-up, eh? Tryin' to scare me out of my whack of what we got out of that newspaper can, eh? Well, I don't scare, see?"

"You started squabbling over the divvy again after I left, didn't you," Throop bullied, "and you knifed Wass and then came runnin' here with that bunk about a raid? And I swallowed the whole thing until this paper came. Well, you'll do no more running to anyone, Beeler, because I'm go-ing ——"

Delaney, pushing open the closet door, saw Throop's broad back a yard in front of him. Peter did not finish his sentence, for something pressed against his spine and a voice spoke in his ear:

"—— because he's going back to Dannemora and you're probably going right along with him."

A long arm reached around from behind and snatched the stubby automatic from the secretary's fist.

"And now that I've got two of them," Daniel Delaney proclaimed cheerfully, "I'd advise you both to move only when I say so. I'm an ambidextrous shooter."

His eyelids were still puckered in the sudden glare of daylight and his face was red and glistening with sweat.

"It was real hot in that closet," he complained with an exultant lilt in his voice. "You, Torrey, back up against the wall. I saved your life just now, but you're probably not grateful. Throop, you march on forward and stand beside him."

He nodded almost genially to the lank yeggman and the solid Throop as, pale and stupefied, they obeyed, and then put a whistle to his lips. At its sound two troopers who had been lounging idly across the street sprinted for the building. A little man who had waited below, littering the pavement with half-smoked cigarettes, ran upstairs with them.

"So," Delaney concluded five minutes later, "we'll march these guys over and arraign 'em right away. Tarleton, you chase out to 359 Fourth Street and go up in the attic. Behind a box and a trunk you'll see something that looks like a roll of blankets.

"Unwrap them and you'll find Mr. Patchek. Cut him loose from the clothes line we wound around him, and ungag him if you don't mind strong language. Bring him along to court too. Mr. Patchek is supposed to be murdered at present, but he won't sound that way when you husk him."

McGinn went plunging downstairs ahead of the rest of the group.

"Why the rush?" Delaney called.

"I got to get out the paper," the newspaper man explained, pausing.

"It is out," the sergeant insisted.

McGinn grinned and shrugged.

"Shucks, no! I'm holding edition time over an hour. I'm going to lift out the obituary of Mr. Patchek and put the story of the three jolly safe blowers in its place. I only printed twenty of the things Peter got."

He tugged his hat to its familiar jaunty angle.

"I ran off twenty," he explained, "so there'd be one for each of you boys as a souvenir and one for me. That makes seventeen. The three others I'm going to give to Mr. Throop here so he can lecture his cellmates on the mistake of believing what the papers print."

Important news for home-seekers!

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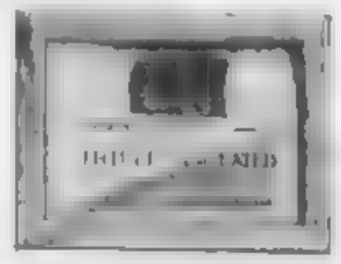

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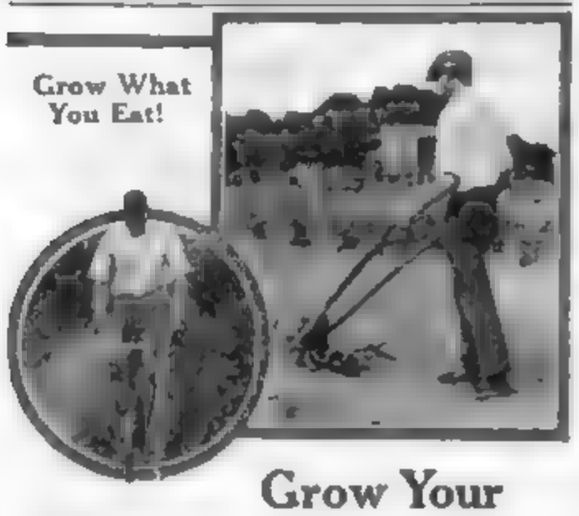

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THREE FAMOUS THEATER WOMEN AND THEIR SACRIFICE FOR ART

(Continued from Page 18

would be destructive of her mental poise and consequently of her art.

I remember one occasion on tour when the newspapers were filled with the details of a fearful accident. Mrs. Fiske seldom reads the papers—and never concerns herself with what the critics have to say about her plays. Just before the performance she heard some of the members of the company talking about the wreck, and called me to her dressing room and asked the facts. I began by saying it was frightful.

Instantly Mrs. Fiske raised her nervous, birdlike hands in protest. "No! No! Don't tell me! I don't want to hear it. Later, dear child; later!"

It was impossible for her to listen to the story, because she knew it was necessary for her to guard against any emotional disturbance that might upset her performance. In the same way she has always guarded against hearing any company gossip or quarrels. There is no star more democratic with her company members than Mrs. Fiske. She has the same gay nod for her most insignificant understudy that she gives to her leading man. She never fails to say good evening to her stage hands. Company and crew always adore her. And yet between herself and the members of her cast Mrs. Fiske keeps a definite barrier. She never permits herself the amusement—dubious perhaps—of her company members' companionship, because it is wasteful in the matter of emotional energy, and every ounce of her vitality must be poured into the matchless mold of her art! Indeed, the impulse of friendship toward Mrs. Fiske is always thwarted by her relentless routine of living. There is no place for friendship in her life.

On the road Mrs. Fiske is always alone. She is a magnificent sport about the rigors of traveling, and prefers the shelter offered in the most desolate one-night stand to New York's best hotels. Her days on tour are spent in the same fashion as they are in New York—work, rest, exercise. Yet Mrs. Fiske seems less lonely on the road, particularly in the smaller towns. She adores going back to the places she has loved. I remember one shabby old hotel where she told me she used to slide down the banisters when she was a little girl traveling around the country in her father's—Tom Davey's—companies. I feel sure that going back to the little old towns and theaters is one of the real thrills that life still holds for Mrs. Fiske.

One of the energy-saving methods that Mrs. Fiske employs is that of eliminating shopping altogether. Year in and year out Mrs. Fiske wears her characteristic costume of a long blue coat, one, two or three heavy blue veils and generally a white face veil. If the weather is cold she wears a blue sweater under the blue coat. Since I have known Mrs. Fiske her street costume has never varied. When one sweater wears out she orders another of the same pattern, color and material. When her coat wears out a duplicate is ordered. She never wastes time in looking around in the shops. Her very lovely gowns used in her stage productions are all provided by a costumer, the material and designs being submitted for her approval before the dresses are made up.

Mrs. Fiske's letters are a delight; even her briefest notes, setting an appointed meeting place, are gay precursors of the happy little meetings that always follow. Here is a characteristic one:

"*Dear little girl*, Glad to get your letter and I am so happy in the prospect of seeing you in Chicago.

"What we were discussing is a matter of the greatest importance to the theatre of the country. Will you come to my dressing room after the Monday night performance?

"Much love ever,

"M. M. F."

The chirography is like a Whistler etching. It is a nervous, vivacious, darting hand. So perfectly does her handwriting suggest the gleam, the sparkle and the brilliance of her personality, that behind it one always feels the brittle electric voice of Minnie Maddern.

Traveling ahead of Mrs. Fiske on the road, the old theater managers always speak of her as Minnie Maddern. She is still little Minnie to them—the magnetic slip of a child who won their hearts fifty years ago. One dear old manager at the Grand Opera House in Cincinnati—who died three years ago—used to tell me stories by the hour of how he saw Mrs. Fiske with Booth, Barrett, McCullough—then a winsome bit of a girl who reached stardom at the age of fourteen.

During the Mis' Nellie of N'Orleans season Mrs. Fiske had some photographs taken that very closely resembled her when she was in her teens; and more than one old manager and newspaper veteran would take the picture from me and gaze for a long time without speaking. There was always emotion in the voice that finally spoke—"Just as she used to look as Minnie Maddern!" And then the long story would begin. It was generally about seeing her in Caprice, or Fogg's Ferry, or Ten Nights in a Barroom, or reminiscences of the other starring vehicles of Mrs. Fiske's very early career.

When Mrs. Fiske writes one of her charmingly etched letters setting a meeting place, she is such an overprompt person that she is usually there before the appointed time, sitting erect, humming a tune or tapping her foot brightly. She never seems to be annoyed if her callers are a minute or so late, but immediately offers her vivid greeting with its swift note of joy which brings the instant conviction that she is really very glad to see you. She never stages an entrance or purposely arrives late for the sake of making an effect. And she never forgets an engagement of any kind.

She has a picturesque way of remembering her dates. The mirror and walls of her dressing room are invariably covered with notes stuck up with very large pins. Often they are pinned to the curtains, to the window sills, to every available space in the room. The more prominent the location the better for Mrs. Fiske. The most important engagements are scribbled on large pieces of paper and pinned in the center of the wall where they can't possibly escape her attention, and as the engagements are filled the papers are pulled down and thrown away and new ones stuck up on the walls. Recently Mrs. Fiske's maid hung a large piece of black velvet in the dressing room, so memoranda would stand out more prominently. But Mrs. Fiske's appointments soon became so numerous that they overspread the black velvet and, as before, traveled all over the walls of her dressing room. Not only are her appointments pinned up in this way but there are notes about her play as well. If she wants to tell a certain actor of a flaw in his costume or of a new way of reading his lines or of a definite pace she wants him to keep, it is jotted down between scenes and attached to the wall until the performance is over and she can take care of it.

It was during the tour of Mis' Nellie of N'Orleans that Mrs. Fiske's indulgent kindness made an indelible impression upon me. In spite of my experience as press agent for the play in New York, I had never been initiated into the mysteries of advance work and I was quaking with nervousness when I got on the train and started for Atlantic City—the first town in which the play was booked for the fall tour.

Everything I had to do, from scaling the house to hauling in the show, was a confused jumble in my head. In addition to the weight of these problems, the responsibility for all money expenditures rested upon my shoulders. I had to O. K. all bills for the exploitation of the attraction, and I knew that a speedy dismissal was the usual result of any lack of sound judgment in the matter of spending company money for advertising the play. The fact that I survived the ordeal is complete proof of Mrs. Fiske's kindness. Those first three days of advance work are still a nightmare. I have no very clear recollection of what I did—except that I rushed away in such frantic haste when the work was over that I left one of my nicest blouses hanging on a peg in the Atlantic City hotel where I stopped. If there were any errors in the arrangements I made for the company's arrival they were entirely ignored, at least as far as any reprimand was concerned. Mrs. Fiske never commented upon my advance work.

In her attitude toward press stories Mrs. Fiske is unique. Instead of wanting the newspaper filled with stories about herself, she never seems to care whether her own picture or a flashlight of the play is in the paper; and she concerns herself even less over press stories about herself, provided her play receives its fair share of attention in the news columns. All copy written about Mrs. Fiske must be dignified and conservative. She never does stunts or appears in public places for the sake of getting her name in print. She has a genuine interest in humane work, but outside of this she never takes part in the charity campaigns where other stars reap front-page publicity. Work that is in good taste is all that Mrs. Fiske requires of her press agent, with none of the pyrotechnics; nor must any of the extravagant adjectives be used in advertising her play. "Mrs. Fiske in a comedy" is sufficient. All descriptive hyperboles are blue-penciled.

A viewpoint of Mrs. Fiske's art, differing from the dramatic critics', is that of seeing her performance every night in the week. To the portrayal of her characters Mrs. Fiske always brings the magic of re-creation. This is not a special ornamentation held in reserve for opening nights or gala performances, but it is a continuous process that she gives every night and every matinée. Mrs. Fiske never repeats lines like an automaton. She never imitates herself. But she always attacks her part as if she were creating it for the very first time. I have watched Mrs. Fiske play the same rôle more than two hundred times, and on the two-hundredth occasion she has built a more vibrant creation than on her very first performance. Re-creating a part is something the average actor is incapable of. It was exceedingly tiresome to watch Mrs. Fiske's supporting company two hundred times, because so many of them had fallen into mechanical habits and were imitating their own performances of the opening night without bringing any sense of fresh creation to their rôles. But Mrs. Fiske is never mechanical. There are nights, to be sure, when she fairly effervesces, carrying you away with the live magic of her art. But even on the nights when she is not at this high point of scintillation there is always the definite feeling of the artist vivifying her creation for the very first time. I know of nothing that would give me greater joy in the theater than watching Mrs. Fiske play one of the rôles I have seen hundreds of times before

At Big Moose Lake, in the Adirondacks, where Mrs. Fiske has her summer home, she seems even lonelier than in the city. Here she is still subject to her daily routine of exercise, work and rest. The business of her vacation is to get thoroughly rested so she will be ready to begin rehearsals the moment she returns to the hot city. She is an early riser in the country, and after breakfast takes a walk alone and studies lines. She eats no lunch, remains by herself and rests for two or three hours during the afternoon. At dinner she is electrically radiant when she meets her guests—generally for the first time that day—but after dinner she retires early, to read and perhaps write a little before going to sleep.

It seems to me that one of the most heartbreaking aspects of loneliness is homelessness. It may be that Mrs. Fiske's constant activity in finding homes for homeless dumb animals in some way expresses her subconscious longing for a home of her own. But I shall never forget how important a home seemed to be after the disastrous tour in Paddy—later called The Last Card, and known in New York as The Dice of the Gods. On account of inefficient office management in New York I had been forced to jump ahead and wildcat a route, doing the advance work at the same time. The tour had been incredibly exhausting, and it seemed such a grievous thing, as we were returning to New York, tired and disheartened, that Mrs. Fiske, alone of all the members of the company, was going back—not to a home, but to a hotel room.

On another equally exhausting tour of one-night stands Mrs. Fiske's unuttered call of loneliness was answered by a nearly tragic coincidence. This was in Danville, Pennsylvania, where a three-months-old baby, deserted by his parents, was found in a dark closet in the small-town hotel with

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Give your home a castle's strength

Let these facts and figures guide you

In early days, great lords built castles with moats and drawbridges and battlements as defense against enemies who came to destroy. Today, the enemies are time, wind, rain, fire and wear. Every man's home is his castle, and upon its strength depends a large measure of his happiness and contentment.

Here is a principle which will put a castle's strength into whatever you build. Seek permanent satisfaction. Determine to secure (1) Dependable materials and (2) Competent workmanship. The Lehigh Portland Cement Company suggests definite measures you can take to ensure the satisfaction you seek.

Every home builder and purchaser hopes for low depreciation and light up-keep expenses. Many get just the opposite—they are constantly putting money into repairs, and their

[OVER]

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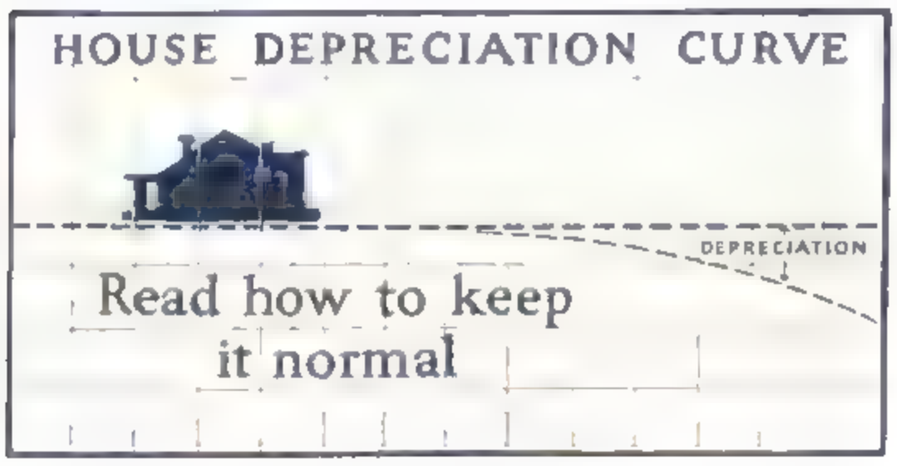

homes give them no real pride or satisfaction. There is no satisfaction if you are forced to spend large sums in up-keep and to take depreciation at a high rate.

And satisfaction is short-lived if you find defects and unsatisfactory results which necessitate expenditures of $25, $50, up to $250 in making changes. These expenses can be avoided by putting into your home two qualities, which builders of great structures insist on, and which you can secure: (1) dependable materials and (2) competent workmanship.

How builders of big buildings avoid repair expense

This is the entrance to a modern castle, a palatial new apartment in Brookline, Mass. It is one of the largest apartment buildings in the world, and is constructed to net a handsome revenue, with assured low maintenance charges. Lehigh Cement played an important part in its construction. Only small areas in the building will ever cause painting expense. There is nothing to rot, wear out or need replacement.

Instead of showing wear, these great concrete structures actually grow stronger year after year, as engineers will tell you. It is a clearly recognized engineering principle that good concrete grows stronger with age. Many great dams, bridges and viaducts built years ago will last for all time, practically repair-free. Today, they are carrying loads amounting to thousands of tons daily, but their *full* strength will not be reached for many years. You, too, can have this strength in whatever you build by insisting on (1) dependable materials and (2) competent workmanship. You will find Lehigh Cement dependable. Its strength is used in great building projects and in thousands of the simplest forms of construction.

Protecting your investment in business properties

Every skillful real estate investor knows that profits depend on (1) Moderate construction cost, (2) Low up-keep, (3) High returns. Concrete masonry construction will help you get moderate first cost and low up-keep. Your own good judgment will tell you how to secure higher returns.

Concrete masonry units can be secured everywhere. They are made in many attractive designs, used just as they are, or covered with stucco for which they are an ideal base. They are quickly laid up, are fire-safe, and the hollow spaces form fine insulation against heat and cold. Well-made concrete units of Lehigh Cement are repair-free and permanent.

How to get Permanent Satisfaction, whatever you build

[1] Get Dependable Materials

Reputation for dependability has made Lehigh Cement the largest-selling cement in the world. Last year, contractors, engineers, architects and owners used over 68 million sacks.

In buying building materials remember this point:

The dealer who insists on carrying Lehigh for you, often does so in the face of constant pressure to offer you the "just as good" brand. Is it not reasonable to expect such a dealer to protect your interests in other ways also by handling a line of thoroughly dependable materials? Let the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign guide you to a reliable dealer.

[2] Get Competent Workmanship

Even with the best materials you can get poor results unless you secure competent workmanship.

A good contractor will save you money through skillful building economies. He will put quality both where it can be seen at the start and also where it will be noticed for its low repair expenses in the years to come.

A point to remember in choosing a contractor:

The contractor who insists on dependable materials is likely to hire competent help and to put skill and dependability into all that he does.

Make Concrete of LEHIGH CEMENT for Permanent Satisfaction

Alleys—*to clean up eye-sores*
Barns—*for low up-keep*
Benches and sun dials—*for beauty*
Cellar floor—*to keep dry, clean*
Cisterns—*to keep water pure and soft*
Clothespole posts—*to prevent rot*
Coal pockets and storage elevators—*for low up-keep and insurance*
Cold-frames and hot beds—*for early plants*
Drains *for permanent improvement*
Driveways *for appearance and low up-keep*
Factory *for quick, safe construction*
Farm buildings and improvements—*(ask for our special farm book)*
Fence posts and rails—*to save money*
Floors—*for economy*
Footings—*to save old buildings*
Foundations—*for permanence*
Fountains—*for attractive appearance*
Garages *-for greater fire safety*
Garage floors—*for highest utility*
Gate posts—*to avoid repairs*
Gutters *–for better drainage*
Highways—*for permanent, low up-keep*
Homes *(ask for our special home book)*
Lamp and sign posts—*for beauty and utility*
Office buildings *–for slow depreciation*
Pavilions and bandstands—*for permanence*
Pergolas—*for ornamentation*
Porches and porch posts—*for economy*
Poultry houses—*for permanent, sanitary floors*
Roof (tile)—*for beauty and low up-keep*
Sand boxes and wading pools—*for clean, permanent playgrounds*
Schools—*to protect children's lives*
Septic tanks—*to prevent sickness*
Sidewalks—*to keep houses clean*
Stairs and steps *for permanence*
Stucco—*for beauty and low up-keep*
Swimming pools *for clean swimming*
Tennis courts—*for accuracy, dryness*
Urns and flower boxes—*for decoration*
Walls—*for permanent protection*
Warehouses—*to prevent fire loss*
Water tanks—*to protect water supplies*
Well covers, linings and platforms—*for permanence and sanitation*

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

ALLENTOWN, PA. BIRMINGHAM, ALA. CHICAGO, ILL. SPOKANE, WASH.
New York Buffalo Kansas City New Castle, Pa. Boston Philadelphia
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Look for this blue-and-white Lehigh Sign, known from coast to coast, the mark of the reliable dealer. He sells permanent satisfaction.

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FREE booklets!

If you want information on any of the above, check the subject in which you are interested, sign your name and address, and mail to us or to your Lehigh dealer. You will receive, free of cost, our bulletins and booklets containing complete details.

Name.

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LEHIGH • THE NATIONAL CEMENT • 16 MILLS FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from Page 200)

adhesive tape plastered over his little mouth to stifle his cries. Although the demands of Mrs. Fiske's stage work had starved her impulses of friendship and play, the most fundamental of all—that of motherhood—broke in at last over the rigid boundaries set by her career, and she became the legal mother of the baby boy, naming him Danville Fiske.

Mrs. Fiske has provided thoughtfully and intelligently for the upbringing of little Danville, but the baby boy can see his new mother only once a week for fleeting glimpses in her dressing room when his nurse brings him into New York. There is no time for Mrs. Fiske to play with her child or bathe him or dress him or be entertained by his baby talk. Furthermore, the mother point of view is one of the sacrifices she has made for her creative work. Indeed, Mrs. Fiske, who holds a glorious place in the American theater, is a lonely woman. She cannot mother her adopted baby.

The Restless Woman

MARGARET ANGLIN has long been associated with hard work in the theater. During my association with her I compiled a list of her productions between the years 1910 and 1919, and found that she had presented more than thirty different plays in these ten years, ranging from the finest classics to mere potboilers. Probably no star in the American theater has a record of work covering the same period of time that can compare with it. Usually a star averages one play a year. If this play is not a success the artist finds another vehicle with which to finish out the season. But if the first play makes the expected hit in New York, the star then journeys out on the road for a season or two; so there is often a lapse of three seasons or more before a new play is produced.

But Margaret Anglin has contented herself with no such easy jogtrot in the theater. Before one production is over she plunges restlessly into another one. Her seasons include three or four productions, and sometimes five. She always works under terrific pressure, piling unnecessary burdens upon her shoulders, when she is in the greatest need of free time to finish the job in hand.

This was the case when I was with her during the popular run of The Woman of Bronze at the Frazee Theater in New York City. From the beginning of the engagement she had been talking about Emile Moreau's The Trial of Joan of Arc, and planning to produce it at special matinées. There also came intermittent discussion of producing the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides at the Manhattan Opera House.

Suddenly, with one astounding crash, her restlessness seemed to have burst its bonds, and before I could credit it Miss Anglin was up to her neck in rehearsals for both plays, with every night and two matinées a week taken up by her Woman of Bronze.

When Margaret Anglin produces a play she does not merely appear in the leading rôle, working under the supervision of a director, but she personally directs and produces everything in which she plays. This means a tripling, even a quadrupling of the work that is undertaken by the average star. She directs the entire performance, rehearses the electrical effects, selects her props, costumes, furniture and draperies, supervises the scene painters, orchestra, crew, and personally provides the capital for all her stage productions.

Arriving at the theater one morning, after Miss Anglin had been rehearsing electrical effects all night for The Trial of Joan of Arc, I found her in one of her rare, quiet moods brought on by the inertia of fatigue. For more than a week she had been up with all-night rehearsals. Directly after her performance in The Woman of Bronze—at 11:30 P.M., to be exact—she began to direct a rehearsal which lasted until three or four in the morning. On this particular morning she had rehearsed until five o'clock; then, to be ready for the impending production, had worked with the lighting until eight. When I found her, at 8:30, sipping black coffee, she was gray with tiredness. Her hair was pushed back from her forehead in wild disarray; her face sagged with fatigue, but her eyes were alive and shining.

Miss Anglin is a large, robust woman, with a fine forehead, Grecian nose, beautiful mouth—in spite of her prominent upper teeth—extraordinary, wide-apart, gray-green eyes, and a golden voice. In her voice and eyes lies the secret of her magnetic charm. She has a power of hypnosis over her audience far more potent than that of a beautiful woman, principally because she does not rely on any physical beauty to hold her spectators, but draws entirely on radiation of personality.

Margaret Anglin is a spellbinding actress. Although some thought her too large physically to play the idealized Joan of Arc, when she once made her entrance and uttered the first words the illusion of Jeanne was complete. She was the inspired peasant girl who heard her voices, the living incarnation of the Maid of Orleans. Far above anything I can name, Margaret Anglin's Joan of Arc is the most spiritually exciting performance I have ever seen in the theater.

The particular morning I found her sipping black coffee, after eight nights of exhausting work, she began to talk about Mark Twain and his Joan of Arc. She told me how he had come back to her dressing room one night when she was playing in Daly's Theater, and they had discussed the girl martyr. "He shook his leonine head," Miss Anglin said, "and told me that he truly believed she had heard the voice of God. Her humility in following the call, only to be burned at the stake as a result of her victory, was to him the most stirring incident in history."

Miss Anglin was very much pleased because she had Emile Moreau's version of The Trial of Joan of Arc, since Moreau had worked with the advantage of absolute fidelity from the actual transcript of the records taken at the farcical trial of the Maid, five hundred years ago. And the Joan he created from the court records, as portrayed by Miss Anglin, was pure spirit, from her appearance before the judges as a timorous, shrinking girl, until she rose to the heights of tragic power, pleading, denouncing, admiring, scorning, smiling, weeping, and finally offering herself without protest to be burned to death by her prosecutors.

Every so often Margaret Anglin suffers the inevitable result of her restlessness, which comes in the form of a complete breakdown from overwork. This was the case during the second week of The Trial of Joan of Arc at the Shubert Theater. For two days she suffered from a heavy cold and was scarcely able to give a performance. Finally she was forced to give up entirely and prematurely close the play.

The following year when The Woman of Bronze went on the road, Miss Anglin wound up the season in the same way. During the tour she seemed to find a satisfying exhaust valve for her restlessness in planning tours weeks and months ahead. At the height of her engagement at the Princess Theater, Chicago, when her play was doing an enormous business, I recall that she had four distinct routes in prospect, each one planned as carefully as if it were to materialize in a day or two; and every morning when I stopped in to see her, before going to the theater, she would get out a calendar and map out dates, arranging her towns week by week, although the New York booking office had sent her a route which she was contracted to fulfill!

As a director Miss Anglin has contributed an inestimable service to the American stage. She was a pioneer in modernizing the Greek classics, and she was the first artist to present Wilde's plays in America.

She has made any number of individual actors. Indeed, a season in one of Miss Anglin's companies is more valuable to a would-be actor than any course in dramatic technic offered by a dramatic school—no matter how renowned the institution nor how expensive the course may be. Most any novice gifted with the slightest ability for stage work can develop in a single season under Miss Anglin's supervision into a full-fledged professional.

Margaret Anglin's standards in stage work are of the highest, and she quickly resents anything slovenly or slipshod in the work of her supporting company. As an instance of this, I shall never forget the way she put a little ingénue through the stiffest of paces. Miss X was an extra girl with practically no experience when she joined Miss Anglin's company. But after one rehearsal the star sensed the youngster's ability and gave her one of the most prominent rôles in the play. Later she awarded her with a title rôle in one of her Greek plays; but the girl paid her price for the part in a grilling series of rehearsals.

I happened into the theater one morning when the process of grilling had reached a point of combustion. As usual Miss X and several other actors were on the stage, Miss Anglin standing out in the orchestra pit, watching the rehearsal. Suddenly Miss X was stopped in the middle of a speech and the star asked her impatiently why she never did what she was told to do! Poor Miss X was embarrassed by the public reprimand, but took it stoically enough and started to play her scene once more. Again as she reached the halfway point Miss Anglin stopped her and cried out vehemently, "Good heavens, you have a body! Why don't you use it?" But the youngster, instead of relaxing to directions, tightened her muscles and, with her voice trembling with chagrin and fear, made another desperate effort, only to meet with more tragic failure than before.

This time Miss Anglin suddenly dismissed the rehearsal. Later she said to me, "I couldn't stand it any longer! My temper is terrific. I should be violent if I let myself go, and suffer for hours afterward."

At a later rehearsal, when Miss X showed no great improvement and finally broke down under the grilling and sobbed aloud, Miss Anglin was merciless both to the little girl and to herself, and paid the penalty with such a violent headache that she was scarcely able to give a performance. The training, however, that Miss X acquired has been the making of her on the stage, and since leaving Miss Anglin she has played leading rôles in several Broadway productions.

Margaret Anglin has amazing fecundity of ideas, although she never actually writes a play herself. She likes to work in collaboration with an author and supply ideas while the writer puts them into shape.

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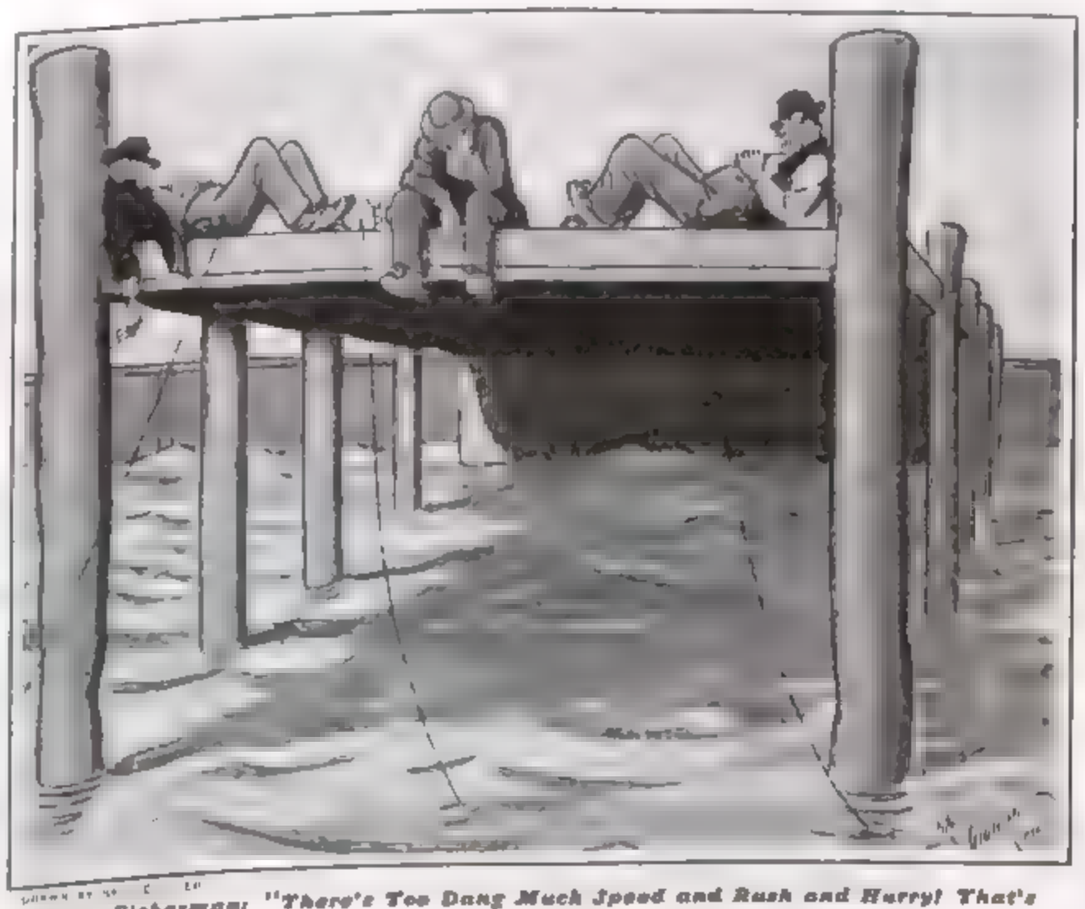


First Fisherman: "There's Too Dang Much Speed and Rush and Hurry! That's What's Drivin' This Country to th' Dogs!"

"Check Advertising on Every Postage Stamp"

by A Former Office Boy.

"TWENTY years ago I sat at the office boy's desk putting up mail. Every letter every statement contained an enclosure suggesting purchases. No envelopes went out 'half-empty'. The old Scotchman had one ironclad rule, viz.: 'Check advertising on every postage stamp'. I always obeyed it.

"And how those enclosures pulled! You could tell by the incoming orders what the outgoing blotters were featuring.

"Today that company is one of the largest of its kind a national advertiser. But that rule of invariably taking advantage of the unused margin of postage was the acorn from which grew this oak of success.

"Should you receive a letter or bill from them today, you'll find a blotter traveling along with it. For twenty years or more they have avoided 'half-empty' envelopes as an extravagant expense.

"The old man's rule about 'half-empty' envelopes has stuck to me like a barnacle. Years afterward I applied it to turn an unprofitable enterprise into a profitable one. It is one of the most valuable business lessons I ever learned."

Consult your printer, lithographer or advertising organization on how to avoid the waste of "half-empty" envelopes. Let them help you with a definite program of blotter advertising that gives more mental impressions from each printing impression.

STANDARD PAPER MFG. CO.
Richmond, Va.

Use enclosure advertising printed on
ink-thirsty
Standard Blottings
(TRADE-MARK
"More Mental Impressions from each printing impression"

Keep your trucks on the road and your drivers out of court!

CRASH! Three tons of truck and another three or four tons of load—with forty or fifty horse-power behind it! Maybe a bad smash-up, maybe not. But probably another of those entirely unnecessary street accidents! Ten to one, "faulty brakes" were to blame!

The first essential of a good brake is a good brake lining made by a reliable company whose name and reputation is a guarantee of the uniform excellence of its product.

Look for this sign for the best brake lining service

The Thermoid-lined brake is a *safe* brake. Why? Because Thermoid is hydraulic-compressed. All the "give" is taken out of it in the making. It needs no "breaking in." From the day it is installed, until it is worn to paper thinness, it is ready to grip and *hold* at a touch on the brake. Thermoid is "gripping surface" all the way through.

Thermoid's first cost is no greater than the price of an ordinary lining. Its operating cost is far less. Thermoid contains 40 per cent. more material. It lasts longer. It wears slowly, necessitating less frequent adjustments.

In the interests of safety and economy equip your fleet with Thermoid—

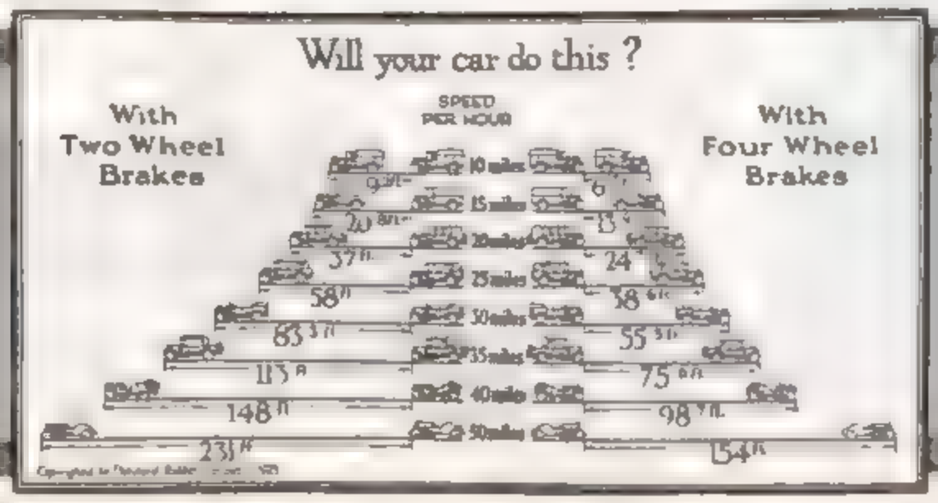
"For Short Stops and Long Service"

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY, Factories and Main Offices, TRENTON, N. J.

Makers of Rexoid Transmission Lining, Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints and Mechanical Rubber Goods

Thermoid Brake Lining Service

The chart below shows the distances in which your car should stop—if your brakes are right.



Thermoid
Hydraulic Compressed
Brake Lining

(Continued from Page 203)

Of the collaborators who have worked with Miss Anglin, Paul Kester has been the most successful. "Miss Anglin is helpless," Paul Kester told me, "with unshaped material. But when a plot has been put together she can twist it around, changing the sequence of scenes, until she brings out the most exhilarating and unsuspected dramatic values. She always knows how things get over from the front of the house; and her ideas have a toughness, resiliency and sureness that invariably make for good theater. The secret of working with Miss Anglin is to keep an open active brain. As soon as I brought myself to the point of relinquishing all of my pet situations and cherished lines, we got along swimmingly together!"

Among the finest artistic achievements that have resulted from Miss Anglin's restless energy are the Greek classics which she staged both in Berkeley, California, and in New York. The first production was The Antigone, in 1910; the second was a series of the Electra, Medea and Iphigenia, during the exposition year in 1915. Here, as usual, Miss Anglin inaugurated her system of day and night rehearsals to get the plays in shape for production. The magnitude of her job at that time was appalling, and included everything from directing, staging, selecting a chorus, arranging and rearranging business, choosing costumes, supervising electricians, actors, musicians and stage hands, to the last detail relating to the play. Right up until the time of the performance Miss Anglin worked, hardly giving herself time to put on her make-up and get into her costume. Before the performance began, every ticket was sold, more than ten thousand people packing themselves into the seats and aisles of the open-air theater.

A bewildering feature of the Greek productions, due to the time unity which allows no act endings, is the postponement of applause until the end of the play, making it impossible to gauge the receptivity of the audience. At the end of the Electra, Miss Anglin said she had a moment of sickening apprehension at the deathlike stillness that followed the close of the play. There was not a single sound from that huge mass of people! Then suddenly the applause began like a rushing wind and broke into cheers and yells, bravos and hurrahs! Crowds rushed from the amphitheater up onto the open stage and mobbed Miss Anglin with congratulations! One old man took off his class pin and insisted upon fastening it to her costume. After the excitement had abated she discovered he had not only pinned it through the folds of her gown but through a fair-size lump of her bleeding flesh!

Another instance of her Spartan endurance occurred a few years later, when she gave the Iphigenia at the Manhattan Opera House. Here she had arranged to make her entrance in a chariot drawn by white horses; but unfortunately the horses had not rehearsed with the symphony orchestra and were only familiar with good old circus tunes! So it happened that when Miss Anglin's entrance cue drew near she mounted her chariot offstage and was about to drive in, heralded by the blare of trumpets. But at the first note the trumpeter sounded the white steeds leaped into the air, throwing her sharply out of the chariot and hurling her down with terrific force on a dangerous steel trap. But without concerning herself with her possible injuries Miss Anglin jumped to her feet, made her entrance a fraction of a second late, and heroically went through the entire performance without the slightest indication that she was in great pain. When she left the stage the doctor who immediately attended her said a rib had been broken. Next morning the critics' reviews were fervent in their enthusiasm, but not one suspected that Miss Anglin had given her marvelous performance under such exigent circumstances.

For gorgeous moments I think Miss Anglin achieves the most dazzling heights of any human being I have ever known. At social functions she is always the center of attention, no matter how brilliant or distinguished the company may be. When she sweeps into a room—generally a few minutes late—there is a splendor and viviciousness about her that is absolutely irresistible. I remember a canny newspaperwoman on the road who came at my behest to interview my star one day. She was a shrewd, intelligent, local-room product, utterly lacking in illusions of any kind. For ten years she had interviewed every celebrity who came to her Middle Western city.

She met me in the lobby of the hotel where Miss Anglin was stopping, and together we went to the sitting room of the artist's suite and waited. Miss R vouchsafed one or two cynical remarks about stars in general, hopelessly discouraging to my press-agent instincts, and I immediately sensed an unsympathetic story. Still I advanced no arguments in favor of my star, and we waited a few minutes longer. Then all at once Miss Anglin entered the room in her most superlative sweep-you-up-in-her-arms mood! Her warmth and humanness were simply overwhelming; and I watched with delight as the hardened interviewer capitulated to the Anglin charm, shedding her cynicism immediately; beginning to sparkle in faint reflection of Miss Anglin's radiant mood; and gradually blossoming into witty brilliance as her mind rose to meet the star's scintillating magnificence.

After the interview was over she cornered me in the downstairs lobby. "Is Miss Anglin always like that?" she insisted. I nodded a reply and she went on with contagious enthusiasm. "I declare, I'll never be the same again! Why, Miss Anglin simply walked away with a piece of me!"

Occasionally I lunch with Miss Anglin. Each time I see her she always talks of plans for new productions. Sometimes she looks very tired and I know that she needs a rest.

But so ceaselessly does she drive on and on in her work that I truly believe she has no comprehension of relaxation. It is as if the secret of quietness was constantly evading her.

She has a charming country home near New York, and she has often spoken regretfully of the fact that she has no children. Yet it may be that she too has lost the average woman's point of view and given so much of herself to her art that nothing is left for other relationships.

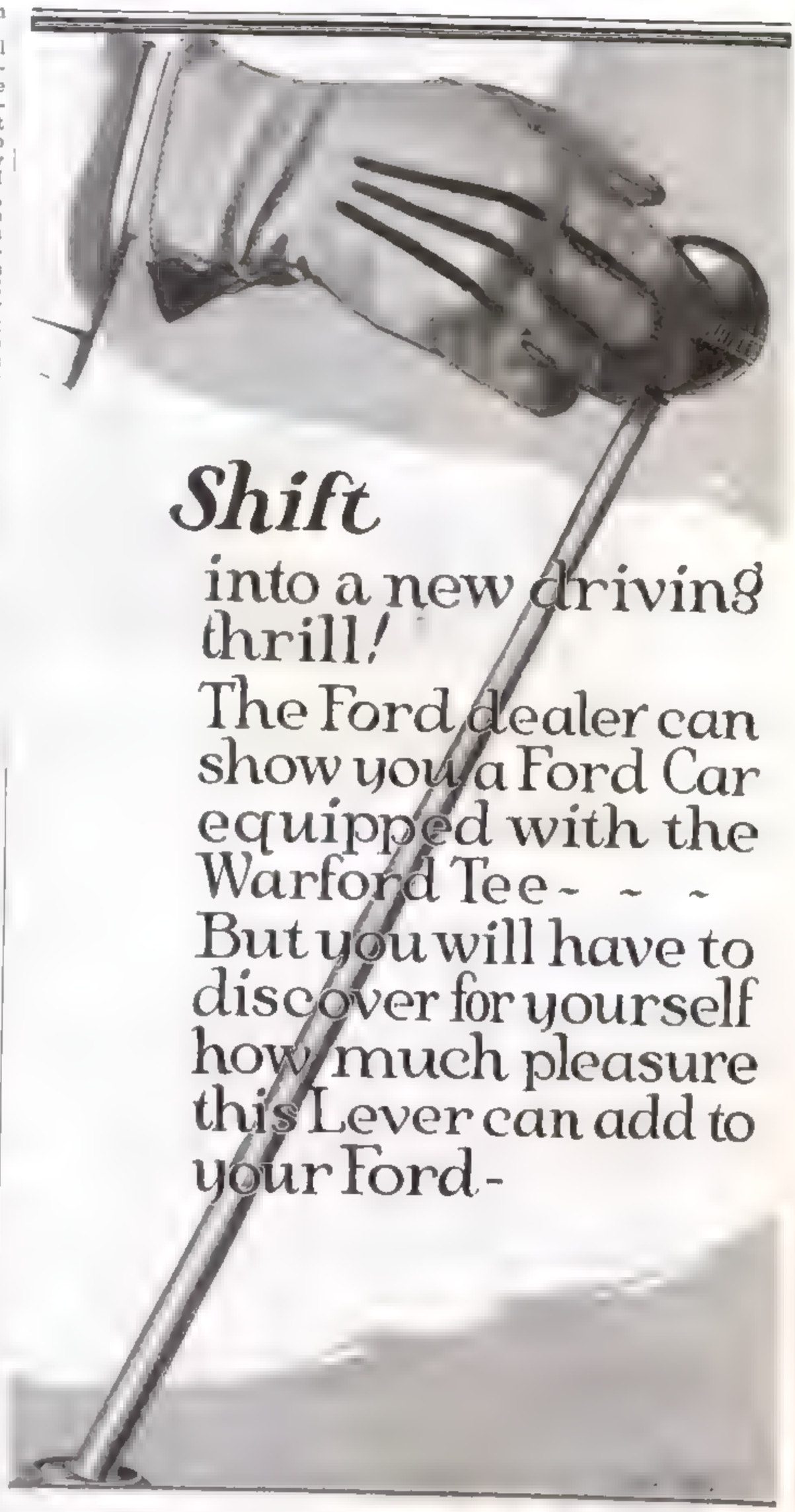
The Sad Woman

THE tragedy of Eleonora Duse's life was revealed in Il Fuoco. But any bitterness toward the statesman-poet that may have remained in her heart had apparently been obliterated before her last American tour, when she insisted upon including Gabriele d'Annunzio's The Dead City in her repertory. "It is for the sake of the art of the theater we both have served," she said when she made the decision to play La Citta Morta. Personal hurts were put aside. Art had sublimated her poignant grief.

The purpose of the signora's last trip to America was really designed to make money enough to bring comfort to the remaining years of her life. She dreaded travel. She was old and tired and wanted to remain in her beloved Italy. Two or three times before she actually came back here for her farewell tour, Mme. Duse made tentative arrangements to play in America, but each time her courage failed her and at the very last minute the contracts were canceled. When she finally arrived in New York the ovation given her at the Metropolitan Opera House upon the occasion of her first performance of The Lady from the Sea was testimony of her supremacy as an artist. The house was packed to the doors, people standing six and seven rows deep in the back of the theater. Ten dollars, plus one dollar tax, was the box-office price for orchestra seats that night; and ticket scalpers sold them all the way from twenty to one hundred dollars.

When Ellida Wangel at last made her entrance the house rocked with applause. But it was not the Ellida described by Ibsen. Instead, a white-haired old woman in a flowing bluish-green gown, frail as a leaf, glided onto the stage, with liquid gestures that flowed one into another. Every movement she made was like music. Each step was an exquisite cadence and her hands moved with beautiful rhythm. Her audience, startled at first by the lack of conventional make-up on her haggard, wrinkled face, were imperceptibly swept into ecstasies of admiration. Her age was forgotten in the eloquence of her matchless artistry!

But in seeing Mme. Duse off the stage, her age shocked me. She was less than halfway along in her sixties, but the years had so pitilessly marked her that never for a single instant could I dismiss her pathetic anility from my mind. She was huddled in a black shawl the first time I saw her, with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wisps of white hair visible under a nondescript hat. She seemed so small, so frail and crumpled under her shawl. The sallowness of her wrinkled face appalled me. Only by her deep-set burning black eyes and the powerful lines of her nose did I recognize this sad old woman as La Duse.

But her graciousness immediately won my heart. When she arrived in Chicago, where I served as her business manager, I was struck by her gratitude for the ordinary little service of providing a limousine for her to move from the railroad station to her hotel and for the wheel chair ready at the train steps to take her to the automobile. American theatrical stars always expect a cab to be ready for them at railroad stations; it is merely a manager's duty and merits no thanks. Yet Mme. Duse was profuse in her gratitude for this trifling service. She was pleased with the hotel suite the management had reserved for her, and was very appreciative of the arrangements made for her to go from the hotel to the Auditorium and back to her hotel again.

Duse spent all her time in her room, attended by her two maids and her English companion, Katherine Onslow. Upon her arrival, and even during her stay in Chicago, reporters constantly besieged me for interviews with the signora. But Duse never saw a reporter. It was impossible even to reach her suite by the hotel telephone, the management having been instructed that she should never at any time be disturbed. Nor was she listed on the hotel register under her own name, making it impossible for anyone to learn the number of her room. But if by any chance intruders knocked on her door her maids were on guard continuously to prevent any disturbance.

Mme. Duse's companion, Katherine Onslow, protected the signora's health in saving her against her own emotional exhaustion when she visited with members of her company. Miss Onslow was a charming Englishwoman with typical British reserve and cool-headedness. These qualities were a perfect balance wheel for Duse's Latin emotionalism, which, if given free rein, would exhaust her before she was aware of it. Being a woman of independent means, Miss Onslow gave her services to Mme. Duse voluntarily, simply because she loved, honored and worshiped the great Italian artist. At every performance the Englishwoman always sat out in the front of the house in a particular seat reserved for her, where she could make notes of any faults or errors in the play. Duse depended on her criticisms, and was fortunate in having a quick-witted mentor with keen observation and a sound sense of the theater.

Mme. Duse spent her days reading and resting. She never took any exercise and was very much afraid of fresh air. The windows of her suite were all tightly sealed and were never permitted to be opened. Of course, to anyone entering, the air in the rooms seemed very bad, but Duse was evidently accustomed to poor ventilation and seemed not to mind the stifling atmosphere.

She often suffered from asthma and kept oxygen tanks constantly by. They were always on hand, especially in the theater, in the event she might need them during a performance. But her four special matinées in Chicago came off without a mishap, although there were days when I was gravely concerned over their outcome.

Each time Mme. Duse bundled up in her shawls and started for the theater, she seemed so weak and ill that I wondered how she could ever summon energy enough to get through the afternoon. But once she stepped on the stage, she was no longer old, but a vital, revivified creature, utterly transfigured by the magnificence of her art! I never ceased to marvel at this metamorphosis, and it always struck me afresh when, after the triumph of the afternoon, the thunderous ovations, the bravos, the cheers, and the heaps of flowers and wreaths, I would go backstage and, instead of the sovereign beauty that had thrilled me in the auditorium a few moments before, I would find an exhausted old woman with a weary smile on her face. It seemed impossible that her tired little body had served as a medium for such thrilling beauty of motion and gesture or that her fumbling hands had been the instruments for the most exciting loveliness in the whole world of drama!

Duse's smile was very beautiful and it was infinitely sadder than her tears, for it seemed always to be bravely hiding old heartbreaks. She spoke always in Italian, and her voice off the stage had silver overtones as sweet as muted violins.

Two days before the matinée of La Porta Chiusa, Mme. Duse was feeling miserably ill. She thought at first of having a doctor, but finally an osteopath was called in, and after a few treatments she said she was feeling better than she had felt in years. She even thought of going out for a ride, but the weather was so bad that she decided against it, and spent the afternoon sitting quietly in a chair and looking out across Lake Michigan. While she was sitting there a knock came at the outer door. The vigilant maid, always on guard, stepped out into the hall, opened the door a tiny crack, and seeing a stranger at the threshold, abruptly announced that the signora was not to be disturbed. But the intruder replied in Italian, saying she had come to pay her deepest respects to Mme. Duse and that her name was Galli-Curci. The maid, remembering only her orders, shut the door and locked it in the prima donna's face.

A few minutes later Mme. Duse, dreaming in her chair, looked vaguely around and asked who had knocked. "Galli-Curci," the maid replied.

Duse rose to her feet. "And you did not let her in?" she asked in astonishment. The servant shook her head. The signora was overcome. Her countrywoman, Galli-Curci, had knocked at her door and it had been shut in her face. She must make amends immediately! And instantly she sent for her shawl and hat, and for the first time—excepting her previous trips to the theater—she left her room and went to the suite corresponding to her own on the floor below to call on Galli-Curci!

After her little visit with the prima donna Mme. Duse seemed much happier. She yielded to Galli's persuasion and a few nights later went to the opera to hear Galli sing; and so much did she enjoy the opera that she went a second and third time before leaving Chicago.

The long trip to the Coast frightened Mme. Duse. She wanted to see New Orleans again, but she hated the thought of crossing the Rocky Mountains and was sure it would be bad for her asthma and that she would never be able to endure the hardships of the long journey. But instead of terminating her tour in Chicago, as her contracts left her free to do, she determined to make the entire trip, chiefly because her profit from the tour would insure her against any long trips in the future.

One of the last cities at the close of her tour, some weeks later, was Pittsburgh. For some unfathomable reason she dreaded the engagement and wanted very much to get back to New York. She had acquaintances in New York and none in Pittsburgh. Besides, New York was the sailing point for Italy, and she was impatient to finish the journey and go back home to her beloved country once more. So she gathered all her strength for the last Pittsburgh matinée. But it was raining that day and in trying to find the stage door of the theater she got a sudden chill. That night she was very ill. The next day her condition became alarming, and on Sunday night, April twentieth, Eleonora Duse died, thousands of miles away from her country, her friends and her home. The Duse name is imperishable in the theater, yet the artist is gone, leaving only the tradition of her matchless beauty of speech and gesture, and the remembrance of a sad-eyed woman, who gave her all to her art.

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Women Don't Buy "Price"

They buy color, pattern, harmony—things to go with other things

IT'S a wise uncle who gives the bride a check. Glassware that doesn't go with the china, a piano that doesn't go with the furniture, rugs that don't go with the wall paper, a parasol that doesn't go with the hat—most women would rather have the money and do their own buying. Many an old-time merchant has scratched his head and said, "Women don't seem to understand *values* at all."

He missed the point that a woman does not value things on what they cost to make, but on how they will fit into her schemes. But there are some modern manufacturers who don't miss that point.

They tell women in printed books what their goods look like and how they will look and serve and seem with other things.

They use the photograph and the color picture for all they are worth—and rightly used they are worth a lot.

They have developed the advertising booklet to a point where it is more than just a commercial booklet. It is an authoritative treatise on its subject.

The article to be sold may be linoleum, but the subject is interior decoration. The article may be a door frame, but the subject is period architecture. The article may be silverware, but the subject is how to set a table. The article may be milk, but the subject is baby's health. The result is that these books are read and acted upon to an extent that is making economic history and is establishing the American woman as a more completely informed buyer, a better mother, and a happier housewife than any other woman in the world.

For merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

Some interesting information on how to co-operate with a good printer to secure better business literature may be secured from a number of books on this subject to be issued by S. D. Warren Company during the year 1925. One book just issued is "This Shows How Women Buy," and is a discussion of the use of color printing as an aid to selling.

You can obtain this book and others without cost, as issued, from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or by writing direct to us. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

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FIGHTING THE CHAIN STORES

(Continued from Page 13)

in 1910; as unthinkable as a world war in 1914 in which the United States would join.

These stores have duplicated the capital, the outlet, the buying advantages and the interchange of trade tips of the largest of the chain systems. If all eighteen stores bought virtually all their combined $200,000,000 volume through the central buying office, the saving, it is estimated, would amount to not less than 7 per cent, or $14,000,000. In theory these members now can buy on even terms with any chain combination, and retail with all the advantages of the department store. In practice it has not yet worked out so well.

The department-store buyer is tempted to view the central buying office in New York as a direct attack upon his job. When our livelihoods and our privileges are imperiled none of us gives three rousing cheers. Instructed to purchase as far as practicable through the central buying office, the buyers have not rioted as did the loom workers of Lancashire on the introduction of power machinery, but some of them have slipped sand into the bearings when the store owner's back was turned.

My fellow salesmen will recognize the buyer from an inland city who goes to market twice a year. The store pays all expenses, and presumably the buyer always makes the trip in the store's interest. Sometimes it is a pleasure excursion. He may have selected his next season's stock in advance from the sample lines of the traveling salesmen, at times making out the actual order. If the store management knew this there would be no buying trip, so the traveling salesmen retain only the carbon copies of the order. The originals are carried to New York by the buyer and released on his arrival.

His buying thus handily completed, he may devote his time to baseball, the theaters, the races, the beaches, to visiting Eastern relatives and friends, or as fancy dictates. Little of this diversion costs him anything, for he is able to and often does exact entertainment from salesmen. His week or ten days in the big city will be apportioned out among these salesmen. Tuesday, for example, may be my night. It is not difficult for such a night to cost the salesman a hundred dollars. This type of buyer is no timid country mouse. He is both an epicure and a gourmand when in New York, and he expects an eleven-course dinner and liquor at ten dollars a bottle.

A Delighted Buyer

This supposititious buyer is not a horrible example, neither is he representative of his trade. Most of them are, I rejoice to report, as conscientious, fair and interesting men and women as may be found in any business, and it has been my good fortune to know and deal with many such.

One of these pleasant memories is of a Western buyer. I never called on him without the feeling that I was talking with Nat Goodwin, whom he approached in wit and a sort of benign joviality; but as cordially as I was received, for a long time I sold him nothing.

I was in his department one day in the, by that time, pretty ragged hope of persuading him to look in at my sample room at the hotel, when as pretty a girl as a salesman may hope in his travels to see approached down the aisle, waving, dimpling and smiling at the girls behind the counters, who did their poor best to wave, dimple and smile in kind.

"Who," I asked the buyer, "is this radiant vision?"

"I'll introduce you," he said.

It was his daughter. My chagrin served me well. The buyer was so delighted at my stuttering discomfiture that he made an appointment to call at my sample room at 11:30 the next morning. I met him in the hotel lobby, we went in to lunch at his suggestion, and he paid the bill. I was full of business when we reached the sample room.

"Just a minute, my boy, just a minute." he interposed. "Before I look at any goods I'm going to have a nap." He dropped down on my bed, was asleep instantly, and did not rouse for an hour and a half. Then, much refreshed, he gave me his first order, and returned to the store. This became a fixed routine on all my subsequent visits. We lunched, he slept an hour or two, while I waited silently, and an order followed.

The buyer is not going to be shaken loose from these New York trips as long as his teeth hold out. Instead of giving ground, more and more of them in the less important lines have been demanding the annual European trips of their fellows in the large-volume departments, and getting them often with results more disastrous to the buyer than to the store. If they do not spend a commensurate amount abroad they cannot justify the trip to the store management, hence a constant incentive to overbuy, and a resultant lost job when they fail to move the merchandise they have imported. Exchange, customs duties and ocean freights are tricky things, too, to the novice, and he is apt to be caught with a quantity of goods that cost him laid down at his store the amount at which he expected to sell it at retail.

In a recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Mr. J. R. Sprague cited instances of how American buyers persistently refuse to use the superior facilities of commissionaires on the ground in Paris, one man going to the length of forging Paris labels on garments made in New York from models obtained by him in Paris, thereby hoping to justify his European junket and prove that he was a shrewder buyer than the Paris agent by whom he was about to be supplanted. The Associated Merchandising Corporation has had to combat similar buyer hostility and stratagem.

A Standardized Nation

The buyer will retort that cities and stores have varying personalities and peculiarities, and that no one can sit in a New York office and consistently choose merchandise that will catch the eye and purse of shoppers in New Orleans, St. Paul and Pittsburgh alike. To the experience of the chain stores he answers that there is little analogy between the five-and-ten and the department store. One deals in a relatively narrow line, largely necessities or articles of everyday use; the other in goods of every sort and price, many of them luxuries. There is enough truth in these objections to lend them plausibility. Cities do have their quirks of tastes and styles.

In one of the early efforts at group buying by a number of stores, a coast merchandise man arose. "We are going to sell $20,000 worth of silk shirts in our city this year," he said. "Right here we should be able to get together a $200,000 order. In that quantity we not only can command an attractive price but we should be able to control exclusive patterns and weaves, perhaps an entire mill output."

His face was a study when he discovered that the silk shirt was as dead as high five in the other cities. The other stores still had on hand unsalable quantities left over from shipbuilding and munitions-plant days. No group buying could help this man, but he did not need it. He should have been able to name his own price for silk shirts.

Such occasional trade freaks are interesting but not important. These United States are thoroughly standardized for most practical purposes. The flapper in Grand Junction, Colorado, and her sister in Hartford, Connecticut, dress, eat, talk, read and conduct themselves by a national pattern.

The answer to the other contention is that the buyers will not coöperate when they are given a free hand. The National Retail Dry Goods Association is a trade organization of several thousand retail stores over the country. It has its counterparts in the drug, grocery, jewelry, clothing, hardware and other trades. The Dry Goods Association launched in 1922 a national merchandise fair to be held annually for two summer weeks in the Grand Central Palace, New York. It was the hope of the association to create something like the great European fairs such as those of Munich and Leipsic. On the promise that the buyers of every member of the association would attend the fair and purchase, all the space in the palace was sold to manufacturers and jobbers the first year. Most of us were dubious, but we were urged that it was our duty to coöperate in this forward step. But the buyers, suspicious of any chance in a system satisfactory to them, nearly killed the fair in its first year. They looked in, under orders, shook hands all around, and ignored the displays.

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Salt Lake City—Ogden—Carson
San Francisco—Hawaii
Los Angeles—Hollywood—San Diego
Yosemite—Lake Tahoe—Big Trees
Zion National Park—Bryce Canyon
Cedar Breaks, Kaibab Forest
North Rim Grand Canyon
Mount Rainier National Park
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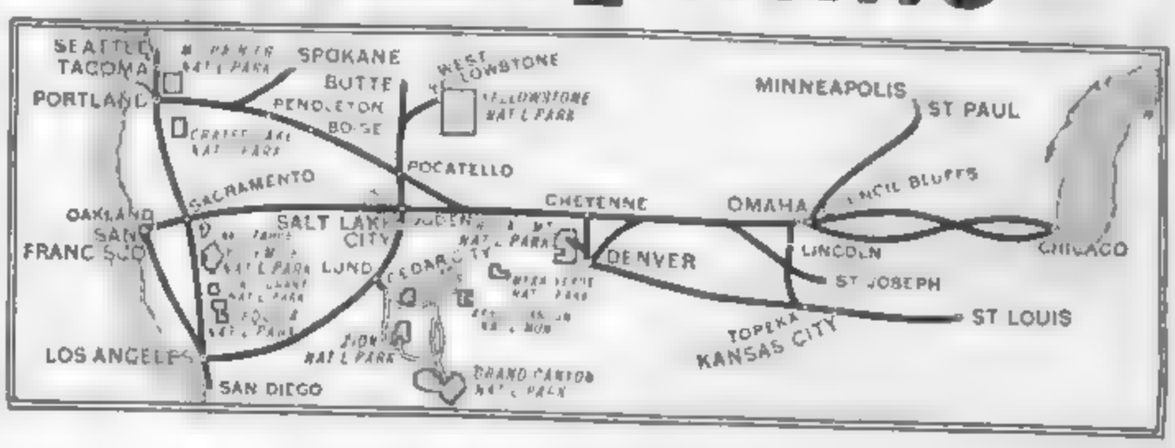

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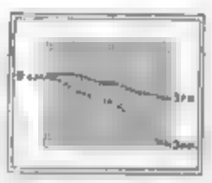

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Here is a *natural* means to sound, peaceful, restful sleep. It brings quick restoration to your tired body. It soothes your frayed nerves. And as you sleep you are gaining strength.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Your mind is in full swing. And you have the energy to carry you through the day and the evening's social activities.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Luxurious Sleep That Restores

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food-essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has *more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to *digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods* which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

There is quick restoration for your tired mind and body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Restful sleep comes. Morning finds you a new man. You are alive with energy.

Hospitals and Doctors Recommend It

Ovaltine is a delightful pure-food drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors know and recommend it not only as a restorative but also for malnutrition, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

Sound, restful sleep at night gives you energy that lasts all day

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities.

A 3-day Test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents in stamps.

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body

"Ovaltine was recommended to me by my physician. Both my husband and myself are strong. We enjoy it much before retiring. We both have the existence of better appetite and more ambition during the day." Letter from Mrs. W. C. Schaal, Fairmont, N. J.

"For your information I will say that the 3-day trial can proved to show that one can overcome sleepless nights. . . . I have better appetite, ability to concentrate more easily, elimination [illegible] and nerves rest, a better night's sleep, don't start with out the 3-day and another day goes." Letter from Mr. Ernest W. Greve, Houston, Texas

Send for 3-Day Test

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 1411
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Street

City State

(One package to a person.) Write plainly

I leave the rest of the story to be told by a man who is not to be suspected of prejudice. "We had hoped that the second fair would be a tremendous improvement over the first," says Lew Hahn, managing director of the association, in his annual report for 1923. "Unfortunately, however, certain unforeseen contingencies operated against the second fair. For example, we had reserved the main floor for silks, cottons, linens and woolens. As a whole, manufacturers and commission agents in these lines failed to take space despite repeated invitations. As a result a considerable portion of the main floor of the Grand Central Palace was vacant of exhibits. This undoubtedly cast something of a pall upon the second fair. . . . The fair, if properly developed—and it can be developed only with the coöperation of the buyers—may be made the most helpful agency that could be established for retail merchants and buyers, as well as manufacturers and wholesalers.

"Merchandise buying trips must always be limited. There are hundreds, in some lines thousands, of manufacturers in the market, and it is impossible for buyers to remain in the market long enough to see all the lines they should see in separate salesrooms. . . .

"Unfortunately buyers have been accustomed to shroud their buying operations with more or less mystery. After mature deliberation, we have decided to hold the third fair, provided we can have your help. We want the pledge that you or your buyers positively will attend the fair with open minds ready to buy if they see interesting merchandise at interesting prices."

The fair is not yet a success and may not reach its fourth birthday. It has, however, accomplished one splendid result. Within a month after the first exhibition each exhibitor received a questionnaire from the association asking how much coöperation it had received from buyers and what were the major trade abuses with which the exhibitor had to deal. The retailers also were asked for their grievances against manufacturer and jobber. The two sets of questionnaires were turned over to O. E. Klingaman, a merchandising expert of the University of Iowa, who prepared a digest and summary which promises to bring about a trades-relations bureau and minimize the irritations and malpractices which reduce efficiency and increase the cost of doing business on both sides.

Trade Abuses

One of the gravest of these evils is the return of goods without just cause. The shopper does it to the stores, and the stores do it to the jobbers and the manufacturers. A garment saleswoman I know was in Washington in June, 1924, when business was off, and called on a department-store buyer.

"My dear," the buyer greeted her, "I'm not buying a thing. *Au contraire*, I ordered the sales force this morning to search every garment in stock for blemishes in the hope of finding something we might return. I've simply got to cut my inventory down."

Few store owners would countenance such a practice, but they hold the buyer to results, and want no alibis. I have known a distracted buyer to damage goods deliberately to excuse their return.

Mr. R. Lincoln Filene, a Boston merchant, presided at a joint meeting of store and factory representatives some time ago. "I suppose you gentlemen are as much interested as we are in correcting these trade abuses," he said.

A manufacturer leaped to his feet. "Suppose, Mr. Filene? Suppose? We are vitally interested. I represent the garment trade of New York doing an annual business of a billion dollars. Let me cite one instance. A certain store asked us to design a special dress at $250 wholesale, to be submitted on approval. We wrapped and packed the model with great care. Two weeks went by. This morning the dress came back soiled, stuffed helter-skelter into a shoe box, and shipped uninsured."

The costliest single abuse in my business is the tendency—a growing one among merchandise men—to instruct buyers to hold back their orders until the last moment, on the theory that the manufacturer either will have done a large part of his year's business and laid up a satisfactory profit, thus being willing to close out his remainders at a special price, or that he will have become alarmed at his overstock and ready to sell at a sacrifice. This rarely is true of staple goods and always puts the store at many disadvantages. The buyer may win an occasional coup, but any system that increases the cost of manufacturing as this does is as hurtful in the long run to the store as to the factory.

One chain system already was pressing me last December to get our 1925 holiday line ready for examination in January. I had a contrasting experience earlier in the year with a woman who is as highly regarded as any buyer in her line. When she had not come into the market by middle May, I inquired.

"I'm going to Europe the first of June," she said, "and shall not place any domestic orders until I return in August."

"If you are holding off because you think prices are coming down," I offered, "I'll give you a written agreement to protect you."

"I'll see you in August," she said.

"If you buyers could be persuaded to come into the market before May first, permitting us to manufacture in orderly fashion instead of by fits and starts, we could bring costs down appreciably," I argued.

She smiled. "I'll see you in August."

She saw me in late September, by which time our line and every other important line on the market were well depleted, and prices were unchanged from May.

Barefaced Impositions

The buyer is not the author of all abuses of the store side, of course. Store owners themselves not infrequently stoop to petty practices. There is a type of store that regularly discounts its bills sixty and ninety days from delivery. The bookkeeping department of any legitimate manufacturer will refuse to accept such a check. On a show-down the buyer invariably will declare that the fault is his; that he neglected to pass the bill through in time. Actually he is acting as a sacrificial goat to his employer's policy.

I have known great stores to work the store-opening-discount racket on the trade. This abuse takes various forms. Last fall a department store deducted 12 per cent from a bill of ours. "We are just opening our handsome new store," the accompanying letter read, "which may be expected to make us a larger consumer of your goods, and we know that as an old and valued friend you will want to own a few bricks in our new building."

A store owner celebrated his moving into a new building some time ago with a page advertisement in the local papers. This page was divided into twenty-five-dollar and fifty-dollar spaces which he sold to manufacturers and jobbers, thereby not only defraying the cost of the page but netting him a neat profit. He solicited us for a twenty-five-dollar space. I looked up his account and found that we had sold him ten dollars' worth of merchandise in that year. Regularly we have to deal with the merchant opening a new store who takes an extra thirty to ninety day discount, on the specious plea that the confusion of moving has deranged his bookkeeping department temporarily. His bills to his customers, however, will be in the mails on the morning of the thirtieth as usual.

The Associated Dry Goods Company represents another type of department-store combination from the eighteen affiliated stores, but similarly moving toward buying economies. It is a consolidation of nine metropolitan stores—two department stores and one large fur-and-coat specialty house in New York, two department stores in Buffalo, and one each in Baltimore, Louisville, Minneapolis and Newark, the stores retaining their original names.

The Associated is the largest of some forty combinations operating from three to, in the case of a Texas corporation, 350 units. But the bulk of these are small city department stores or, like the Texas concern, dry-goods chains doing business principally in country towns.

At its best, group buying solves only the buying disadvantages of the department store. It continues at a selling handicap with delivery, exchanges, returns, approvals, bad debts, bookkeeping and other service charges. Yet the tendency among the stores is in the direction of more and more credit. A great part of the American public is willing to pay for the "charge it, send it and take it back" privilege, apparently.

The largest store in New York City, nevertheless, is marching in the opposite direction and doing a spot-cash business.

(Continued on Page 213)

If a collision is unavoidable, aim your Biflex at the oncoming car, or object ahead, *and let the bumper take the crash*—it is the surest way of protecting yourself and car from serious accident.

Biflex is the only bumper designed on the tension principle—the only bumper constructed in one piece, forming a great steel hoop of tremendous strength and powerful resiliency. Wards off blows from any direction. Absorbs shocks before they reach your car. A huge live spring that blocks and repulses all objects with which it comes in contact. Held rigidly to frame in a giant grip by Biflex brackets, accurately designed for every make of car—never loosens or rattles.

Real Protection—with Distinction

THE BIFLEX CORPORATION, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

(18)

Baker Fastex Velvet

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE list of closed motor cars now using Baker Fastex Velvet is a roster of names distinguished in the automobile industry. The producers of today's fine motor cars all know, and so do the keenest car-buyers, that the beauty of Baker Fastex Velvet is more than surface beauty. Its richness, its charming color tone, its delightful softness—all survive years of hard wear. It is mothproof and dustproof. In looking into your next closed car—look for the Baker Fastex Velvet trademark.

A. T. BAKER & COMPANY, INC.
41 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 210)

It claims that its cash policy permits it to undersell its competitors. It is a trade axiom that furniture can no more be sold for cash today than can automobiles—and a high-priced car is advertising easy time payments these days. Yet this store has the largest furniture business in New York, devoting an entire floor of its enormous building to that department. It has the second largest Oriental rug trade in the city, and Oriental rugs are sold almost universally on time payments. There is another public, apparently, that will not pay for the other fellow's bad debts.

The cash department store fails of being a complete answer to the chain store. It still must deliver and perform other services to its customers. Nor can it achieve the chain store's turnover, and its very size and prestige may have a forbidding psychological effect on the poor in spirit and those who must make every cent count.

The bargain basement is another and more direct rejoinder. The department store always has found it difficult to entice shoppers into the basement. The average customer will rise sixteen floors from the street level if need be, but will not descend one. It is one of the public's idiosyncrasies. The basement space was valuable and relatively unused, so, long ago, the stores began to bait them with some of their gaudiest bargains, but with generally indifferent success.

The bargain basement, a store within a store, is credited to a great Chicago store. Across the street is another great store catering to a cheaper trade, which handled much merchandise that the quality house did not deal in. This was sheer sentimentality, as the quality store came to realize. Realizing it, it stocked its basement with the lines which it had forfeited to the store across the street, together with smaller lines of the higher-priced goods as sold on the upper floors.

Although its prices downstairs are not a cent less on the equivalent merchandise than upstairs, it has one of the outstanding bargain basements of America. Psychology accounts for much of it. The customer, associating the basement with bargains, believes she is buying more cheaply; or, in other cases, she goes to the basement for goods she formerly bought across the street because the quality store's delivery cars impress the neighbors.

Other stores have gone still further. They not only have changed their basements from back waters of job lots, bankrupt and army stocks, damaged goods and other cinderellas, into complete department stores, but they are selling for less downstairs. The next step—a radical one around which a few daring spirits are tiptoeing—is to sell for cash only and drop all service costs except delivery downstairs, whatever the policy of the main store may be.

Inside Competition

A census of its patrons taken by one store indicated that only one in five basement customers ever entered the rest of the store. They formed a distinct class. Here was old business recaptured, even new business created. In Detroit during the worst year of the motor-car slump one bargain basement did a gross business of more than $8,000,000, greater than that of all but a handful of entire stores the country over. It is not the basement but the upper floors and the specialty shops that feel hard times. Like the five-and-ten, the basement flourishes on depression.

For years I have done a very pleasant business with a Mid-Western store. Recently one of its basement buyers came to me with a large order and the news that they were about to install dolls in the downstairs store.

"Does Mr. Zenders know of this?" I asked, naming the upstairs buyer in my line.

"I can't say; anyway, it's none of his affair," the basement man answered.

This put me in an awkward predicament. So far as I knew, Zenders was not aware of the move. If he should find the same goods downstairs, selling possibly for less money than he was asking, and in direct competition with his department, what would he say to me? But I could not prevent that competition by refusing the order. I should merely make a present of the business to one of our competitors.

This was a situation I never had had to face. After prayerful consideration, I decided to take the order. I was careful not to duplicate any of the dolls already in stock upstairs, but I am in for an unpleasant interview when Mr. Zenders hears of it.

No such embarrassment is possible in the Chicago store mentioned. It has an announced policy, understood by all buyers upstairs and down, that the basement is free to stock the identical merchandise sold on the upper floors. As many as seven departments in this store handle the same goods in part. The only stipulation is that prices must be uniform throughout the store

The real-estate holdings of some of these chains are enormous. A restaurant system, in particular, is reputed to make more money from its shrewd dealings in city property than it does in the serving of food. Success at this game, however, demands not only great capital but the most expert judgment of realty values; anything less may result in a roorback. A drug chain operating in and around New York City and Philadelphia was thrown into receivership last December. The cause assigned was unwise leaseholds.

The chain store is looked upon popularly as a child of the twentieth century. Actually it had its beginnings two years before the Civil War, when George F. Gilman, a leather importer in the New York Swamp, opened a tea, coffee and spice store on Vesey Street, put a young man from Augusta, Maine, named George Huntington Hartford, in charge of it, and painted the store front a bright red. The store is still there, and has 10,000 direct red-faced descendants today. With the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad stirring the public imagination in 1869, the company changed its name.

Selling Tea and Coffee

Tea was just tea in 1859. There was no grading, and it sold at a dollar a pound, no less, no more, except to the little Russian colony which demanded the market's best, so was given the same at two dollars a pound. There was an enormous profit at a dollar, as Gilman knew. Through his import connections he heard of a tea cargo going begging, and took a flyer. Coffee, baking powder and spices, logical store mates of tea, were added. These, too, carried profits of 100 per cent and more. Just why these should have continued for years to be sold at such astonishing advances over their cost is a trade mystery. The most plausible explanation advanced is that the grocery jobbers looked upon them as their bread-and-butter items, and by an unspoken agreement made them carry the burdens of low-margin goods. Certainly only a normal selling margin remained when they reached the retailer.

Instead of slashing prices and bringing on a trade war when it entered the field, the tea store offered premiums, usually chinaware, with each purchase, the retail value of the premiums often approaching the price of the commodity. To this day one chain tea-and-coffee system continues to give with each fifty-cent pound can of baking powder a premium that sells for fifty cents at retail.

The new concern's first expansion was through buying clubs. Ten women in Plainfield, New Jersey, for example, pooled their tea, coffee, spice and baking-powder wants each month. A full set of dishes was given the woman who sent in the order, and that privilege rotated among the club members. A special premium was presented to the woman who organized the club.

The response to the club plan aroused Mr. Hartford to the possibilities of branch stores. As these were opened they were stocked with a full line of premiums until it was not easy to decide whether tea, coffee and baking powder were being given away with dishes or the other way around. Other companies sprang up and showered more premiums upon a dazzled American womanhood until the phenomenon was embalmed for posterity in a popular song:

Oh, this is the day
We give babies away
With a half a pound of te-ee-a.

It was the Yes, We Have No Bananas of the Cleveland Administration.

Meanwhile F. W. Woolworth, a ten-dollar-a-week clerk in a dry-goods store in Watertown, New York, opened a five-cent store in Utica, New York, in 1879. Utica was cold to the innovation. Woolworth sold part of his stock for $150 and used the cash to move the rest to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he tried again. Lancaster was

When Foamite Equipment is turned on oil, gasoline or other inflammable liquids, the burning surface is covered with a smothering air-tight blanket. No spreading of the flames.

Firefoam—The layer of air-tight bubbles generated by genuine Foamite Equipment smothers fire out and keeps it out. Firefoam is effective against all kinds of fire

Fires that water cannot check... *instantly* smothered out by Firefoam!

WATER is helpless against many kinds of fires. Sometimes, as in oil or gasoline blazes, water actually spreads the flames—makes the damage even greater.

Firefoam is the one sure safeguard against every kind of fire—because it *smothers out* fire under an air-tight blanket of foam.

When Foamite Equipment is used on a fire millions of tough, clinging bubbles—Firefoam—are shot forth. This smothering layer of Firefoam floats on any burning liquid—adheres to walls and ceilings—can be directed into remote corners. Drafts will not blow it away. Firefoam puts fire out and *keeps it out.*

When the fire is out the dried foam can be brushed away. You have none of the devastating after-effects caused by water and liquid chemicals. No leaking from floor to floor. No dripping or soaking.

Genuine Foamite Protection is effective against all kinds of fires, ordinary as well as extra-hazardous. Where water would only spread oil or gasoline, for instance, Firefoam completely blankets the burning surface.

That is why it is used today by leading plants in every line of industry—by the greatest transatlantic ocean steamers where absolute protection is essential—by homes, schools, and fire departments all over the country.

Have some form of Foamite-Childs Protection handy

No matter what your fire risk there is a type of Foamite-Childs Protection ideally suited to your needs. In addition to Foamite Equipment we make all standard fire appliances—Fire-Guns for your automobile or motor boat; *Childs* Motor Apparatus for your community; *Childs* Soda-Acid Extinguishers and Engines, and *Allweather* non-freezing Extinguishers.

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Please send free booklet. I am interested in protecting the fire risks checked below.

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[ ] Oil, Paint, Chemicals [ ] Hospital [ ] Motor Car [ ] Filling Station

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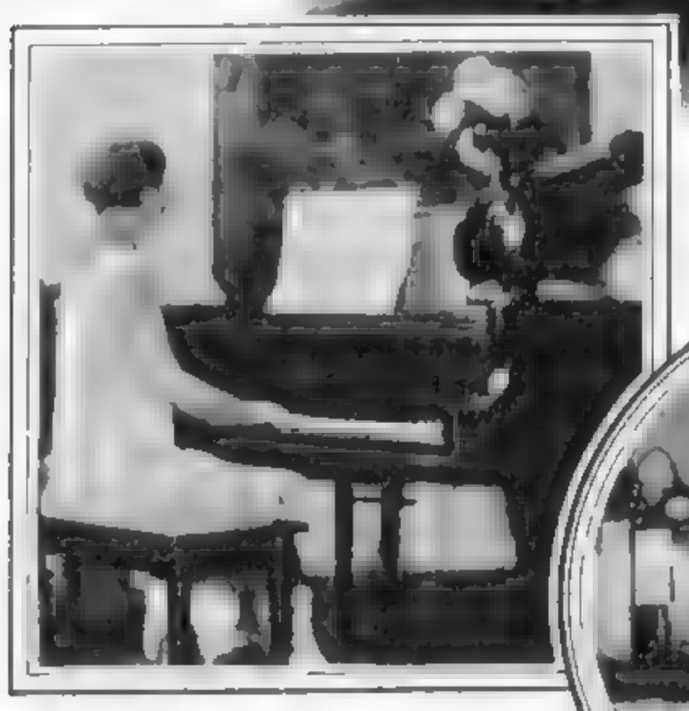
THE instant you sit down to the Straube you recognize distinction; the *difference* brought about by the exclusive Artronome player action with its patented features.

Striking ease of operation makes you forget pedalling, except as you instinctively emphasize the music. Instant response to the controls at your finger tips enables you to play, *expressively* as an artist, the kind of music you like best. And tone of thrilling beauty is the crowning glory of the Straube.

Straube produces a complete line of pianos—small upright models for use where space is limited, larger uprights, foot-impelled and expression players, grands and reproducing grands. Send coupon or write for catalog and name of nearest Straube dealer.

You'll enjoy the feeling of complete mastery which the Straube gives you. Go to your dealer's and try it. Get your feet on the pedals, your fingers on the controls—*actually play*. There's the thrill!



The Straube Conservatory Model Grand combines exquisite tone and touch, beautiful design and convenient size—a mark of distinction in the most distinguished surroundings

This little piano, just four feet high, has beauty and power of tone, and exquisite touch, which distinguish the *real musical instrument* Perfectly proportioned, handsomely designed. See and hear it to appreciate how excellent a small piano can be

Your present piano accepted as part payment on a new Straube. Straube instruments are nationally priced f. o. b. Hammond, Ind., as follows.

Players:	The Dominion	$950
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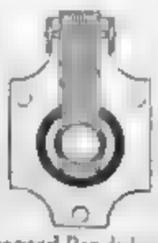

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the capital of Pennsylvania Germany, and its other name was Thrift. Its conservative citizenry bought out one-third of Woolworth's nickel bargains the first day, and kept buying. His was a variation of the old notions, or racket store, as it was called in the West. Woolworth put a brother in charge of a second store at Harrisburg. It failed, and he moved the stock to York. Failure again. Failure a fourth time in Philadelphia, but he persisted, and the first five-and-ten chain took form nebulously. It was not until the Woolworth Company absorbed five smaller chains, including those of his cousin, S. H. Knox, and his brother, C. S. Woolworth, in 1912, that it attained national proportions. In 1912 he had 318 stores. Today there are 1300. There are only 1550 cities of more than 5000 persons in the United States.

These stores sold 54,000,000 handkerchiefs in the influenza year, 1918, at ten cents each, at a profit, in the face of rocketing labor and material costs in that war year, a classical example of what prodigious volume can achieve. It sold 9,000,000 yards of curtain goods, 90,000,000 pounds of candy, 20,000,000 pieces of enamelware and 350,000 barrels of glass in one year. It retails at ten cents a ring that formerly sold for fifty cents. The manufacturer originally made 6000 rings a year, and had to charge the retailer thirty-three cents to make a fair profit. The Woolworth Company gave him a contract for 800,000 rings and the economies in quantity manufacturing permitted him to turn the rings over to the chain store at a price that still left a profit at a dime.

Before the war one mail-order house offered 120,000 separate articles at five and ten cents, but the war ended that. Woolworth now is almost alone in its five-and-ten policy. Under the pressure of war prices, and discovering that the average sale in a department store is less than one dollar, all its principal competitors spread out into goods retailing as high as one dollar, even more. Woolworth succeeded in surviving the war period with an unbroken five-and-ten record, but to do so required the dropping of many lines, the selling of stockings at ten cents each instead of the pair, and in the case of crochet cotton, the taking over of a spinning mill.

Some Great Enterprises

As early as the sixties manufacturers seeking better and more economical distribution began to sell their products more or less exclusively through their own retail stores. A sewing-machine company, with 6000 branches scattered over the world, and a firm of makers of men's clothing, are examples of these manufacturers' chains, but they are tending to decrease as the newer chain type multiplies and independent retailing becomes more efficient. One such shoe chain allows the customer eight minutes in which to make up his mind. If he has not made a choice in that time the clerk turns his attention to the next customer.

Third of the great chain-store trail blazers was George J. Whelan. When Mr. Whelan, in the pride of expanding one Syracuse, New York, cigar store into eight, came to New York in 1900 and organized the United Cigar Stores Company, the business of retailing tobacco was as moth-eaten as the wooden Indian out front, and the drug stores, news stands and hotels were walking off with the trade.

Mr. Whelan did more than knock the wooden Indian on the head and revolutionize tobacco retailing. He invented a good deal of modern chain-store practice. He not only worked out a scientific method of locating his stores nearest the most customers, standardized his accounting methods, the appearance of his stores, the training of his sales clerks, service and courtesy, but greatest of all, he managed to inoculate his employes with his merchandising creed.

On the theory that the fundamentals of chain-store operation apply to most lines of merchandise as well as another, Mr. Whelan and the Duke interests went further in 1919, formed the United Retail Stores Corporation, took over the United Cigar Stores; Montgomery Ward & Co., second largest mail-order house in the world; Gilmer's Inc., operating eighteen dry-goods stores in the Carolinas; and organized the United Retail Candy Stores and a drug chain. This experiment of momentous possibilities still is in its trial stages.

Capital and outlet are comparatively easily assembled for such mammoth combinations these days, but organization cannot be floated in Wall Street. It is the product of time and great executive ability, and the larger the corporation the greater the necessity for perfect organization. The late F. W. Woolworth gave the chief credit for the success of his stores to his mechanically perfect organization rather than to his advantages in buying power and outlet.

Enter Henry Kohl, fourth of the great pioneers of chain merchandising. By the middle nineties the Great Atlantic and Pacific had 175 stores, and with other tea-and-coffee chains was pursuing its 1859 premium pattern little changed. The management, however, had its eyes upon James Butler, a Brooklyn grocer who, starting with one store, had begun in 1882 to spread slowly over the map of Brooklyn with branches. There was nothing novel about his shops except their multiplicity. The A. & P. watched long enough to assure itself that Mr. Butler's idea was sound, then launched into the chain grocery trade, beginning with five stores in Butler's own bailiwick of Brooklyn. The A. & P. shops gave credit, trading stamps, premiums and free delivery in common with the usual corner grocery of the day.

Modern Grocery Methods

Henry Kohl was a nearsighted German immigrant lad, wearing double-lens glasses. In Germany glasses already were commonplace. In America, Kohl discovered, they were regarded as a badge either of great scholarship or of total disability. A workingman with glasses was preposterous. Kohl had worked in groceries in the Fatherland, but the grocers of New York would have none of him and his spectacles. When he tried to work without glasses he stumbled blindly about the stores. Except for relatives in East New York he might easily have starved. These relatives gave him a roof and food and eventually found him a job with a German grocer, with a Continental's toleration of such an unmanly weakness as eyeglasses, in Jersey City.

Kohl saved his money and started a store of his own. He had ideas. The grocery of the period has come down to us in the comic papers, where it is supposed mistakenly to have been confined to crossroads villages. The crackers, pickles, dried fruits, salt fish, and much of the rest of its merchandise stood in open casks and boxes, the whole flavored with coal oil. There were no screens on doors or windows, and the clerks were not to be distinguished by their garments and hands from truck drivers. Kohl put in screens, white jackets on his clerks, protected the bulk goods from dirt and much handling, installed washrooms and used soap and water much and often. The public responded and he soon had four quality groceries. Not satisfied, he introduced trading stamps into Jersey City, and his business leaped. Then everyone else put in trading stamps, and the golden goose was cooked.

In 1907 Kohl lost $2000 of his $8000 capital, thanks to the trading-stamp war. At this rate he would be out of business by January 1, 1911. He lay awake nights seeking the answer, and found it. Kohl invented the modern economy chain grocery.

Trading stamps, Kohl argued, were merely one manifestation of much waste motion in his business. Why not eliminate all premiums, credits, deliveries, telephone orders? Why not handle only package, bottle and can goods and only one brand of each, that the best? Why not get rid of the shelf warmers and all contact of hands and dust with foods; put everything behind the counters within easy reach of the clerks and out of the way of pilfering hands? Why not let the green-grocery trade go elsewhere, remove all displays from the sidewalk and clean up the front and the windows like those of a jewelry or drug store? Why not do business in the middle of a block instead of on costly corners?

On such a basis Kohl could sell groceries at much less than he could in his four service stores. But would the public pay cash, would it carry its groceries home, would it walk to the middle of the block, buy in packages and in one brand only? Would it buy in person instead of by telephone order? No one had tried it.

Kohl had so little faith in the experiment that he hired a man from another city, swore him to secrecy, then gave him the plans of the economy store, told him to rent a cheap location in a poorer neighborhood, open such a shop under the name of the National Grocery Stores, and follow orders.

(Continued on Page 217)

"This new Runstop really does stop all garter runs, my dears ... And you've never known such long wear."

Rollins Runstop adds a new economy to the style and beauty of fine silk stockings

The long life of Rollins Runstop stockings has made practical the wearing of fine, full-fashioned silk stockings for every occasion. Rapidly increasing numbers of women are adopting silk stockings for everyday wear, following their discovery of this new Rollins feature.

Women admire them for their style and their beauty—for the richness their pure silk gives to color. But full realization of their unusual value comes only with the wearing. They fit. They hold their beauty and their color. Repeated laundering does not dim their luster or impair their fabric strength. *No garter run can go below the knee.*

The patented Rollins Runstop is knit into these stockings with red silk at the knee—the point of greatest strain. No matter how many runs the garter may start, no runs can go below this red stripe. There is comfort in the freedom from embarrassment this feature gives you. And there is a decided economy in the knowledge that you never need throw away an otherwise good pair of silk stockings because of a garter run.

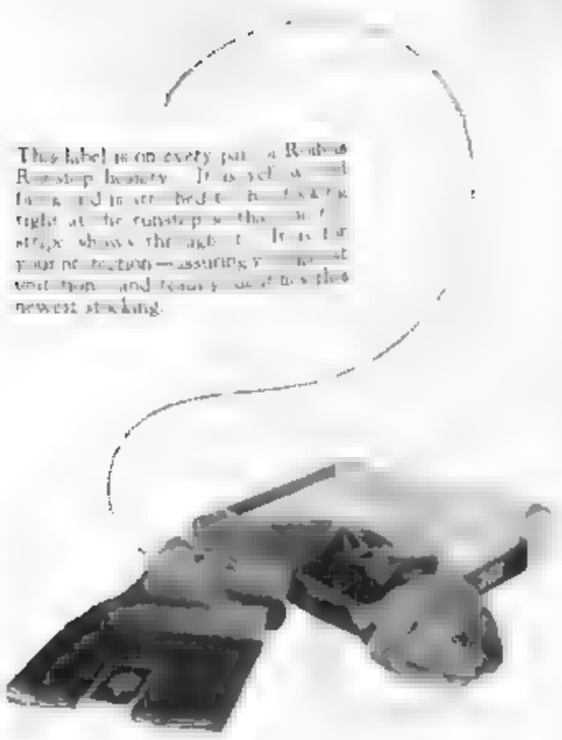
Women everywhere have put Rollins Runstop stockings to the most severe tests—motoring, dancing, climbing stairs, sports. The Runstop positively stops all garter runs.

You may have just the style, the weight and the color you wish. Look for the Rollins Runstop—always red and always at the knee. It is the greatest improvement in full-fashioned silk hosiery in ten years.

Rollins Mills have been making better hosiery for men, women and children for thirty-three years and the product has always been sold through reliable merchants—never by house-to-house canvassers.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS, DES MOINES, IOWA

Chicago Office, 904 M... Boyce Bldg.
Export Department, 444 W... Chicago


This label is on every pair of Rollins Runstop hosiery. It is your guide in buying and in wearing. Look at the runstop—the red stripe shows the right ... It is for your protection—assuring you ... and economy ... newest stocking.

ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

Get "Baby Rollo" for the little folks

Mail us 35 cents in stamps with this coupon or with the label from the top of a pair of Rollins stockings and we will mail you one of these cunning cuddly stocking dolls. They are 7 inches high and dressed in dainty-colored cap and sweater

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS
Des Moines, Iowa.
Enclosed find 35 cents in stamps, for which please send "Baby Rollo" to

Name
Street
City
Name of store where I buy hosiery.

Why I recommend
MASON TIRES

You Get *More* Riding Comfort and *Longer* Wear

"More Riding Comfort and Longer Wear"—in these few words you read why I recommend Mason regular and balloon tires so enthusiastically to my best friends. Customers repeat regularly on Mason Tires once they have had experience with them. That is why Masons are helping me to build a permanent, prosperous business.

✱ Masons Give You *Greater* Comfort

Because of their extra sturdiness and greater flexing qualities, you can get a considerable measure of balloon tire comfort out of a regular Mason Tire. You can see this is a priceless advantage to you if your car is not equipped with balloon tires.

✱ Masons Give You *Longer* Wear

For its cord fabric, Mason uses a long-staple cotton which not only has high tensile (lengthwise pull) strength, but which, because it is tough, sinewy and flexible, sturdily resists crosswise strain as well.

By selecting its own cotton and spinning every inch of cord fabric in its own mills, Mason exercises a control over material and cord manufacture assuring a uniformity not otherwise possible.

✱ *Other* Mason Advantages *To You*

You will find that the thick, tough, wear-resisting tread and side walls of Mason Tires make them highly resistant to puncture and road injuries. You will feel an added security because of their remarkable ground-gripping traction. You will be delighted with their good looks.

But far more important than these to you are the twin features of Mason Tires—"More Riding Comfort and Longer Wear." That is why I recommend them and that is why you should buy them.

✱ *It will pay you to buy your tires from a responsible tire merchant—one who is building a permanent business on the firm foundation of satisfied customers—a merchant who will sell you only the kind of tire that will merit your continued patronage. Ask the Mason dealer to show you the tire most suitable for your needs.*

MASON TIRES

Continued from Page 214

This pioneer store was opened March 2, 1908. It sold $336 worth of groceries the first week, $378 the second, $477 the third, $593 the fourth. Mr. Kohl refers to a worn and shaky pocket memorandum book when he wishes to refresh his memory. When the first store approached the $1000 mark he opened a second. There were four at the end of the year. The second year he converted his four original stores from service to economy units. He has several hundred today. Other chain stores have wavered in the orthodox faith and dallied with such heresies as returning to green-grocery displays in front, and of delivering by hand barrows, but the newest Kohl store does business on exactly the same terms as did the first one in 1908.

Kohl having proved he had a sound idea, others adopted it bodily. The chain groceries swept New York City, growing from 600 in 1910 to 6000 in 1924. Sixty-five per cent of the city's groceries now are sold by chains.

In New York the independent grocer is vanishing, and with him many jobbing houses. In Philadelphia, an early stronghold of the chain grocery, he is holding his own or better. As early as 1886 the independents of Philadelphia began to combine for group buying. The pooling of the soap orders of thirteen grocers in that year was the origin of two great groups, one with 1400, the other with 1200 members. Philadelphia is the home of the first and largest coöperative drug jobbing house in the world, founded by seven retail druggists in 1888 when the cut-rate drug store first appeared in the city.

This same highly individual city long has had two cash wholesale grocery houses, institutions unique to it until recently. All these sell entirely by mail and telephone, and for cash.

The most curious form of group buying in my experience—and a successful though little known organization—also is a Philadelphia product, although it is conducted in New York. It was founded forty-six years ago by a Quaker, and its clients are scattered over forty-five states. It buys plumbing supplies, hardware, automobile accessories, chemicals, groceries and other lines, including factory job lots, in chain-store quantities and turns them over to its clients at exactly the manufacturer's price. During the war these clients were buying pencils at $3.60 a gross through this company when the same pencil was selling at five dollars at the factory. The company had contracted for the pencils in car-lot quantities the year before at $3.60, and passed the entire saving along to its customers as always. This is an unusual instance, but the saving to the client is constant.

Valuable News for Buyers

The buying company's revenue is derived solely from a yearly fee paid by the client in proportion to the size of his business. This fee also covers an invaluable trade-information service. The house makes it its business to keep its fingers continuously upon the pulse of all manufacturers in the lines it handles. By way of concrete example, the New York firm learns that the price of copper screening at the factory is about to fall or to rise three cents on the unit. If the former, the client—say a hardware dealer in Springfield, Missouri—is warned to clear out his stock of copper screening as rapidly as possible. If the price move is upward the dealer is notified to increase his stock before the advance is operative. If the Springfield dealer were buying through Kansas City or St. Louis jobbing houses he would not learn of the price change until it was in effect, and then, possibly, with one or two brokerage charges added.

I should not like to live to see the day when the restaurants of San Francisco, of Elmira, New York, and Lexington, Kentucky, serve the same chicken-croquette blue-platter special with the same sprig of parsley and fish-glue sauce at a standardized thirty-five cents, or the Department of Commerce persuades the necktie manufacturers, in the interests of economy, to restrict their output to seven standard patterns and materials. Nor do I expect to. It never will happen.

The same comic strips and advice to the lovelorn may brighten the firesides of Mobile and Spokane alike, but the burning of the Eureka garage in Spokane is nothing for Mobile to spill its breakfast coffee about. Mobile wants to hear about the shooting at the Gulf Cotton Compress. And so with the chain stores. There is a limit to their usefulness, a point of diminishing return, and the enterprise of the independent retailer will pretty well fix that limit.

The retailer who is worth his salt and the business worth saving will survive all the thousand-legged monsters that New York can hatch, just as long as noses come in assorted shapes and sizes, and some of us like corned beef and cabbage and others do not. Whether he is a hatter, a confectioner, a druggist or a department-store owner, he can give the public something that Unit 888 of the Consolidated Canned Stores never can duplicate.

That something will be the flavor of his own personality.

In all immodesty I fall back upon my own experience as a salesman for an illustration. I learned last fall that a manufacturer was in the market for half a million school tablets to be given away to consumers with his product.

A Clever Bid for Favor

I went through the usual routine of a salesman. I called, learned just what he wanted, submitted a bid, and wrote our art department to work out two or three cover designs. Traveling back to Manhattan by tube, I thought over the prospect. Putting myself in the manufacturer's shoes, I couldn't, for the life of me, think of any sound reason why he should buy his tablets from us rather than from one of our competitors. He wanted a cheap news-print tablet such as any manufacturer in our line, large or small, can turn out. A number of them might be willing to take the business at cost or at a smaller margin than my house just to keep the wheels turning in an off season, and a news-print tablet is just a news-print tablet, by whomever made.

I gazed vacantly around the car rumbling under the Hudson River. The man on my left, the woman on my right and the schoolboy directly across were forty fathoms deep in cross-word puzzles. Every other passenger on the train was similarly engrossed in checkerboard patterns in their newspapers. Now that I came to think of it, cross-word puzzles had demoralized the office force and half supplanted the radio and the movies in my neighborhood.

Back at my office I went to work on a cross-word puzzle of my own. The company has a slogan. I made this slogan the groundwork of my puzzle and so simple that no child could fail to solve it, then filled up the balance of the space with more difficult words. The art department turned my rough sketch into a neat job in color. This I submitted to the manufacturer as a tablet cover, with a suggestion that he offer a book of recipes for each correct solution.

We got the order. I have my commission and the factory has a windfall that will turn a good profit and keep part of the plant running for one month in the dullest season of the year.

As I anticipated, our bid was nearer the highest than the lowest, but our competitors bid on half a million cheap tablets. We hitched the same cheap tablet to an idea. We got the order because we, if I do say it as shouldn't, put the flavor of personality into an article as prosaic as turnips, and the flavor was good.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. J. R. Brundage.

Direct Subtraction

Exclusively a Sundstrand feature in machines priced from $150 to $300

Modern business demands speed and accuracy. Direct subtraction as featured in the Sundstrand *simplex* line of machines meets the demand.

Adding machines today without direct subtraction offer less than you have a right to expect and exact. Especially so as Sundstrands are priced as low as ordinary machines.

Adding—direct subtraction—automatic-shift multiplication—division. Operation is simplicity itself. Nothing new to learn.

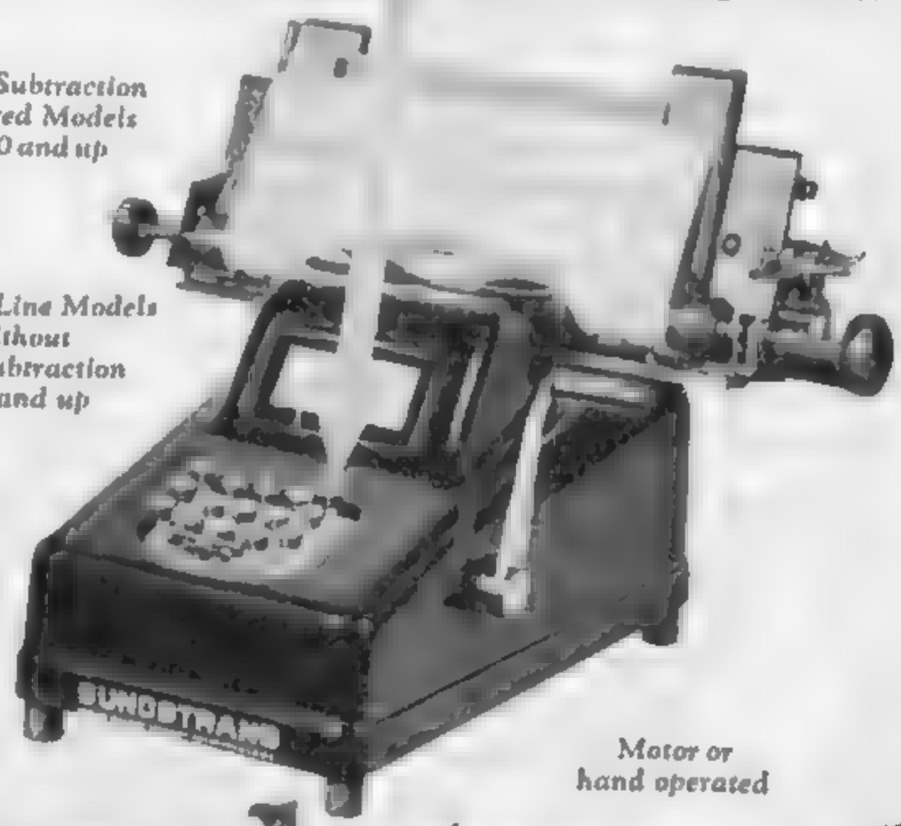
Automatic Cross-Tabulator Carriage (optional) automatically adds, non-adds, subtracts. Provides ideally for ledger posting, statement making, stock records, etc.

Re-orders tell the story. There are over 60,000 Sundstrand machines in daily use.

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE CO., Rockford, Ill., U.S.A.
Sales and Service Stations Everywhere in United States and Foreign Countries

Direct Subtraction Featured Models $150 and up

Straight Line Models Without Direct Subtraction $100 and up



Motor or hand operated

Sundstrand

Adding and Calculating Machines

Adding (+)
Subtracting (−)
Multiplying (×)
Dividing (÷)

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE CO., Dept. B-4, Rockford, Ill.
Send complete information concerning figuring machines checked below:
☐ With Direct Subtraction ☐ Without Direct Subtraction
☐ With Automatic Cross-Tabulator Carriage

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State
Nature of business

No longer bathed by the Mouth Glands— your teeth decay

To keep them safe you must restore the normal, protective action of the glands - - -

Every minute the appearance of your teeth is important. Keep them shining and safe with Pebeco.

YOUR mouth, like most people's today, probably has become unsafe for your teeth. Made so by modern food.

This soft cooked food requires so little chewing that, from sheer lack of exercise, your mouth glands slow down. Their alkaline fluids gradually cease bathing your teeth. And in your dry mouth your teeth are easily eaten by the acids that cause decay.

Brushing merely polishes. It cannot hope to save your teeth, dentists now know. The only remedy is to remove the underlying cause of the decay. You must make your mouth normally moist and safe again.

Today it is recognized that there is one successful way to restore the normal action of the mouth glands. You can now protect your teeth naturally and permanently with a tooth paste that gently stimulates the glands.

Pebeco gently stimulates the mouth glands

The basic ingredient used in Pebeco was first employed by physicians years ago in the treatment of serious mouth conditions, where the teeth were already badly affected. It proved so remarkable in its effect on the teeth and the entire mouth, yet so gentle in its action, that it was made available in tooth paste form—Pebeco.

* * *

Pebeco acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form. Pebeco leaves your whole mouth normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth, your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. At all druggists

Free Offer

Send coupon for free generous tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Sole Distributors Dept. E-25,
635 Greenwich Street,
New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name

Street

City State

THE FOREIGN BOND EPIDEMIC

(Continued from Page 7)

I left my friend, determined to play fair, and began my investigations. As I proceeded I found intricate ramifications that I had not thought of, simply because I had not thought at all. Our export trade, foreign exchange, adequate preparations for future prosperity, based upon the realization of what the present good times should prompt us to do, the interdependence of nations in this commercial age, the higher finance as well as the broader statesmanship of international business, the inaccurate generalizations and unjustified conclusions derived from the misleading headlines of the daily newspapers—all these made it impossible to treat the subject as if it were a stirring short-story theme. There was danger on the one hand of boring everybody to death with unpicturesque statistics and on the other of not making clear the subject to people who cannot get the meaning of figures unless you draw the picture in detail for them. I found some things to guard against, but also instances of the higher expediency on the part of bankers whose business was to make money and whose duty was to help the community, of great financiers undertaking great enterprises for a fairly good commission, but also for the good of the world.

To say that altruism alone or dollar gain alone would have been enough for these bankers is not so much inaccurate as unjust and unfair. I had a glimpse of one phase of modern business of which very little is written, simply because we do not readily admit that self-interest may take not only intelligent turns at times but may become even philanthropic. Selfish unselfishness, you might say. I propose to treat of that phase first.

We, as a nation, always have dreaded any kind of foreign entanglements. It is an inherited fear. Our political history, the manner of our national development, the extreme individualism of our people—all have helped to perpetuate the distrust of foreigners. We do not, indeed, stare at all aliens across wide gulfs of noncomprehension, as Kipling said of the English and the Hindu, but we have felt so self-sufficient that we have not needed to go after the foreigners. We insisted that the foreigner should come after us—and he did. We couldn't lend Europe money because we had none to lend anyone. We needed more than we had and so we got capital from the surplus across the ocean. The Great War made a change, or rather hastened the reversal—brought us to it a decade or two sooner than we expected it. The present epidemic of foreign-bond selling is one result of it. After our own Civil War, Europe bought our bonds, made easier and speedier our recovery from four years of conflict.

The British Loan

The first of the big foreign loans that were floated here was the English loan. The bankers who offered it were none too sure of its success, because they knew the American public was doubtful of the world's future. Our attitude toward the needs of our Allies for various reasons was not helpful or sympathetic. Indeed, there was considerable anti-British sentiment. The mail of the banking house that acted as fiscal agents for the British Government brought daily threats of death. As it happened, the bonds were all placed; though, I am told, they went slowly. We have gone forward a great deal in five years.

The present epidemic began with the success of the Austrian loan. The war left us no such problems as confronted Europe. Austria was the worst sufferer. It was she who began the war and she certainly has paid a frightful price. The once mighty Holy Roman Empire became a dime-museum freak among the nations of the world—a country consisting of a disproportionately large capital city and a small rural territory. It might be represented as a squat being, about two and a half feet high, weighing about sixty-five pounds, having feet that wore No. 2 shoes and a head that took a No. 9 hat. Financial anatomists declared that Austria could not recover. It was a debatable question whether such a wreck of a country could prosper even if the disintegration had occurred in peacetimes. The final collapse made more than one authority fear that the Austrian debacle would mark the collapse of European civilization.

By the summer of 1922 the situation was so desperate that many competent observers began to speculate about the exact nature of the obsequies and, naturally, about the undertaker's bill. To pay it, the hat would have to be passed around, perhaps several times. America at that time was helping to feed the starving population. Unemployment reached such proportions that no improvement seemed possible. The government was powerless to do anything except print currency that literally wasn't worth the paper it was printed on. No business, no money, no food, no hope. Sporadic efforts to help had been made and many millions had been spent, but the situation grew worse and worse, because the help was given in driblets and rather unintelligently. There was no attempt at concerted action by those most concerned, no coherent plans for much-needed internal reforms, without which calls for external help were bound to prove futile.

Austria's Darkest Days

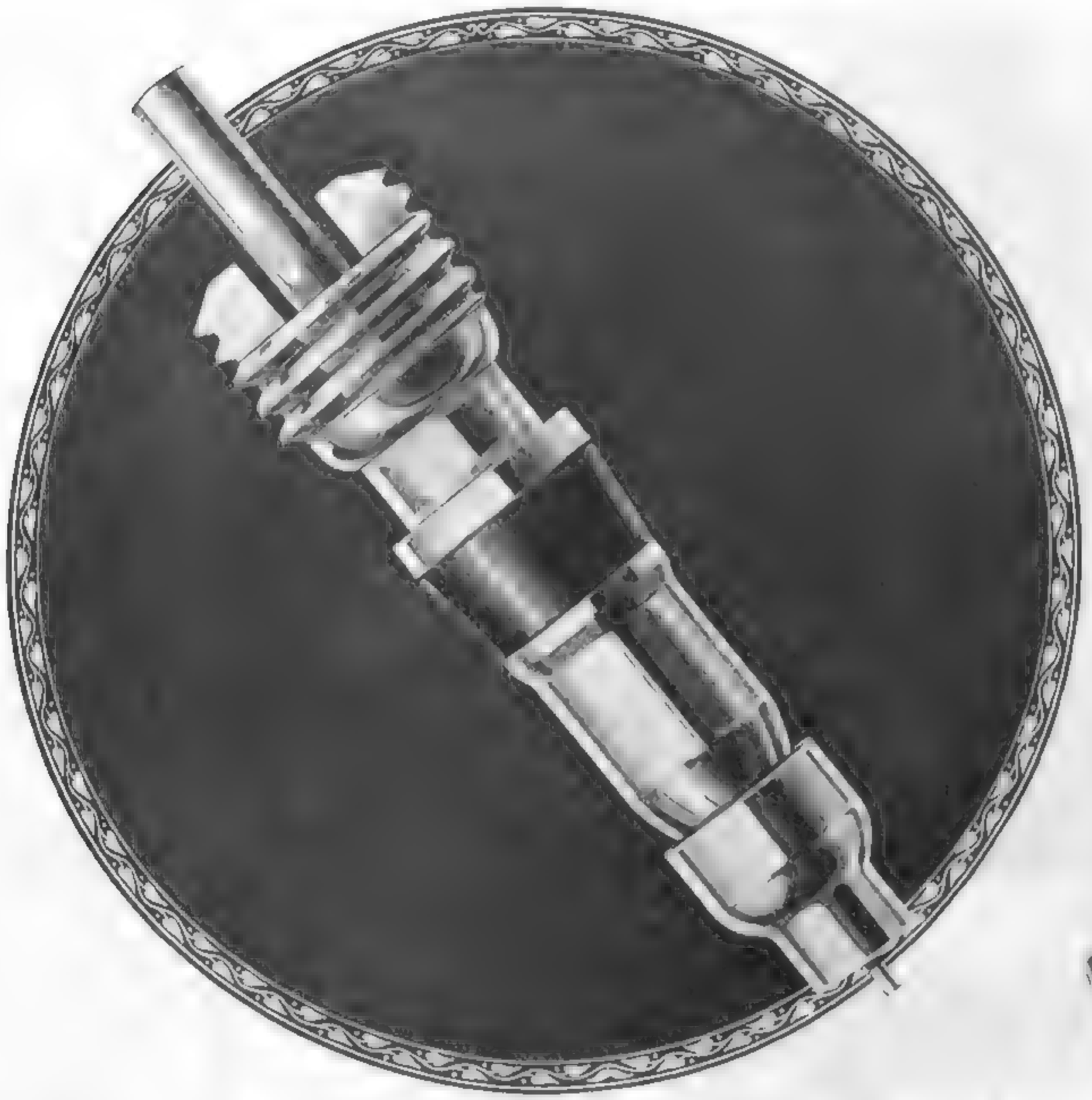
Austria was the gloomiest spot on the map of the world. The government made one more effort and approached the bankers of the great centers of capital. It was the sad duty of the American bankers, who were among those whose aid was sought, to point out to the government's financial commissioners that no loan could be negotiated with the Austrian situation as it was. It was not only that Austria was in bad shape but that she couldn't get better unless there were radical changes in her government machinery. A loan was worse than a poor risk; it was unthinkable idiocy; and, moreover, it could do no good. Before the negotiations could reach the stage of mild hopefulness, currency inflation must stop, expenditures must be reduced and income increased. When or if the government did this, the international bankers might possibly negotiate a loan, secured by a first lien on such revenues as the customs and the tobacco monopoly. When the bankers' reply was made public in Vienna, the unanimous belief there was that the end had come. It is not within the province of this article to paint the picture of Austria's misery, but it was very great indeed.

Then came one of the most dramatic incidents of the postwar period. A savior was found. Ignaz Seipel, Chancellor of Austria, one of the most remarkable men in Europe, appeared before the Supreme Council of the Premiers and implored them to appoint a finance committee of experts of the League of Nations to develop a plan for saving his perishing country. I have been told that the European Premiers, hardened politicians, accustomed to bargaining, with vast experience at resisting oratorical appeals, were moved to their very souls by Seipel's pleas. He pointed out how wise, how necessary for the welfare of all, that relief was, as well as how clearly it was the duty of all humanity, irrespective of national boundaries, to keep Austria from extinction.

A committee composed of highly competent men of the various nations was appointed. It promptly reported back a plan of reform and rehabilitation. It entailed, among other things, a reduction in the personnel of the various governmental departments involving about 100,000 employes, the abandonment of government management of industrial enterprises and the enactment of legislation providing increased revenues by indirect taxation as well as by duties of various kinds, including a turnover tax. These reforms and the establishment of a bank of issue to stabilize the crown would put Austria on its feet.

The suggestions of the experts of the League of Nations were accepted and the bankers of the world were approached. Their task was to find the money to lend to Austria, and they undertook it the more willingly for knowing that the utter collapse of Austria would hurt all financially while her recovery would help everybody. The operation, by reason of these considerations, was more than merely a banking transaction on a large scale. At the same time there was the purely practical side to consider and the bankers made it very clear indeed to the Premiers that the loan could be floated much more easily if the various governments guaranteed it. The credit of Austria would not go as far as the

(Continued on Page 221)



This Dill Valve Inside is magnified seven times. If you could see through its sturdy metal barrel you'd note how completely the spring and frail valve stem are protected. No jamming or bending here. Sold at retail in boxes of 5 for 35c.

The Key to Better Service from Your Tires

THE valve inside is a tiny thing but it has a tremendous job. Its purpose is to hold the air in the tire. Let it leak just a little and trouble stares you in the face. But when it functions properly, you get the service that's really built into your tire.

The Dill Valve Inside is of modern design for modern tires. It was developed to overcome the defects which cause valve trouble. In your tires you can depend on it to do just that.

Used by most well known tire manufacturers and sold by thousands of dealers in convenient boxes containing sets of five. It is one of the famous Dill line of standard tire valves and valve parts.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*
Manufactured in Canada by The Dill Manufacturing Company, of Canada Ltd., Toronto

Speaking of modern valve equipment, Dill developed that remarkable improvement, the Instant-On—dust and valve cap, combined. If your car isn't equipped, get a set of five from any good dealer—price $1.00. In Canada, $1.25.

If your dealer cannot supply Instant-Ons or Dill Valve Insides they will be sent to you direct on receipt of price

DILL

Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

Flowers by *wire* to all the world

An American business man in London received a cable that his only daughter had presented him with a new grandson, named for himself. Four thousand miles away! A telephone call to one of the London members of the international florists' organization—and a few hours later his daughter's room was banked with flowers.

† † †

A simple fact—yet a twentieth century marvel—you can send flowers anywhere in the world in a few hours by telegraph

You do not send the wire yourself—you do not need to choose some florist at the distant city to fill your order. You simply order the flowers at your own florist's as if they were to be delivered around the corner. He delivers them by telegraph to the person you designate though it be a thousand miles away or half way around the world

This is possible through an international organization of florists, banded together for your service. It is as simple a transaction to order flowers sent to London or Paris, as it is to buy a single gardenia for your button hole

† † †

You are hundreds of miles away from home, on a hurried business trip, when you are suddenly startled by the realization that today is your wife's birthday. Anything you might send would arrive a day or two too late—anything except flowers! You stop at a florist's fragrant shop—and in an hour or two the flowers are delivered—just as if you had ordered them days ago, before you left!

Easter, and a world awakening to the spring! Flowers are the spirit and essence of Easter and spring—flowers that bloom again in all their glory. Easter flowers, colorful, fragrant, beautiful, bring springtime into your home

Flowers may be gorgeous cut blooms or growing plants—but they are beautiful always

"Say it with Flowers"

Your Florist can Telegraph Flowers Anywhere

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY SEND MOTHER FLOWERS

(Continued from Page 218)

combined credit of Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Holland, Sweden and Denmark. If these governments became guarantors, each of a certain percentage of the loan, the entire world would not only feel confidence in Austria's future but would buy the proposed issue of bonds. It would mean not only the financial but the moral reconstruction which the bankers had in mind.

The governments were willing. Berlin papers at the time commented spitefully on the dubious political altruism of this step, but it was so plainly of benefit to all the world that all the world received the loan favorably. It was a great success in America as well as in Europe. Out of a total of about $126,000,000, this country took $25,000,000 of these Austrian guaranteed sinking fund 7 per cent gold bonds, due 1943. They were offered to the public at 90.

The success of the offering was a credit to the hearts and the minds of the world's investors. A great deal of the success was due to the courage and clear vision of the American bankers. Continental financiers at a critical stage developed a bad case of cold feet. They were not at all sure of the response of their clients to the appeal. Indeed, even after each government agreed to guarantee a percentage of the loan, the outlook was gloomy; but the Yankees stiffened the backbones of their colleagues, the loan was taken and Austria pulled through.

The situation in Austria improved as expected. Money, instead of rushing out of the country, stayed at home. Savings-bank deposits increased tenfold in a year, the cost of living decreased and interest rates declined. It would not have been human if promoters had not taken advantage of the success of the quite exceptional guaranteed loan to sell other Austrian enterprises to our investors. Some of these were excellent, safe and yielding attractive rates of interest, but others were not. As I write this I am informed that Viennese promoters are on their way with projects that may absorb American savings without adequate security. An international banker of the first rank said to me:

"There are no end of sensational reports in the newspapers about the Austrian Government not doing as agreed; but as a matter of fact, the situation is as good as could be expected. You can't get over such a debauch in a day or two as Austrian currency indulged in. It isn't going to be smooth sailing; but Austria is alive. Also there is the fact that the guaranteed loan is as safe as any government loan can be made."

Help for Hungary

"At the same time it is well to remember that the city of Vienna, or its government, is politically against what Americans believe to be wise and equitable. I do not think that America ought to lend Vienna money any more than individual investors should be asked to go on the note of an avowed communist whose word was worth about as much as Lenine's. I shall have nothing to do with such people and I have no hesitation in saying that only the thought of fat commissions could induce any bankers here to undertake to float the loans of a communist-controlled city. I am not a reactionary, but I must protect my clients. That is one of the things this country must learn—to inform itself as to the character of the borrower. It has everything to do with the security of the investment."

The benefits derived by Austria were so decisive and prompt that her neighbor and former partner, Hungary, followed her example and applied for help. The Council of the League of Nations granted it. Proportional guaranties were not asked in this case, because Hungary was so much richer. She was fully able to make good her pledges. It was decided to issue bonds to the extent of £7,902,700 in London and $9,000,000 in New York, bearing interest at the rate of 7.5 per cent. They were offered to the American public at 87½. American bankers studied the security carefully and found it satisfactory. The American contention, since Armistice Day, has been that Europe must show that she is helping herself before she need expect to be helped by us.

The Hungarian loan was secured by a first charge on the gross revenues from the customs, the sugar tax, the tobacco monopoly. The annual income from those sources was several times more than the interest requirements. The League of Nations plan for the rehabilitation of Hungary was placed under the supervision of a commissioner-general appointed by the Council of the League. He is an American.

The most important of all the recent operations, of course, was the German loan. The real significance was obscured by the emphasis laid by the newspapers on relatively unimportant details. Stress, for instance, was laid on the magnitude of the oversubscriptions. As a matter of fact, the statement that the loan was oversubscribed several times did not mean that if the loan had been for $1,000,000,000 instead of $110,000,000, American investors would have absorbed it in one day. This point will be considered more fully later on. What was really important at the time of the loan was the fact that it was the bankers of the world, chiefly those of this country, who signed the first real treaty of peace with Germany.

The signing of the Treaty of Versailles obviously did not bring peace to Europe. Whatever it might be officially styled, practically it was no peace which sent a French army into the Ruhr. The spirit which made every German long to fly at every Frenchman's throat and filled every Frenchman with the belief that the only good German was a dead German, was not peace. The scrap between the neighbors was over. Jacques wanted to make Hans pay damages to his château, and the only thing he could think of doing was to keep Hans from going to work to earn enough to pay gradually. It was anything but peace—till the bankers insisted on making it.

The German Loan

The situation in Germany was worse than merely bad. It was more dangerous to the world's happiness than Austria's, because the utter collapse of Germany would affect the entire world more deeply and extensively. This was realized by Germany's chief creditors very clearly, and out of that realization came the conviction that some other remedy than the bayonet must be found. Thus was evolved the Dawes Plan, and that was the first time that the dove really came in sight.

After the Dawes Plan was accepted and the necessary loan began to be talked about, a number of famous business experts met at dinner in New York. The best business minds in the country were present—capitalists, technical experts, heads of great corporations, inventors, superpromoters, industrial magnates and financiers. Nearly all the men present were especially expert at gauging the public's temper. They specialized on determining what and how much the public at large would buy of any given thing—automobiles, electric current, securities, coal, dry goods, rubber, and so on. One of the things that was as certain as death or taxes was that an offering of German bonds to carry out the provisions of the Dawes Plan could not be far off.

The question was asked at the table, "Can or will a German loan be a success in this country?"

A census was taken. Expert after expert answered "No!" promptly and emphatically.

"Why not?"

Because the American public would not buy German bonds. The pro-Germans wouldn't because of their colossal losses in their speculations in marks. The anti-Germans wouldn't because of their old prejudices and the widespread belief that the German habit of side-stepping financial obligations had become chronic; the Hun didn't want to pay; all contracts were scraps of paper, and the like. Germany's credit was in the gutter with both friends and foes, at least in the United States.

There was a dissenting opinion. One man, whose business was not with gauging public sentiment but with ascertaining whether the proposition submitted was right or wrong, said the loan would be a success.

"Why?" chorused the others.

"Because it simply must. The rate of interest will be satisfactory and the security beyond cavil. This we may safely assume, because the bankers will surely see to that. They know their business and therefore they know exactly what is in the minds of such people as you, of whom there are about 110,000,000 in this country. You have considered the matter from its least important side.

"You doubt Germany's good faith? Very well; but you mustn't doubt her obvious self-interest. You doubt her ability

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A Summerland Supreme

CHANGE is the spice of life. Taste some of it this summer and be rejuvenated, spiritually, mentally, and physically

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Come and see the Land of Youth called *Southern California*—it's one of the coolest summer playgrounds. The U. S. Weather Bureau's figures, not for last year but for *forty-seven* years, show these average mean temperatures in a central (inland) city in this section: 47 Junes, 66 degrees; 47 Julys, 70; 47 Augusts, 71; 47 Septembers, 69.

And we promise, too, that you'll sleep *under blankets* nine nights out of ten all summer; and that no rain will spoil your fun

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Old Missions, deserts, orange groves, strange flowers, trees and vegetation, lectures, music, art. The great symphony concerts during July and August in the unique Hollywood Bowl, a vast outdoor natural amphitheatre, are alone worth going across the continent to hear

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Men, women, children—all are captivated because the unending variety furnishes what each likes best. Southern California is the land for every age from toddlers to venerable sages, a spot unique in these United States. It's the new height to which you can climb from out of your old rut. Don't pass it by.

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Plan *now* for this summer. The finest trip, the greatest and most beneficial change you've ever had. It's grand fun and it pays and you may never have another chance.

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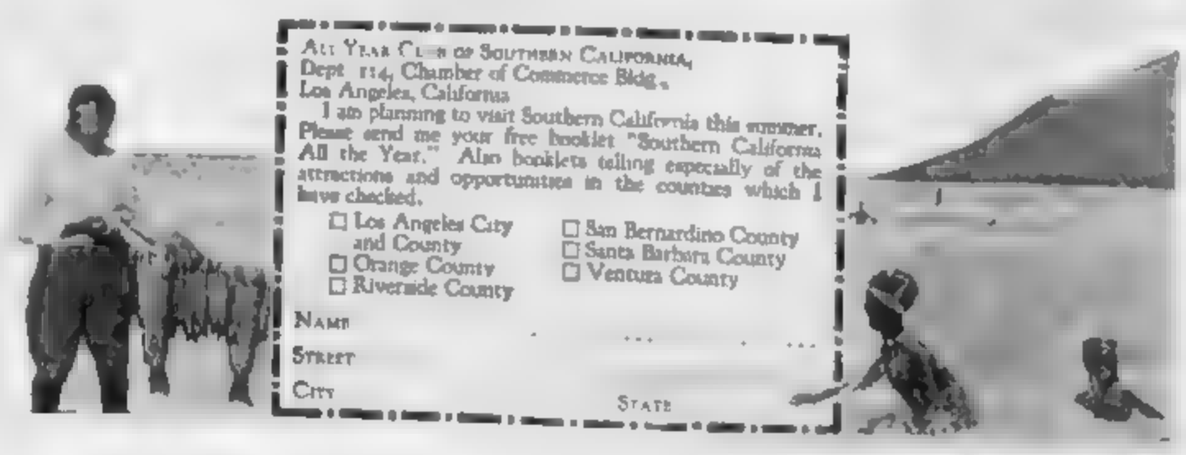
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I am planning to visit Southern California this summer. Please send me your free booklet "Southern California All the Year." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.
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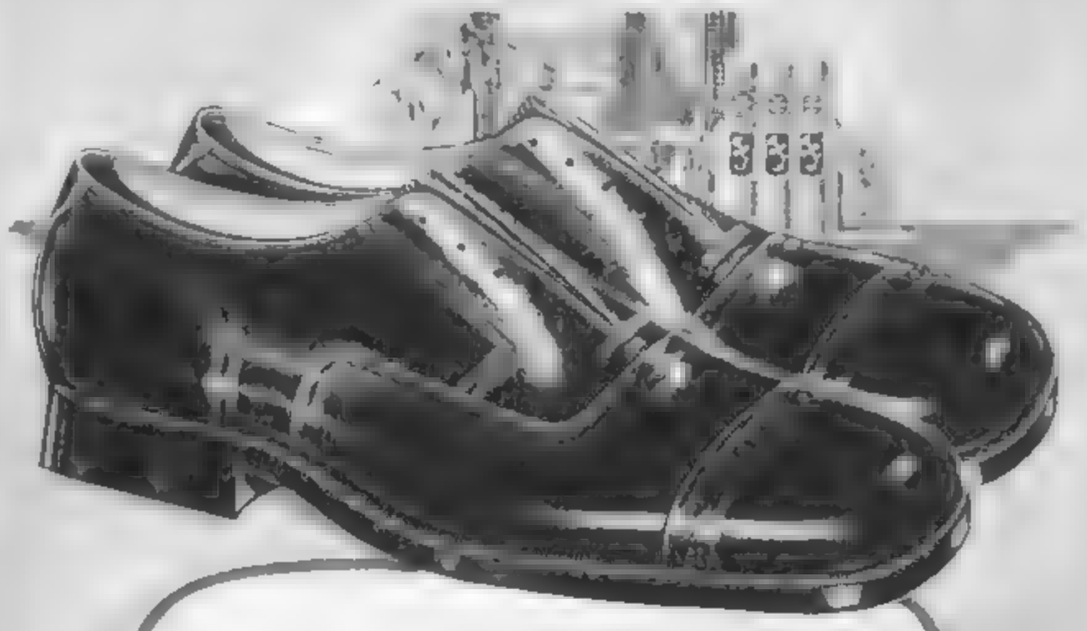

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Furthermore, the heat and friction of driving will not loosen the Shaler heat-vulcanized repair. There is no substitute for the Shaler Vulcanizer because nothing takes the place of heat-vulcanizing to make repairs permanent.

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to pay the interest on this loan? You needn't. The bankers will know where it is coming from before they'll think of lending one cent. And the principal also will be safe. But the main consideration will be the absolute necessity of having real peace in Europe. That is what we'll get if we lend the money. As a matter of fact, we could afford to give Germany the money as a gift, in consideration for the benefits that will accrue to all

"It is perfectly plain to me that we simply must buy those bonds. The delay in the negotiations now under way means only that the bankers are insisting upon the acceptance of their terms. They are working to make the loan easier to float—that is, to make the bonds easier to sell to an unfriendly public. But remember that what makes all the difference in the world is the one fact that the loan will mean real peace at last. That is why it must be a success."

He was a true prophet. He usually is As he surmised, the bankers had a great deal to do. As far back as the summer of 1922, the bankers' committee, of which Mr. J. P. Morgan was a member, made it plain that there was no hope of selling German bonds in New York or London unless the leading Continental centers also showed their confidence in the loan by each taking a part of the loan. For if France, for instance, which had more to gain from the Dawes Plan than any other country, did not or would not lend any money to Germany to rehabilitate itself with, what reason could the bankers give to an American investor to induce him to do what the French would not do? If American help was essential to the success of the loan and we were the chief holders of the needed gold—then Europe also must agree to help.

In time the contention of the American bankers was accepted. At the request of their respective governments, the British, French, Belgian, Italian, Swiss, Dutch and Swedish groups agreed to do their share in marketing the bonds. Imagine what that meant to a Frenchman or a Belgian!

I asked one of the American bankers who was present at the conference with the German Finance Minister whether they had much trouble in securing better terms than Germany might originally have planned to give, and he answered:

"Not the slightest. Whatever we asked for the Germans cheerfully gave us. Why shouldn't they? Our concern was chiefly with making the loan a big success, and surely Germany's interest in that was even greater than ours. Moreover, it wasn't difficult for the Germans to give us everything we asked for. It all came ahead of the reparation payments. We were preferred to France and England as creditors. It was a pleasure."

Preferred Creditors

And that is what the German loan was in effect—a first lien on the reparations, just as the reparations are a first mortgage on the German people. The amount was 800,000,000 gold marks, or about $190,000,000, of which $110,000,000 was authorized to be issued in dollars. It was offered to the American public by a syndicate headed by J. P. Morgan & Co., at 92 and interest. Even before the terms of the loan were known in detail, the subscription for bonds exceeded the amount allotted to America by hundreds of millions.

The newspapers had for days intimated that negotiations were proceeding favorably and that the demands of the bankers for greater security for the loan were being met in a friendly spirit by the German Government. It wasn't a case of Shylocks insisting on their pound of flesh, but of protecting clients who were about to be asked to lay aside fears and prejudices and buy those bonds. Of course, the oversubscriptions were played up beyond their deserts. But after all, the loan marked the inauguration of real peace, and it made an end of the doubts of millions of people who didn't think the business of the world would ever bet back to normalcy.

You read today in one paper that Germany's recovery is as far off as ever and that her trade is in a bad way, and in another that the Germans have fooled the world and are spending money like drunken sailors. However that may be, the fact is that the Dawes Plan was needed and that to carry it into effect Germany needed gold to the value of nearly $200,000,000.

The loan was a direct and unconditional obligation of the German Government, chargeable on all its assets and revenues. It was specifically a first charge on payments provided under the Dawes Plan, being prior to reparation payments or other treaty payments, which in turn have precedence over the existing German debt. It is a first charge on the controlled revenues—the gross revenues derived from the customs and from the taxes on tobacco, beer and sugar, as well as the net revenues from the spirits monopoly. These controlled revenues amount annually to more than the total loan. How Germany can default, either out of sheer dishonesty or from the consequence of hard times, it is impossible to conceive. No nation commits suicide by starvation in order to spite her enemies. That loan was needed to stabilize the currency.

We had been floating bond issues for European nations for some years, but the success of the German loan was so sensational as to encourage the assumption that any foreign bond could be sold in the market. The publicity it received was enough to send scores of agents of banking houses to Europe in search of nations, cities and corporations that wished to issue bonds.

The Story of Salinagua

Many times in the course of my investigations I was impressed by the praise universally given to a small banker for his work in connection with the floating of a loan of one of the Latin-American republics. It was not a large loan—less than $10,000,000—but it was the way in which almost insuperable obstacles were overcome by the banker's pertinacity, resourcefulness, earnestness and square dealing that was admirable. Every banker and every bond dealer that I saw had something nice to say about the way Mr. Frederick Jevons put over the Salinagua loan. I am, of course, using assumed names.

The Republic of Salinagua needed money. It was nothing new for any of the republics to the south of us to need money. Salinagua naturally turned to the United States, because here was where money was most abundant. Moreover, its credit in London was not so good as it used to be owing to the unfortunate circumstance that our little sister republic had regretfully defaulted on an issue of bonds which it had placed in London some fifteen years ago. It had met its interest payments regularly until the World War dislocated all business to such an extent that greater republics than Salinagua could not pay their debts. The English bondholders had a first lien on a portion of the customs receipts, but that did not mean that they received any money therefrom. Whatever Great Britain might have done in normal times to collect the money due her subjects from a diminutive republic across the ocean, there was no dispatching a fleet in 1916, and no delivery of an ultimatum, especially when the Monroe Doctrine was by now known by heart by the British Foreign Office and the good will of the United States was of paramount importance to Great Britain.

The old 6 per cent bonds were quoted at 32 in London when the Salinaguan Government had a spasm of wisdom. It came because things were very bad indeed. The lack of capital was like the lack of oxygen. Salinagua, a rich little country, was dying of financial asphyxiation. The government called in some experts to study the problem and evolve a solution. The committee recommended an external loan. It was easy to say, "Borrow!" But who would lend? The United States had been helping the rest of the world to get on its feet. The Salinaguan Government, as a first step, began an exchange of diplomatic notes with the State Department at Washington. The department was willing to help all it could, which did not mean that it would lend Salinagua a cent, but did mean that it would not seek to dissuade American bankers from lending a few millions to Salinagua on fair terms. That is as far as our Government ever goes, even in its most imperialistic moments.

The Salinaguan Government promptly dispatched a financial commission to New York to interview bankers. The commission secured interviews, spoke its piece and waited for results.

The results were nil.

The commission approached one of our leading banks, one that had been a willing helper to a dozen foreign countries. It possessed elaborate distributing machinery—branches everywhere and bond salesmen who hesitated at nothing. The directors

(Continued on Page 225)

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Rustic
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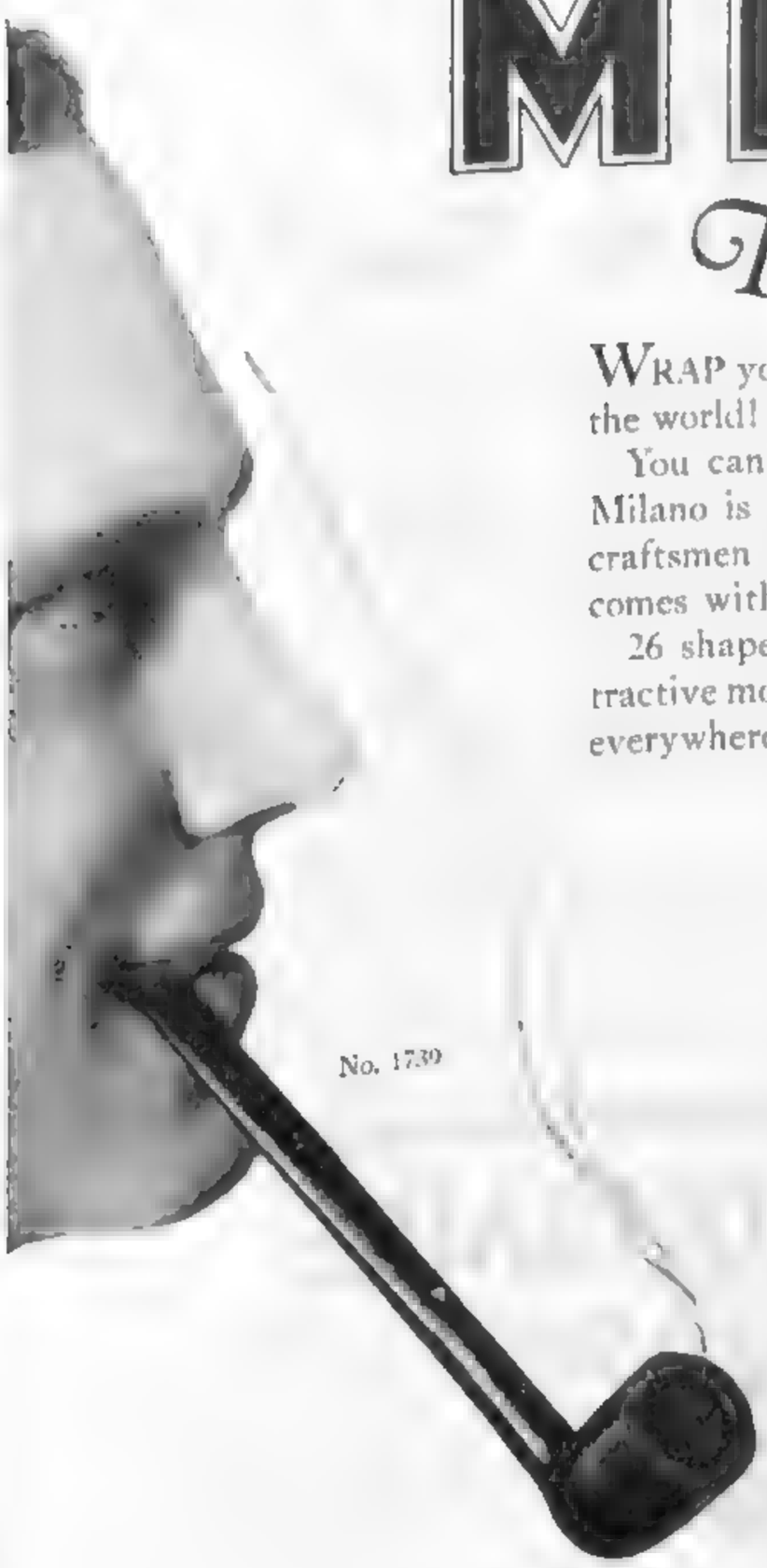
You can't get a *better* pipe no matter what you pay. Milano is hand fashioned of the finest root by the best craftsmen of the pipe-maker's guild. The Policy which comes with the Milano insures your lasting satisfaction.

26 shapes—$3.50 up. Also a number of especially attractive models in Rustic finish at $4.00 and up—at dealers' everywhere. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.



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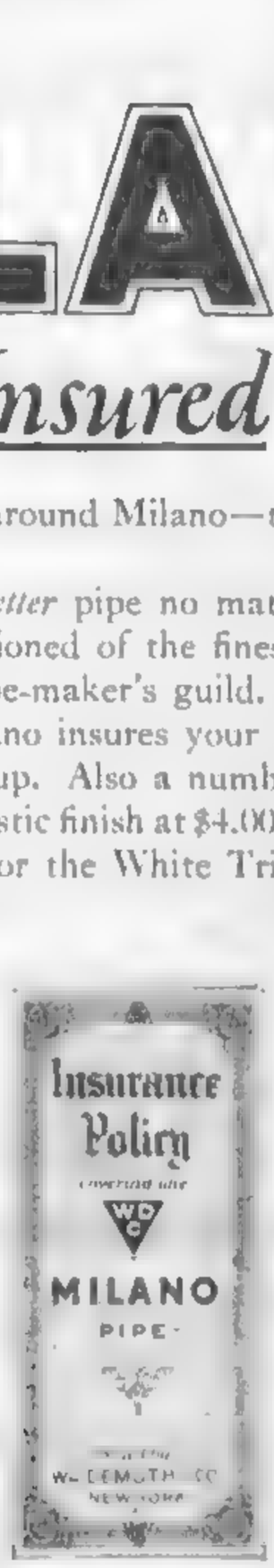

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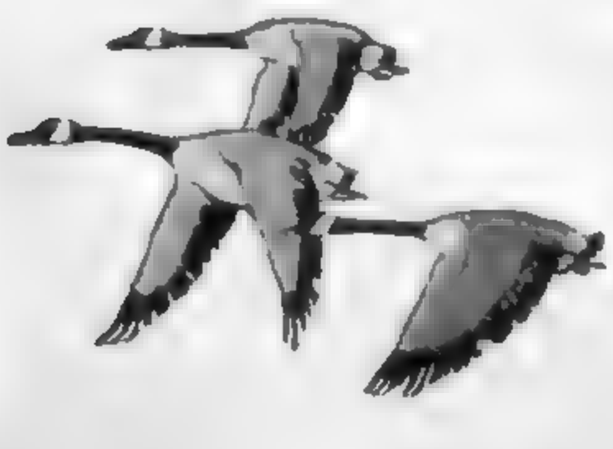

The Wills Sainte Claire Six is designed to give you thousands upon thousands of miles of the most luxurious and carefree transportation at the minimum operation and maintenance costs.

In its construction, the finest steels in the world are used unstintedly.

Classical in external appearance, it has long been the standard of motor car beauty

—not too large for convenience and ease of handling

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—not a seasonal modification of former designs, but a car, the dimensions and character of which are studiously determined by what people, in the face of this modern traffic condition

—*need now.*

Emphatically, this new Wills Sainte Claire is *not* a price-built car, but a piece of priceless quality and far-sighted economy

—that you will be proud of

—*years hence.*

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE, INC. · MARYSVILLE, MICHIGAN

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 222)

were inclined to consider the proposition favorably until one of the directors objected. His firm had interests that, he thought, conflicted with some of the plans of the Salinaguan Government. The hostile director had his way and the bank turned down the loan cold.

One after another of the big banking houses was approached in vain. The commission even went out of New York, and a banker in a populous city south of Mason and Dixon's Line was approached. He tried his best to form a syndicate. After several weeks of hard work he threw up his hands, and the commission returned to New York to interview other bankers and promoters.

"My dear sir," one of these said to the head of the commission, "I couldn't sell one of your bonds to the most reckless of our clients."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, because I could not recommend it as an investment. But even if I did, our clients are familiar with the political history of the smaller Latin-American republics. They would laugh in my face if I asked them to buy such a bond. I am very sorry."

After the dislocation of its foreign trade consequent upon the Great War, the little republic found itself in a bad way. Capital became so scarce that commerce and agriculture and industry all but died. The government could not pay the interest on its London loan. It had no funds to use for that or any other useful purpose. When it simply had to have any money, it borrowed it from the local banks, paying, or at any rate agreeing to pay, from 12 to 20 per cent for it. Of course, the real damage inflicted on the country by such action was that since the banks had no capital available for the legitimate users of it, merchants could not do business as they should and planters were kept from expanding. Production, being dependent upon capital, could not increase in the absence of the lifeblood of trade. The experts employed by the Salinaguan Government to formulate a plan of rehabilitation could see no other way than a loan which might enable the government to pay back to the banks what it owed them. Then the bank's customers could borrow money for development purposes.

It was after the finance commission from Salinagua had vainly sought to induce American bankers to lend the few paltry millions that were needed to enable little Salinagua to work for a living once more that the luck turned. One day Frederick Jevons was told about the loan that no banker would make.

Mr. Jevons Shows Interest

As international banking houses went, the firm of F. Jevons & Co. wasn't colossal. It had never lent any money to foreign governments. It had an extremely valuable asset in the possession of a first-class thinking machine. Jevons had been for years a dealer in bonds. More; he had been one of the best experts on all kinds of bonds that ever did business in Wall Street. It was difficult to find a bond issue too obscure or too small for him not to know all about. To an amazing power of analysis he joined a marvelous memory, and a humor that betokened extraordinary sense of proportion. It is questionable whether any foreign-born member of the New York Stock Exchange has so thoroughly assimilated the American genius as Jevons.

It was the president of the Consolidated Railways of Latin America who told Frederick Jevons about the commission's futile efforts.

When he had finished, Jevons said calmly. "If Salinagua needs a loan as badly as you say, and if she really wants to use the money for the good of its people, I think I can sell those bonds."

"What?" shrieked the railway president.

"Yes."

"How do you make that out?"

"If the government is honest, there will be no trouble," persisted Jevons.

"Is this philanthropy?"

"No; straight business."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning straight dealing. If the government of Salinagua really needs the money and really wants to do good with it, it will be willing to give certain guaranties."

"Half the country?"

"No."

"Concessions and monopolies?"

"No; just what I said—security that will satisfy me and my clients. All that is needed is an enforceable mortgage. That was the trouble before, and that is the trouble with nearly all loans to foreign governments that are not accustomed to strict business ways."

"What rate of interest will you ask for?"

"Eight per cent. You can't ask for less in view of the competition from countries that have a much better reputation; and no more, or you will scare investors. The chief thing, as I told you, is the guaranty. The European powers guaranteed the Austrian loan. But the only power that will guarantee the Salinaguan loan is the Salinaguan Government."

Once when a banker was assured by a borrower that his friend Smith would guarantee payment of the loan, he said, "That's fine. But who'll guarantee Smith?"

The railroad man now thought of that and dropped the subject.

A meeting was arranged between Jevons and the finance commission from the bankrupt republic. The government of Salinagua must pledge itself to use the money to pay off its most pressing debts, settle with the British holders of the defaulted bonds and repay the creditors at home. To provide for the interest payments as well as a sinking fund, the loan must be a first lien on three-quarters of the customs receipts. A collector must be appointed from a list of names suggested by the Secretary of State of the United States, this collector to act in effect as the fiscal agent of the bondholders.

Safeguarding Investors

Jevons insisted on a pledge to submit all differences between the bondholders and the Salanaguan Government to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and if he could not act, then to some other member of the Federal judiciary, to be selected by the Secretary of State of the United States to act in the Chief Justice's place.

The State Department was not made a collecting agency. It merely insured fair play for the bankers as well as for the little sister republic to the south.

The terms having been agreed upon to the satisfaction of the banker, his problem was to place the bonds. The success of the loan would add one more country to the roster of those helped by American investors to get on their feet. It should mean more business for our exporters, greater prestige for the United States. The security was good. The revenues of the country, honestly collected and applied, were ample to provide for interest payments and sinking-fund requirements, and the job would be supervised by an American.

Jevons approached some active dealers and brokers who specialized in bonds. To a man they begged to be excused. After some weeks of futile work, he sailed for Europe. In London he succeeded in securing the approval of the British bondholders to the new plan, which meant that they would exchange their old defaulted bonds for the proposed new. Also he found one of those shrewd and venturesome English capitalists who agreed to lend a few millions if certain guaranties could be obtained from the Consolidated Railways of Latin America. The railroad company was willing to do this so that the Republic of Salinagua would be able to pay what it owed the railways. Two-thirds of the money needed thus being raised, he returned to the United States.

Then began what the heads of the chief bond houses in New York assure me was the most intelligently conducted campaign of all the recent foreign-bond selling. He did not try to form an underwriting syndicate or allot the greater part of the issue to a selling group. Instead, he began at the beginning—he started to educate bond dealers and country bankers all over the United States. He explained what the Salinaguan bonds represented, their safety as to principal and interest, no matter what the little republic may have been or done in the past. This loan was on a different basis from all previous loans, and he insisted on pointing out where and why it was different.

Knowing all about the country and the loan, he anticipated all possible objections and considered them before the investors could fire them at him. He drilled his salesmen and then sent them out to sell not, indeed, these particular Latin-American bonds, but Mr. Frederick Jevons' convictions that he could sell a good bond at a

"Ye Tourist" a popular priced jacket is also made by Tom Wye, Inc.

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All the warmth you need, all the comfort and style you can possibly get in a knit garment. Fancy fronts and beautiful heather mixtures in Jackets, Vests and Pull-overs. Illustrated is our latest pattern, the new *Wales check*. Good fellows who wear the Tom Wye are good humored in all weathers, whether it's a jacket, vest or pull-over, if it's a Tom Wye, it's just right.

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Rubbish Burner-Trash Basket

Saves Work and Worry

Don't store waste paper, rags and other rubbish in barrels and boxes in your basement. Avoid this fire hazard. Dispose of trash the safe, convenient way. Place it in the Cyclone Catch-All Basket; then burn it right in the Catch-All, without rehandling. No fire danger. The close-woven mesh keeps burning fragments safely confined. Every home needs this two-in-one container, trash-basket and rubbish-burner combined.

The Catch-All Basket is strong, rigid, durable. 29 inches high. Diameter at top 20 inches. Upright wires 1½ inches apart. Electrically welded. Weight 14 pounds. Baked green enamel finish.

Sold by hardware and department stores everywhere.

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Foot-Joy! Nine out of ten men have no conception of how comfortable their feet can be. If you are conscious of yours at the end of a busy day, there's something wrong.

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Also makers of the famous *Anatomik* shoes for men. Catalogue on request.

low price, provided he were allowed to tell about it.

This particular bond was protected by the fact that the money was to be used as wisely as the Austrian loan, and the revenue collecting would be supervised by an American nominated by the Secretary of State of the United States. The record of the results of the American supervision of some of the turbulent little republics to the south of us justified optimism. The dealers and bankers received a Pan-American education from Mr. Jevons' salesmen, and the campaign, pressed everywhere, succeeded. Incidentally, the selling commission was adequate and the return to the investors liberal.

"Do not subscribe for any bonds until after you have actually sold them," he told the dealers, and they did as he bade them.

The bonds were sold. The operation was a great success. Nobody believed it could be done. And Jevons not only did it but, without any underwriting syndicate to share possible dangers, he kept the bonds from selling below the price of issue. Also there has always been a market for these bonds—and ready vendibility is a great value-making factor. The feeling that your investment has never shown any depreciation conduces to longevity.

The Fearful Bond Buyer

"The controlling emotion in a buyer of bonds is fear," Jevons told me. "That is precisely what I have to allay. My success as a banker depends upon my success in imparting confidence as to the safety of the investments I recommend, and this can come only from the character of the security and of the borrower, as well as of the banker who brings the borrower and the lender together. I am engaged in business continuously and not merely when I am selling one particular issue of bonds. I can afford to score a failure less than any one of my clients. I know how hard I worked to insure the safety of the principal and of the interest payments. I am so sure of my work that I am staking my reputation on it; and that means my living, doesn't it?"

Another loan to a small power, also very successful, was the Greek loan. The United States took $1,000,000 and London £10,000,000. This loan was issued to provide funds for establishing on the land or in industry about 1,500,000 Greeks who were transferred from Turkey to Greece in accordance with the Treaty of Peace. It was obviously an imperative duty of the government to provide for these refugees. The loan was secured by a first charge on revenues from divers monopolies, collected under the control of the International Finance Commission, as well as on the property and income of the Refugee Settlement Commission, consisting of a large tract of land set aside by the Greek Government for the refugees to settle in and work and earn their living. The proceeds of the loan were used exclusively for this productive settlement of the refugees, and not for charity; and the mortgage was assigned to the commission, and the rents and interest also were to go to the bondholders. The land alone was asserted to be worth as much as the amount of the loan; but that was a Greek estimate. However, in addition to that, there were the other revenues assigned to the independent commission of British, French and Italian delegates, and administered by it without hindrance by the Greek Government.

The popular idea of Greece would not lead investors to buy Greek bonds. Yet the loan was a great success. In London it was subscribed many times over and it sold at a premium. I asked a banker the reason, and he said:

"We are rank amateurs at foreign financing, while the British are old professionals. They know to whom they lend. They have lent so much to so many nations for the past 100 years that they have a credit-rating council to issue warnings or advice. It is a curious fact that while they invest in foreign bonds we simply gamble in them. That is the reason why highly speculative issues fetch a higher price in the New York market than in London, while the gilt-edge issues go for much more in London than here. An absolutely safe bond that nets 6 per cent looks good to them, but we want greater returns from any foreign investment. We are less concerned over the character of the security. The Greek loan proved it. The bankers who brought it out here knew what they were doing and what they were offering for sale. They had as associates extremely shrewd and well-informed men in London, experts in this line of business: but the American public did not know it. In London, the public knew that during the past twenty-five years Greece had paid without fail. It fulfilled its obligations all through the two Balkan Wars and the great World War. Its record was good and the British public knew it, as it knew also that the revenues assigned by the Greek Government to secure this particular loan were ample, and that the management of the finances and the rent and interest collecting would be in the hands of commissioners representing the great powers."

On the whole, the foreign situation has not crystallized. But there are things about some of the issues being planned and about the motives of the originating houses that are not altogether comforting.

A friend of mine told me about his experiences with Russian bonds. The president of a bank that does an extensive bond business recommended the purchase of the bonds. The bank was the fiscal agent of the Czar's government and the president knew what he was talking about.

One day when the news of the revolution began to take a turn alarming to the Allied cause, my friend was in the office of the bank president.

"What about those Russian bonds you brought out? What are you going to do with them?"

"Haven't any to do anything with," replied the president complacently, "I didn't like the reports from St. Petersburg and so I liquidated our entire holdings."

The Russian Collapse

"From your pleased expression," said my friend—quite calmly, according to him—"I gather you expect congratulations on your acumen. You ducked at the first sign of a raindrop. But what about me? You personally recommended those bonds to me for investment. I didn't hear any expressions of alarm from you. I've got a whopping big loss. What kind of a speech are you going to favor me with now?"

"I am very sorry, my dear chap. It couldn't be foreseen by anyone. It is one of the surprises of the war. War is hell, you know."

"And it isn't only war that is hell," my friend says he said in a philosophical and not unmusical tone of voice.

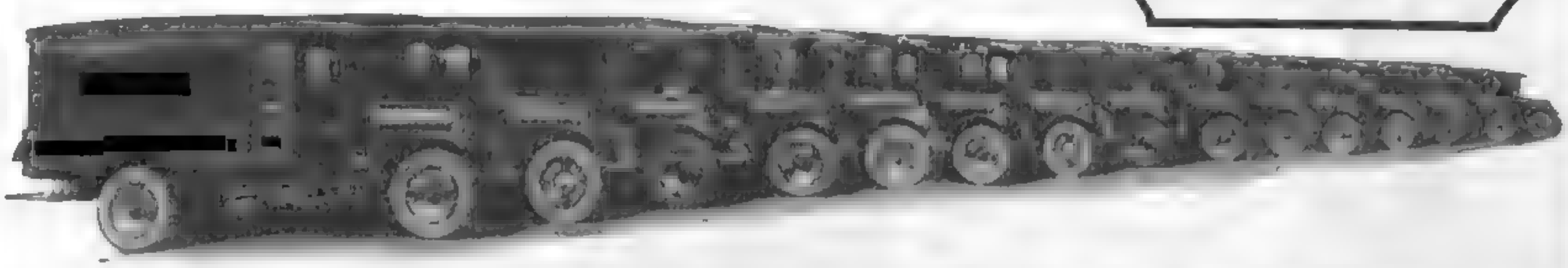
Well, the Russian collapse gave a black eye to the sale of the bonds of the Allied powers in the American market. It wasn't forgotten for a long time. That and the huge losses of buyers of marks made the public look askance at foreign issues for years. To be sure, it is well to bear in mind that the losses in both instances were sustained by speculators. Both were gambles, entered into for no other reason than a desire of gain. The marks looked very cheap at first, when the world did not know that Stinnes and his fellow industrialists were making colossal fortunes by the simple expedient of selling marks short—that is, by buying options on plants and factories. By the time the options were exercised, the mark had gone to a price that made the options more than bargains.

These prejudices of 1918 and 1919 began to die out, and many issues of bonds were sold in 1920 and 1921. Many of these, it must be borne in mind, meant merely a method of financing purchases of raw materials, goods and foodstuffs in this country. It was not the American investors who were loading up. It was the American exporters and the great corporations that were selling their products abroad and carrying their customers by taking their paper. To a considerable degree, the majority of the loans were really foreign-exchange transactions.

Of course we had a stupendous bond boom after the Armistice. We had become partial to bond buying, and prices were so low that the interest yield was inviting. A great deal of money was made by buying all sorts of domestic bonds. Of course the brokers welcomed the activity. A nation that had traded in so many thousands of millions of dollars of bonds of all sorts and descriptions would continue to do so as long as the money lasted. There is still slathers of capital available. That is the main reason why the international bankers have done so much business lately. The best side of that business has been shown. But there is another side.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

Hundreds of Stewart fleets have grown from a single Truck



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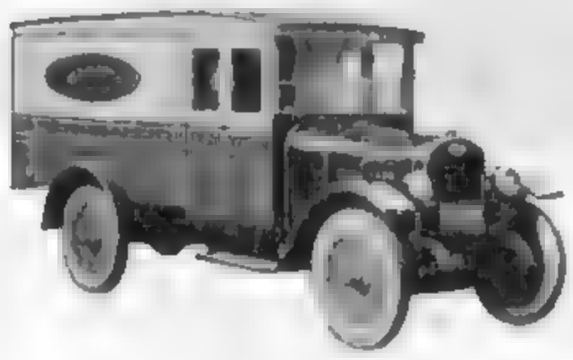
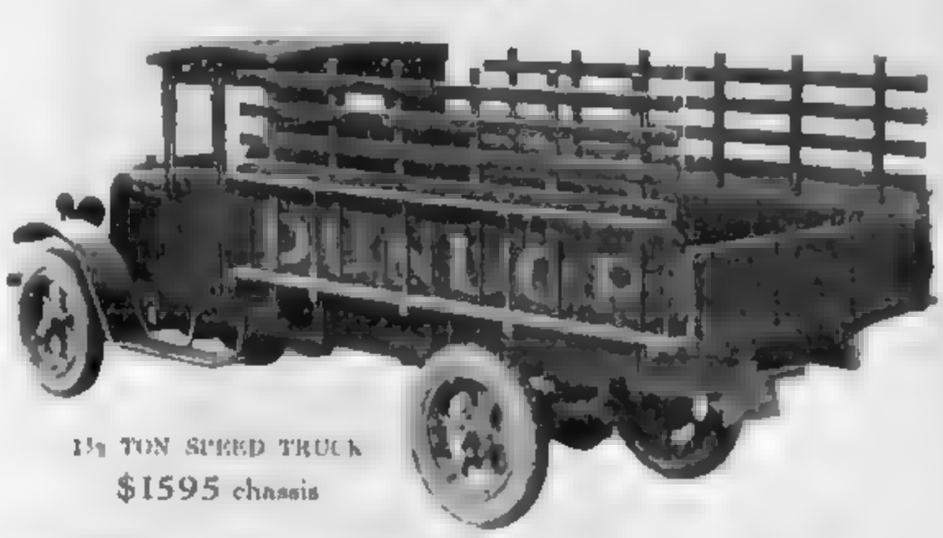


1 TON SPEED TRUCK
$1195 chassis

1 TON SPEED TRUCK
$1195 chassis



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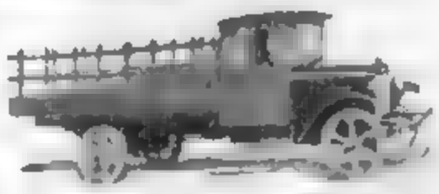
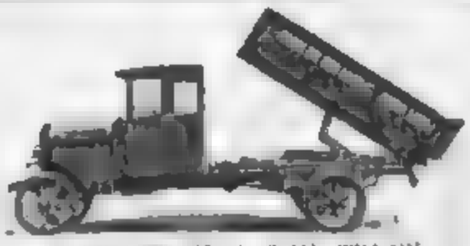
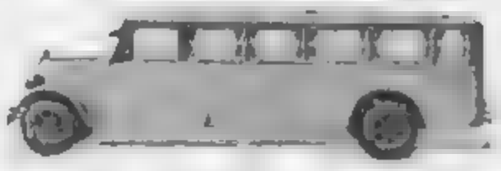
Stewart MOTOR TRUCKS



STEWART 2 TON TRUCK
$1890 chassis



STEWART 3½ TON TRUCK
$3795 chassis



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JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

SALVAGING THE OYSTER

(Continued from Page 24

water, or the necessity of thinning the oyster bed just as a radish bed must be thinned, Henry is frequently moved during his second, third and fourth years, sometimes half a mile, sometimes many miles.

The oyster has no legs, but it is the traveling kid of the mollusk family. It is mute, inglorious, but everlastingly gadding about. Henry, for example, may have "set" in the Long Island shallows near Bridgeport, Connecticut; been dredged up at the end of his first or second summer and replanted at Wellfleet, Massachusetts, there to rest undisturbed except for the semiyearly shock of being hoisted to the surface and broken away from the cluster of which he is too fond. Or such a one as Henry may have got his start in Chesapeake Bay, Maryland, only to be transplanted to Cape Cod, until the Baltimore market is short of shipping oysters and Henry goes "back, back, back to Baltimore."

Whatever happens to the Henrys of oysterdom, each is certain, if it lives, of one final transplanting in the fourth year to some fattening bed, generally where freshwater streams bring much food into the sea, and where the Henrys are fattened much as are geese and turkeys.

And when Henry is fattened and the market calls him, a broad-beveled knife scrapes Henry from the bay bottom into a net, which transfers him to a boat, which transfers him to a shed on shore, where he is either packed *au naturel* on ice or handy men with hammers and knives shuck him, wash him, pack him in cans and send him to the Pacific Coast or some distant region.

By which it will be seen that the oyster bed is not a bed of roses for bivalve or farmer. The oyster is always on the defensive and often on the move. The farmer labors all summer, cultivating his submarine fields, and all winter, harvesting his crop.

It isn't going to be so difficult to build up the oyster output. There are millions of acres in shallow bays along our Atlantic and Gulf coasts where there is tidal or other motion, and sandy or rocky bottoms attract the falling spat if the spat is brought to it. There are millions of acres at the bottoms of other bays that can be converted into oyster beds merely by sowing cultch, or oyster shells, for which the spat has a natural affinity. In time government regulation will protect certain oyster-raising districts from the encroachments of civilization.

Iodine in Sea Food

There are several good reasons for governmental encouragement of oyster culture. Although much marine life is accepted as good food for the body, few scientists now maintain that fish is food for the brain. But many scientists indorse the theory that oysters and other shellfish can prevent or cure simple goiter. Our Middle West is sometimes known as the Great Goiter Belt. Recent investigations show that the prevalence of simple goiter is due in a large measure to lack of iodine in drinking water. Analysis of large numbers of sea foods has shown that oysters, clams and lobsters are unusually high in iodine content. Weight for weight they have more than 200 times as much iodine as milk, eggs or beefsteak. Shrimp have 100 times and salt-water crabs fifty times as much; marine fishes have the same amount, while fresh-water fishes, much lower in iodine, have about the same amount of iodine per bulk as meat.

Carrying this investigation across the Pacific, it is learned that the Japanese, who probably eat more salt-water fish per capita than any other nation, are virtually free from goiter.

Regiments of men arise to point with pride to the beneficial effects of oyster eating. The nonprofessional oyster fan is free to roam at will among fries, stews, pies and patties, or oysters on the half shell. But if you mingle with the oystermen you will find them eating their own right off the dredge, straight out of the sea. That is the only way they like them—raw.

And as for the champion oyster eaters, they gulp them down as raw as raw can be, dozens and dozens of them, without a thought for the morrow. Only last fall Pat O'Connor, whose open-air oyster stand functions annually at South Street and Coenties Slip in lower Manhattan, staged an endurance contest to discover the champion oyster eater of the world. Sabbath Sam, rather famous for his gastronomic triumphs, entered the preliminaries and downed seventy-five fat Greenports in fifteen minutes. Sam looked like a favorite in the field until the finals, when W. G. Smyth, a very able seaman, swallowed eleven dozen large raw beauties in a quarter hour and carried off the O'Connor Contest gold medal. But, at that, he didn't hit the pace set by James Anderson, who, in the Oyster Eating Sweepstakes of 1887, ate 165 full-grown oysters in the same elapsed time. And the veteran O'Connor sadly comments on the decadence of the art of oyster eating.

"In the good old days," he says, "I've seen many a customer in Baltimore eat 200 big ones at one standing."

At Georgetown, South Carolina, when one fishes for channel bass he brings up many an oyster on the hook. And it is the pleasant custom in that quaint old town to pry open such a catch and to eat the throbbing mollusk just as is, with the tang of the old salt sea permeating its very vitals and with one small red crab going gropingly to its doom with every oyster thus devoured. For in that region, with true Southern hospitality, every oyster entertains its crab, and that crab sits at the oyster's first table and takes its pick of all food fanned in by the oyster's gills.

Pacific Coast Oysters

Step into any one of a thousand oyster bars in picturesque New Orleans, put one foot on the old brass rail, gaze into the mirror which has reflected many a scene of pre-Volstead hilarity and eat your raws right off the ice while the courteous bartender opens another one as fast as you and your fork make away with its predecessor. Then, after you have three dozen under your belt, wander into the burning sun and ask the nearest policeman the shortest way home and don't worry. You'll be all right in an hour or so. It's just a case of oyster intoxication. There will be no serious after effects. I've had a hundred such meals.

One can even get a kick out of the diminutive Pacific Coast oysters, little chaps no larger than the end of a thumb, although I never could understand why our Far-Westerners, who go in for big things, have not educated their oysters in eugenics. Possibly the Pacific Coast varieties continue to be the pygmies of the oyster world because the oyster farmers of that Far West have not gone in for thinning out and transplanting. Possibly they will take a leaf out of the book of science and develop a man's-size variety, for science is doing a lot in Eastern waters to breed up our best-known bivalves.

Long before the Christian era, our English ancestors were encouraging oysters to live and have their being in the estuary of the Thames River, in the channel waters off Essex, near Falmouth in Cornwall, and, by example, to their Welsh, Irish and Scotch cousins, near Oystermouth in South Wales; Inveraray and Ballantrae, Scotland; Wicklow, Queenstown, Ballyheige, Galway and Moville, Ireland. Sowing of cultch for seed beds was practiced long before the Norman invasion. The old English masters of oyster culture got many of their ideas from the ancient Romans. For when Cæsar's legions overran Great Britain, they brought to their new colonies centuries of experience in oyster culture, practiced especially in Lake Avernus. In that salty Italian sea they piled rocks on a muddy bottom, encircled the piles with stakes, tied bundles of twigs to the stakes and from these rookeries plucked oysters mature enough for the patrician market.

In the nineteenth century the French adapted the old Roman method to oyster culture in the Bay of Biscay. They planted convex, lime-covered tiles in convenient tidal waters controlled and leased by the government as oyster parks. These continue to produce enormously. From the lime-covered tiles the oyster spat is transplanted to wooden and wire oyster cases anchored on the foreshore. When the bivalves are big enough to go on their own they are again transplanted, to the open sea, and at the end of the fourth or fifth year following their nativity are sent to market. Similar methods are followed in Holland.

But, with all due deference to European oysters, none of them equals the American article in flavor. And it has remained for American science and ingenuity to establish

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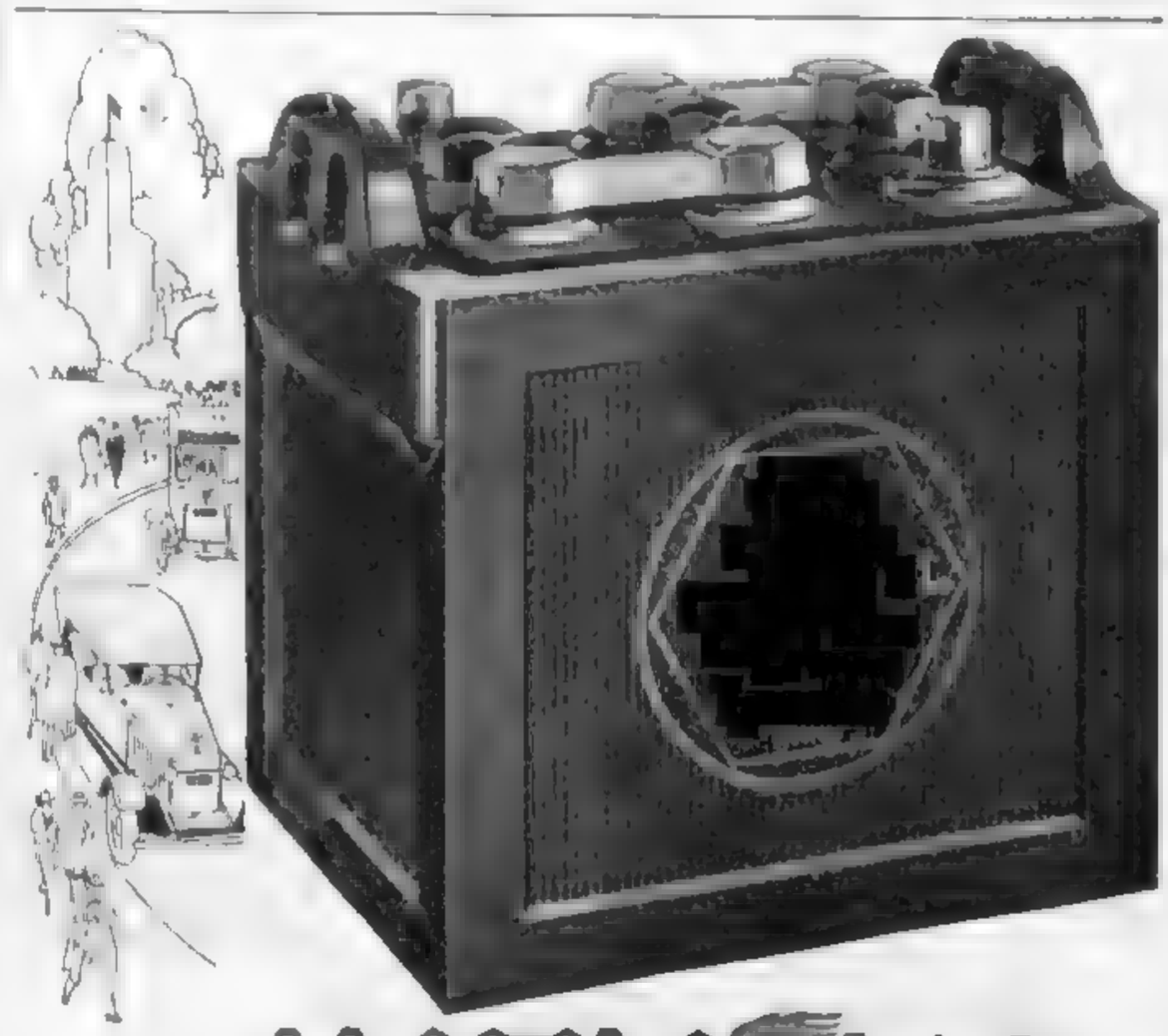

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new standards in oyster culture. We are Burbanking our oysters.

Under the direction of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, the National Association of Fisheries' Commissioners and the New York State Conservation Commission, experiments have been conducted from which it is probable that we may learn not only to raise oysters artificially, but also to crossbreed them until an ideal oyster is obtained.

This is not the first attempt at idealism in the oyster. Prof. W. K. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, proved in the '70's that artificial propagation of the oyster was possible. Now, Capt. William Firth Wells, biologist and sanitarian of the New York State Conservation Commission, is carrying the same work to a practical conclusion at Bayville, near Oyster Bay, Long Island. Captain Wells, by the way, has still another designation. He is known as an oyster engineer.

In a small square building, he is raising the oysters by hand. The eggs are stripped from female oysters and placed in fruit jars filled with clarified water to which sperm from male oysters is added. The mixture is shaken and allowed to stand twenty minutes while fertilization is completed. The jars are siphoned off and refilled several times in the next six hours, after which the embryonic, or larval, oysters rise to the top and are siphoned off into fifty-gallon crocks, from which they are later drawn into a separator revolving 7000 times a minute.

It's the good old cream separator that turns the trick. The separator is Captain Wells' important contribution to Professor Brooks' pioneer experiments. The microscopic oysters cling to the sides of the separator, from which they are scraped off into stoneware crocks, about 200,000 per drop of water.

They have gone through the first stages of development free from the influence of harmful organisms. In four weeks they fall as spat upon lime-covered surfaces especially prepared for them. After several weeks in the stoneware crocks they are about a quarter of an inch in diameter and are ready to go to sea—and take their chances with starfish and such preyers.

Captain Wells thus for the first time extends the culture of the oyster through the complete reproductive cycle from egg to egg and is greatly decreasing the mortality among oysters. There is need for his work in his own local field, for the old 3,000,000-bushel oyster crop of New York State has been reduced by half in the past few years, and other oyster fields have shown as great deterioration.

Artificial Propagation

The industry has long suffered from underproduction. With the exception of the famous Bridgeport shallows, there has not been a good set in Northern Atlantic waters, from which the best seed oysters come, in ten years. Most oystermen are living on their principal instead of their interest. Oysters are not being grown as fast as they are consumed. In ten years the volume of oyster business has fallen off 50 per cent, while the price of oysters has advanced.

Under normal conditions, the female oyster may, during the three years of her mature life, produce about 60,000,000 eggs before she goes to market. Of these 20,000,000 eggs a year, only two, it is estimated, reach maturity. If one of these mature offspring is left undisturbed to propagate its kind and the other is taken up to serve as food for man, the oyster beds will keep pace with demand. If both the mature oysters are taken up by the oyster farmers, production will fall behind demand.

But if Captain Wells and other scientists succeed in the artificial propagation of oysters, not two, but 2000 of the 20,000,000 eggs laid by the mother each year may reach maturity and, to a great extent, the market. It is a matter of forethought, science and mathematics. There will be oysters, oysters everywhere and not a citizen who cannot eat the invigorating stew at will or drink the luscious juice from the half shell in the approved polite fashion, some sounding C sharp and others B flat in the process.

But Captain Wells plans to go further than the mere increase in production. He believes he can do for the oyster industry what scientific agriculture has done for field crops and what animal husbandry has done for livestock.

For years the oyster industry has been searching for an ideal article, one that will combine all the virtues and none of the vices of the present standard varieties.

It is considered quite the thing now to wax enthusiastic over family trees. And since bluebooks are bulging with first-family names and we are skillfully breeding cattle, horses, dogs and chickens, I may be pardoned for getting a thrill out of the first sight of the first oyster whose father and mother are identified.

You see, the blot on the escutcheon of the oyster has been embarrassingly broad. Oysters have avoided the subject of parentage because no oyster could honestly claim to know its father or mother. Eggs and sperm met by chance. In oysterdom there was no giving in wedlock until Captain Wells became the dictator of oyster domesticity and introduced scientific selectivity.

Who's Who In Oysterdom

Captain Wells picked a likely looking Bluepoint father, a fine, well-shaped, firm-fleshed chap wearing an attractive-colored shell—which has a lot to do with popularizing an oyster in the first-class hotel and restaurant trade—and a well-rounded, delicately flavored, delicately garbed Greenport mother. With these founders of the first pedigreed family in oysterdom, he forgathered in his Bayville laboratory. And Charles Knickerbocker Ostrea is the tangible result. Charles is doing well, I am glad to relate. He is now half grown and going strong. In another year he will be mated with Harriet Katherine Ostrea, scion of two other carefully selected parents. Then Charles and Katherine will bring into the world many children, and the first bluebook oyster family will be on its way.

At present we have the majestic Lynnhavens from Virginia, the less imposing but not to be disregarded Maurice Rivers from New Jersey, the supremely appealing Bluepoints from Great South Bay, the appetizing and attractive Greenports from the other side of Long Island, the Wellfleets and Cotuits from Massachusetts, and others of the elect in the oyster world. But Captain Wells is crossbreeding the best of these great tribes.

Our next generation of oyster eaters will be gifted with far more discrimination than the current one; and if I am among those present twenty years hence, I can remark with mock modesty, "I knew the Charles Knickerbocker Ostrea family when it didn't have a pedigree to its back."

Multiplication of production and consequent return of the raw oyster to its pristine popularity is going to make it hard for a recent addition to our specialists in the arts. I refer to the professional oyster counter. Not so long ago, an oyster gourmet could wander into the family meat or fish market, order a pint or quart of oysters, watch the genial proprietor pour them from an open iced pail into a paper bucket, and wander home again rejoicing in the possession of twenty or forty cents' worth of well-shucked bivalves. Not so today.

Just a little while ago I was sent into our neighborhood market for shellfish.

"Gimme some oysters," I ordered.

"How many?" asked the market functionary.

"One pint," I answered.

"You mean two dozen," the functionary suggested.

"I mean one pint," I firmly reiterated.

"We don't sell 'em that way. We sell 'em by the dozen," the functionary assured me.

Whereupon he proceeded to dip his dipper into a barrel of shell-less bivalves and carefully count two dozen into the carrier there made and provided; and I learned that since oysters have advanced in price, thousands of men spend their days and nights counting oysters. But we shall get back to the bulk basis in the oyster business after the scientists succeed with their intensive and extensive plans for propagation.

But if oyster raisers raise all the oysters the world can consume, the pearl industry will not be affected. Pearls of great price do come from certain oysters in the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean near Ceylon, the Sulu Archipelago in the Philippines, the Pearl Islands southwest of Panama and other choice warm-water spots. Full many a gem of purest ray serene is born in the dark unfathomed ocean caves and remains there. But many more are brought up from the open bottoms, ten, twenty or two hundred feet beneath the rippling waves.

(Continued on Page 232)

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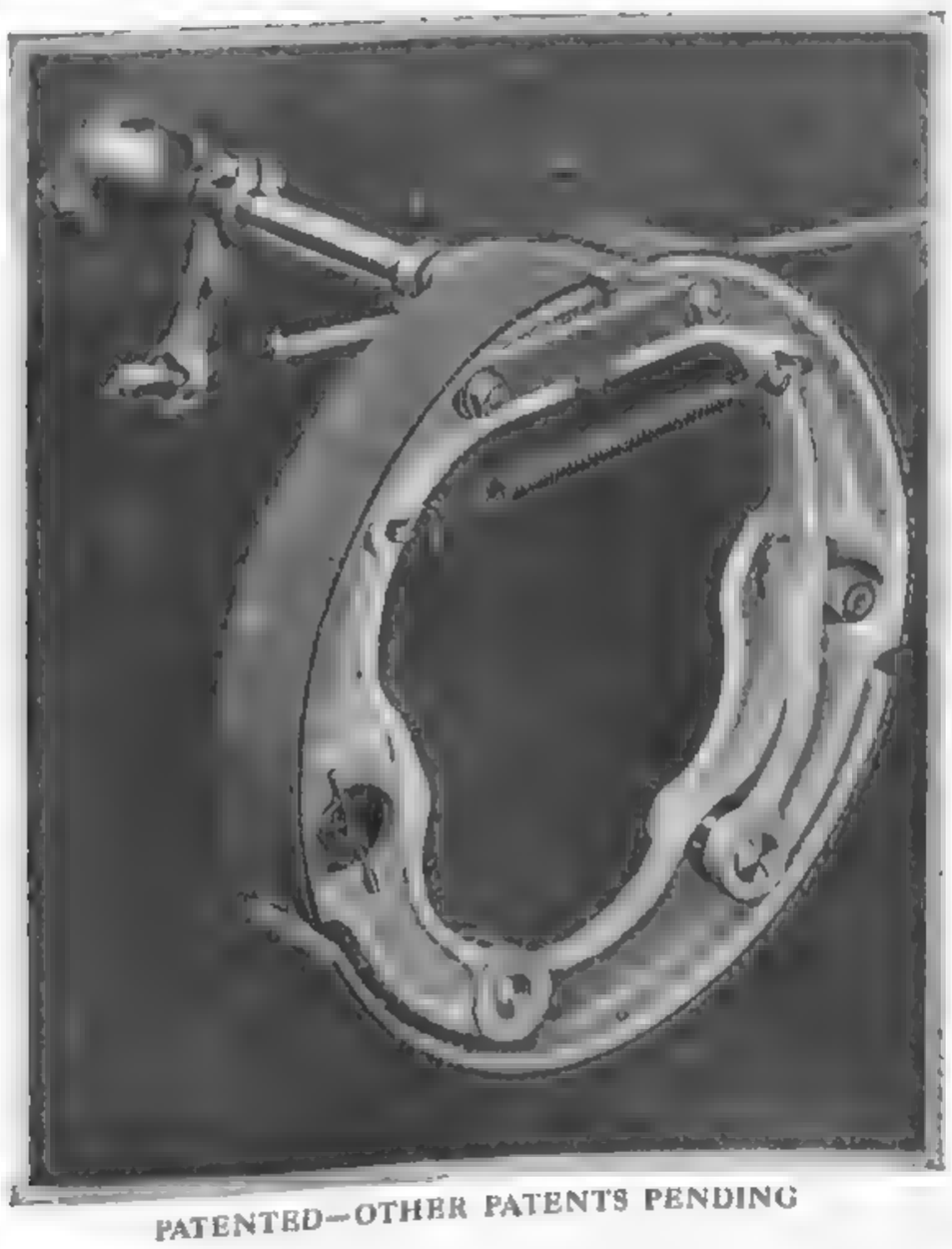

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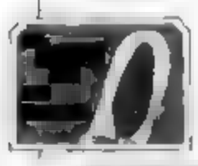

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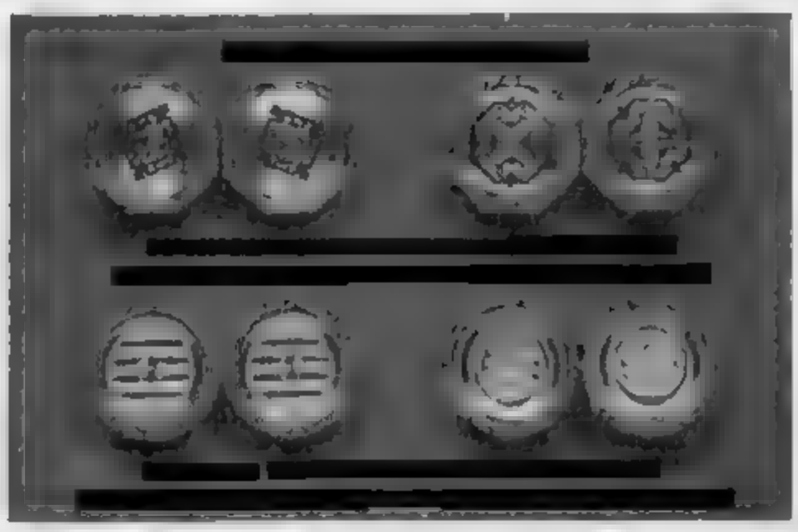

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COLLAR BUTTON

Newark New Jersey

(Continued from Page 230)

You remember that Cleopatra had two of them, twins, and dissolved one in a cruet of vinegar just to show Mark Antony that she cared nothing about money, although the surviving twin later assayed at $100,000 gold. You may also recall that one strand of fifty-two pearls exhibited at the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition was worth $1,000,000. But these pearls did not come from the oysters of commerce.

Having read in a scientific treatise that the pearls one finds in oysters are manufactured by the bivalves because some foreign substance, living or dead, gets inside the oyster's mantle and irritates its flesh; and having further heard that the distinguished naturalist Isidore of Persia wrote in the first century A. D., "It"—the pearl—"grows in the mouth of the oyster and has claws and brings food. It is a small crab and is called guardian of the oyster," I thought I had a bright idea when the Georgetown, South Carolina, oysters previously referred to came over the boat's side, each bearing its small red crab. I spent a day opening these oysters in the fond hope that there might be some tie-up between crab and pearl. But there was nothing to it.

As a matter of brutal truth, the oysters of commerce bear very few pearls of any price. One expert whom I consulted on this subject told me that twenty dollars was big money for any pearl from an edible oyster. An old oyster fisherman went further and declared such pearls were not worth a dollar a bushel. So you may cease buying oysters on the half shell in the belief that you will profit financially as well as physically. Forget about the pearls. Eat your oysters and give thanks for their fine flavor and body-building powers. Let virtue be its own reward.

And do not run yourself ragged chasing an oyster catcher in the hope that it will turn up a pearl-bearing oyster. This black-and-white wading songster with its scissors-like bill may dine on limpets by prying them from the seaside rocks, but I have yet to meet a man who has actually seen an oyster catcher catching oysters. A kingfisher or some other diving bird might. But I doubt if even a kingfisher would have time enough after he hit bottom to pry open an oyster shell and help himself to the banquet thus provided.

Lobster-Fed Chorus Ladies

There's just one way to get value received out of shellfish and that is to eat them. This applies to lobsters, scallops, crabs and shrimps as well as to oysters. And the alarm has been raised that the lobster is doomed. Canada used to market 200,000,000 of these picturesque, horny-handed sons of the sea each year. In 1920 our neighbor to the north produced only 40,000,000, three-fourths of the earth's genuine lobster crop. In the halcyon days of 1892, Maine and other New England states harvested 23,724,525 pounds of these delectable crustaceans, and chorus girls in the lobster palaces of Broadway waxed fat. But in 1919 these same New England states brought forth only a paltry 10,666,707 lobsters. Lobster prices soared. The crop was valued at $1,062,392 in 1892 and at $2,550,980 in 1919.

During the past five or six years conditions in the lobster industry have grown steadily worse. Lobster men used to be able to go along the flats and spear the poor brutes at will. Now lath-and-chicken-wire lobster pots are set in deep water, for the lobster ranges the salty bottoms to a depth of 600 feet in search of prey. The lobster is a cannibalistic, fighting rascal. If he can locate dead or living food to satisfy the pangs of hunger, well and good. But if he finds himself close to too many of his kind he is apt to eat a brother. That is why he comes to market with a cute wooden plug at the base of each claw.

Because so many humans esteem the broiled lobster, that crustacean bids fair to emulate the dodo by doing a disappearance act. Some states have prohibited the taking of lobsters less than nine inches in length. The Maritime Provinces of Canada have established a closed season from June thirtieth to January fourteenth. Some experts maintain that no lobsters should be taken after they are more than eleven inches long, for it is after they have attained that size that the female begins to carry the 9000 berries, or eggs, from which the baby lobsters are hatched. Various attempts have been made to propagate them artificially, so far without material success.

We used to see lobsters in the markets weighing twenty-five pounds, but a two-pound lobster is now a pretty good specimen, and confoundedly expensive. Only once in the last ten years have I been able to get all the lobster I wanted. That was in Santiago, Chile, in 1922. The Chilean market is supplied from the island of Juan Fernandez, about 400 miles from the Chilean coast. It was Robinson Crusoe, I believe, who first indorsed the Fernandez lobsters, and they have been exceedingly popular with succeeding generations. When I went into the Santiago market seeking lobsters, the Chilean peso was worth only ten cents in my money, so I bought a fifteen-pound lobster for $1.50 American.

That night we had lobster steak *ad libitum*. The next night we had an abundance of Chilean duck. The next night I had the worst nightmare in history. But I didn't blame the lobster; it was the duck You can't get me to say a word against the lobster. Its nutrient content may be only 7 per cent of its bulk, but that 7 per cent is something to talk about. It is, in fact, the most talked about of all crustaceans. Its small-clawed cousin, the spiny lobster, or sea crawfish, of Florida and California waters, is almost in as great demand and under as much discussion. As the spiny lobster is a night-prowling creature, it is hunted after dark with the aid of searchlights But it is getting as scarce as its relative of Northern waters. Unless something is soon done to conserve the few that remain, none of us will be able to gather at the festive board while this choice denizen of the deep turns up his toes.

The California Abalone

Of all the shellfish that have suffered from persecution and misrepresentation, the scallop is the most put upon. The shallow-water variety, so common from Massachusetts to the Gulf of Mexico, lives only two years, with everything in its favor. And the only portion eaten is the adductor, or shell-opening muscle. That adductor muscle, by the way, is one of the delicacies about which epicures rave. Yet scallops were used only as fertilizers and stock food by the thrifty New England farmers until about 1870. In 1919 we ate about 4,000,000 pounds of them. Of late years they have been dredged, raked and pronged so persistently that they are getting wild as hawks. They like to nestle in the eel grass along the Jersey shores, but the minute they see a fisherman coming they drop to the bottom and hide. It is a pity they cannot be domesticated. With their pretty shells they would be an ornament to any home

They are almost as pretty as the far-famed abalones of California, although the latter shellfish have not become quite so popular as articles of diet. Conversion to the school of abalone eaters is easily effected. Small steaks, stews and chowders from the central muscle of an abalone are highly palatable. Minced abalone is permeating the American market and much smoked abalone goes to China and Japan. If one appreciates its virtues one can have his abalone cake and eat it too, for the abalone's central muscle can find an honored place on the menu and the rainbow-colored shell on the whatnot table.

The apprehension with which our most experienced tourists view the multitude of Clams-for-Sale signs in New England is really a misapprehension. For Massachusetts, most prolific of our clam producers, garners only 3,000,000 pounds, and the rest of the upper Atlantic states tail off with a few hundred thousand pounds apiece each year.

Including the soft clams, long clams, squirt clams, little-neck or quahog clams, maninose, cherry-stone clams, sandgaper, old maid, razor and other well-known kinds, we consume less than 10,000,000 pounds of clams annually, which means an average of less than one-tenth of a pound per person The clam is much like the oyster in architecture and habit, except that the clam spends most of its life buried in the sand or mud and communicates with the outer world by siphon, although it occasionally comes out of cover and with a handy foot crawls to some more inviting neighborhood.

In the early days of our history, clams saved the lives of many a New England colonist. They sprang into national popularity in 1875, since which time they have been dug industriously by raking or hoeing or spading. Clam diggers even have t[illegible]s that lift clams out of water sixteen feet

deep, and of late they are starting to trawl for the poor things. But there are plenty of clams left. In some New England harbors the small, or seed, clams will run 2000 a square foot of tide flats, and there are great beds of nearly all kinds of clams from New Jersey to the Gulf of Mexico which know not the disturbing influences of civilization. The long narrow razor clams of the Pacific Coast are found in the shallow waters from Oregon to Alaska. They are the fastest burrowing clams in or out of captivity. So clams we shall always, or nearly always, have with us, especially since the trade understands the art of packing and shipping them to all interior points, either fresh or canned. Washington, Oregon, Maine, Massachusetts and Florida are among the most active in canning clams.

In dollars and cents, the crab industry is not the most important among our fisheries, partly because salt-sea crabbing is one of the most modern of our industrial pursuits. But we eat more than 50,000,000 crabs each year. The blue crab, so abundant in the salt marshes along the Atlantic and Mexican Gulf shores from Massachusetts to Texas, shares Northern waters with the larger rock crab and still larger Jonah crab, while the stone crab is very much at home between North Carolina and Texas, and the common crab of the Pacific Coast ranges from Lower California to Unalaska and is uncommonly fine in flavor.

Although most crabs seldom live to the fourth year, they are a notoriously vital lot of shellfish. A young crab, if he absent-mindedly misplaces a leg or loses one in battle, grows another. As crabs have the molting habit, the canny fishermen have learned to catch them just before or during the molting stage; hence the soft-shelled crabs on the hotel menus.

Crabs have less discrimination than most shellfish. They will bite on a piece of red flannel and hang on. Millions are caught by trot-lines or set-lines. But the great bulk of them are landed with dip nets and scrapes. Fresh crabs travel to market on ice. But steamed or cooked crabs go to the great interior of our country and our countrymen after being properly canned.

The salt marshes and bayous of Louisiana and Mississippi produce most of the shrimp we eat. They are caught by seine and cooked and canned on the spot. But the shrimp coming from the lower Atlantic Coast reach metropolitan markets fresh and refrigerated.

Shrimp are migratory and appear at the fishing grounds usually in the spring and fall. Between seasons they are supposed to be out in deep water or buried in the mud of which they are so fond.

The Vanishing Scallop

We are not going to run out of clams, crabs and shrimp during the next forty years, although the supply may become depleted. But scallops are becoming harder to find each season, lobsters will soon vanish altogether and oysters will be numbered among the curiosities unless we apply science and common sense to the situation. Closed seasons on scallops, or a sequence of closed years such as some states have provided for our game birds, may keep the scallops from extinction. The lobster will probably go the way of the buffalo unless early remedial measures are taken. But, thanks to business acumen and scientific aid, the oyster is promised a return to its numerical supremacy and its perennial popularity.

Up to 1925 the shellfish industry was unorganized. In spite of the $60,000,000 invested in oyster culture and marketing, in spite of the age and size of the oyster beds, in spite of the experience of a dozen generations, oystermen did not pull together. Oyster growers had long been accustomed to profiting by what Nature provided. Even after many of them leased, or bought, and harrowed their fertile submarine fields, they had to hire oyster patrols to keep off oyster poachers. Even after various ports of entry had established regulations under which only oyster shipments bearing official tags could get into metropolitan markets, there were plenty of bootleg oysters offered for sale. One favorite method of the oyster bootlegger was to land his untagged load and surreptitiously dump it into empty barrels which had come in properly filled and tagged, but had been emptied by an earlier sale.

Many oystermen, accustomed for years to raising oysters on some particular bed, have only recently realized the necessity of replenishment of the source of supply. They have also suffered from the contamination of commerce. But they are going to overcome this and other handicaps. During the past twelve months oystermen have organized for mutual preservation. They have successfully petitioned for legislative protection. Congress has made it unlawful for oil tankers or any ships carrying cargo oil or oil burners to pump their bilge into territorial waters. That is one great move in the right direction.

There is promise of a revamping of the whole industry. One of the first steps taken may be the general certification of oysters. Some beds have already been certified. I have been eating raw oysters from these certified beds for months. If milk can be certified, why not oysters? This revamping of the oyster business will be made easier because science has interested itself in oyster culture.

Certified Bivalves

There seems to be no reason for doubting that the artificial propagation of oysters will enormously increase and improve the output. The crossbreeding of oysters to develop more attractive and profitable strains has passed its experimental stage. Without materially increasing the cost of the finished product, it seems easily possible to breed oysters for quality, just as Jerseys and Guernseys are bred for quality of milk. In the same manner, other oysters can be bred for size just as shorthorns are bred for beef.

The combination of artificial propagation, breeding and certification should give us an abundance of cheap germ-proof and health-building shellfish—the very kind our doctors are ordering. But that need not be the limit to our oyster culture. The oyster can be, I believe, psycho-analyzed and increased in intelligence.

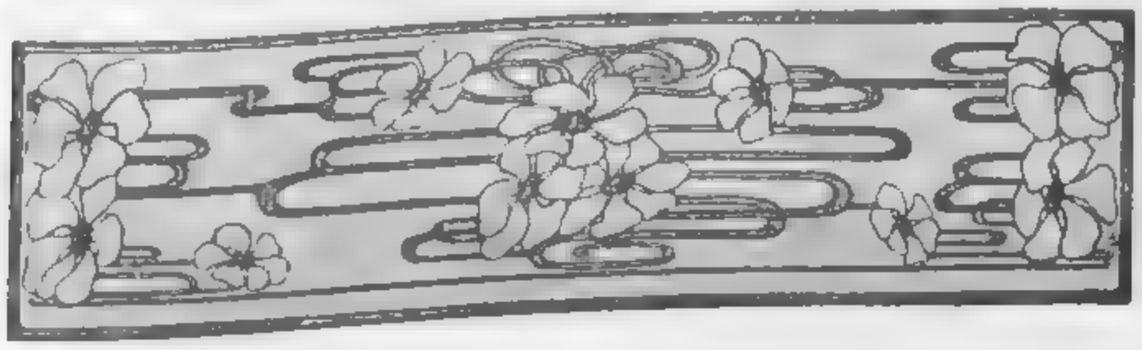
Among the later schools of psychology is one that teaches that in all our reactions the mind is merely a third party when it comes to responding to sensations. This is the school of behaviorism. It teaches, as I understand it, that our response to outside influences is independent of the brain; that the spoken word, the glance of the eye, the tingling of the eardrums are not necessarily directing our destinies; that we can be educated without going through the painful process of thinking. The body will, as I understand it, develop the brain.

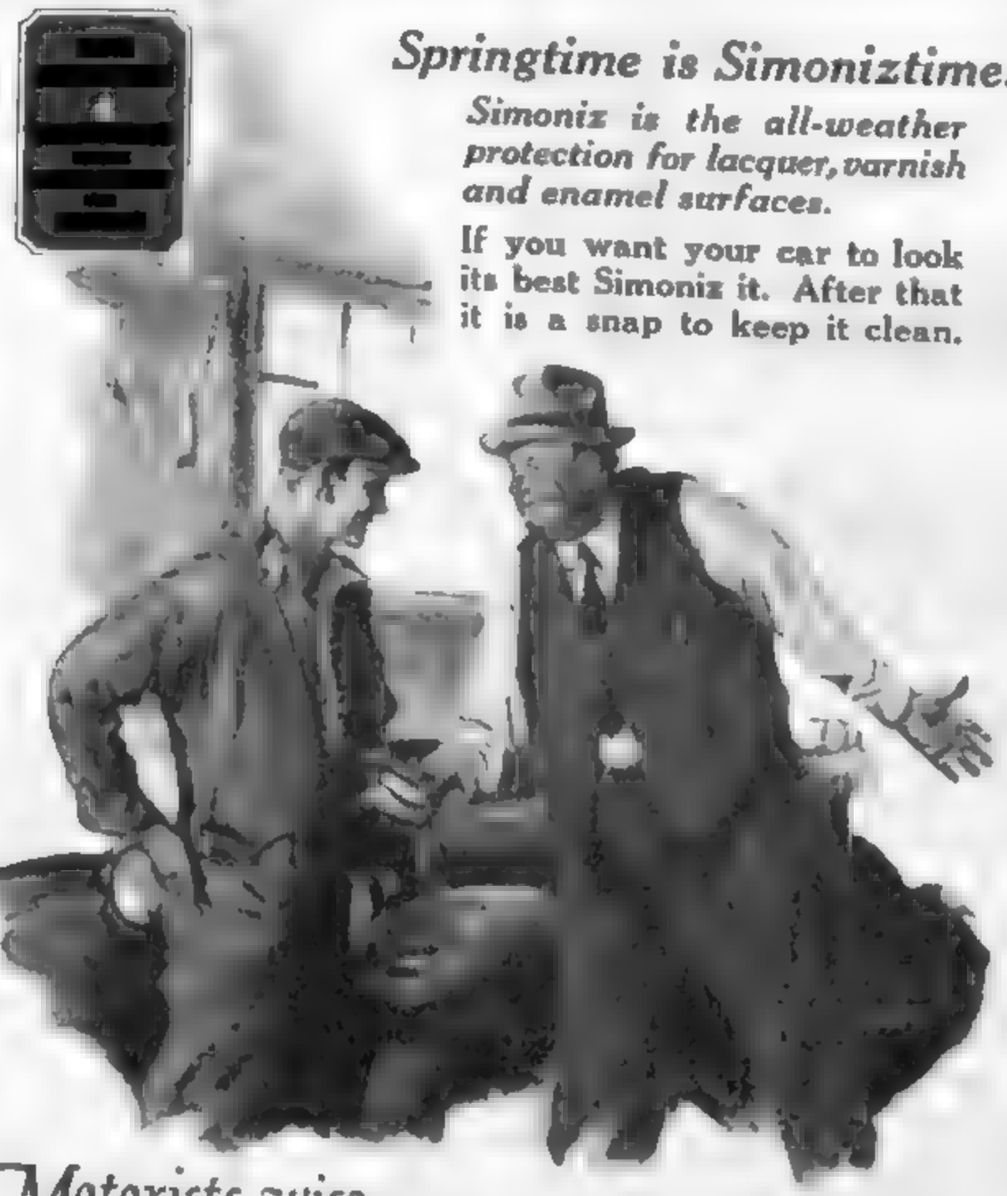
If this new school of psychology is correct in its theory, there is opened up a vast new field for the oystermen. We may have not only a well-bred, well-bathed, wholly respectable bivalve; we may also have a triumph in gastronomical delicacies—an educated oyster.

No more, even with poetic license, may we then consider seriously the walrus and the carpenter who with blandishments enticed the foolish young shellfish onto the treacherous sands, where, as the late Lewis Carroll had it:

"Four young oysters hurried up—
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more and more and more;
All hopping through the frothy waves
And scrambling to the shore."

There will be no more foolish oysters. They will be wise in their generation. They will develop cerebrums and cerebellums where a simple ganglion suffices now. Then, indeed, when we eat oysters shall we be eating brain food as well as body food. The oyster will have come into its own.

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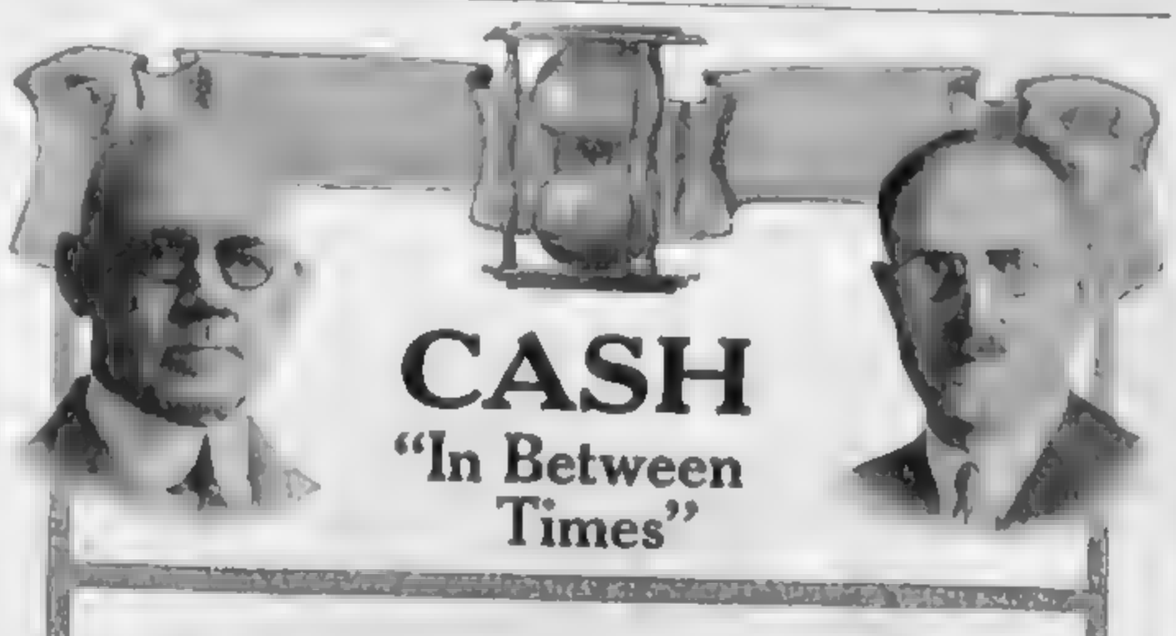

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FROM AN OLD HOUSE

(Continued from Page 33)

phases of character. Masterson's knowledge of local happenings possessed a greater interest than any I could find in the wider world I knew.

I forget what, precisely, led to a discussion with Mr. Okie of the ground around the Dower House; but it was my impression that I had complained about the lack of planted screens between the lawn and the increasing motors of the public. He gave this a grave consideration and then remarked that Mr. Thomas Sears, who was a landscape architect, might be decidedly valuable. Let Mr. Sears come out, he proceeded, and perhaps send you a plan. I hadn't heard of Mr. Sears, his activities were conducted in a sphere—that of broad estates—I had been largely unfamiliar with; I'd walked, I discovered later, in his gardens; but who had laid them out I hadn't stopped to learn. However, I made a very adroit approximation: I suppose he's expensive, I replied.

Not unreasonably, Mr. Okie told me; he is as good as any in America, and he'd plan a beautiful setting for your house. Just see Mr. Sears. It won't be necessary for you to commit yourself. To that I agreed—I'd see him without committing myself, a promise that had a quality vaguely familiar and without assurance. I recognized the approach of a danger lately very persistent: Mr. Sears, the chance was, would know and accurately describe not only what I ought to have but what I wanted—and, at any cost, I'd get it. In imagination I would see the Dower House set in bowers and trellises, green walks and banks, planes, of perfumed color; its walk and upper windows wreathed with bloom. My facile enthusiasm would sweep away all solid objections precisely as, in Bibles, the flood obliterated the world for a fabulous shining sea. And when, the following day, Mr. Sears arrived, I didn't even struggle privately.

I did, though, when opportunity came, ask him how much the changes he proposed might be, and he answered concisely that that would depend on his own hours and charges and the cost of labor. He was about to go South to an estate in North Carolina, as broad, I believed, as an ordinary county, and I really didn't care to bother him with mere details. I covered up my apprehensions and silently prepared a speech for Dorothy with a reference to the fact that the celebrated gardens of Italy were practically flowerless. I then went rapidly on to explain that it was the lack of privacy which had brought me to sending for him; I wanted, I added, to have a lawn that was an outdoors room; I wanted the Dower House shut in with high hedges; and, above all, there must be lilacs wherever it was possible:

A long while ago, when I was very young, I had wandered with a girl into a world of tall lilacs. How I got there, who she was, I had no remembrance of—a teacher in a suburban girls' school, I did recall that. I walked with her down a lime-white road in the twilight under trees holding in their greenness the last glow of a late spring day, and we came eventually to a summerhouse on what must have been the lawn of the school. Banks of lilacs, white and lavender, surrounded us; they were as tall as trees and, heavy with bloom, the air was saturated with sweetness, we were drowned in it and I had never completely recovered.

Yes, Mr. Sears agreed, lilacs would be splendid; you can have a hedge of them, and they will be proper around the rose garden. A rose garden would please Dorothy immensely, and so I discussed that at length; there must be enough roses for her to gather every morning, in season, arranging them in vases. I asked for pale yellow tea roses, a flower more romantic even than the gardenia, infinitely more delicate and lovely. And then, while roses wilted, their petals falling gracefully to the floor, a gardenia died, it hung a waxen corpse in its buttonhole. At Woodnest, where I had lived with my grandfather, there had been bushes of moss roses—I remembered them as small buds, blackly crimson, and almost lost in shaggy green—and so, from association, I asked for them. And boxwood.

Mr. Sears nodded. Of course. When he had gone—it was still winter, my grounds were in a frozen ruin—I stood trying to picture what would soon be growing: expanses of close-cut sod, dark box, and bright bands of flowers, every flower that was appropriate and would grow except geraniums and nasturtiums. There had been too many geraniums at Woodnest, and nasturtiums I had never liked. To all this Mr. Sears had assented; and, waiting for the plans he was sending me, I bought magazines of gardening and read every advertisement. I thought about the gardens I had seen, particularly those at Aiken. But they were elaborate with narrow formal walks under clipped arches and leaden statues, fountains dripping into marble basins, exotic screens of feathery bamboo. A garden in the Santa Clara Valley came back to mind, surrounded by almond trees in white flower, plum trees coral pink.

It would, naturally, be different at the Dower House; there the flowers were more circumscribed, both in variety and life, but, because of that, they were doubly entrancing. The golden poppies of California were overwhelming, flowering there was perpetual; yet, in the East, a bank of violets after winter, arbutus in woods still brown, a carpet of Quaker ladies on a pasture, were incomparable. April showers and May flowers! Even repetition had been powerless to rob that phrase of its delight. But Mr. Sears hadn't neglected the less æsthetic pleasures of planting; he had indicated where the asparagus bed must be located, and he spoke of the small fruits, blackberries and currants and raspberries; and, as he had talked, I was possessed by a new understanding of how luxurious life could be—prophetically I saw myself, in pajamas in the morning, eating berries from their stems, I saw my hands filled with translucent scarlet currants, amber gooseberries.

My interest in trees increased enormously, I went minutely into the states of those I possessed, and, for the first time, recognized that their existence, like mine, had a definite period: they were young, middle-aged, and old; like me they were susceptible to disease, limited or fatal in result. It hadn't occurred to me that they must be watered and fed. One or two, I found, would have to be cut down, another, a maple, was decrepit with age; but I decided to save it for another ten years. In that time, it was pointed out to me, a new tree would have grown to a dignified size; but I couldn't overcome my instinctive disbelief in the future. The maple tree I had was there, I could sit in its shadow and hear the birds in the branches; an enjoyment no one could be sure of a decade away.

The buttonwood tree at the lower corner of the lawn absorbed my interest, I hoped it was well, that it would last many years, since it opposed its broad leaves to the naked paved highway; and again I regretted the lost willow. I had talked about it with Bertha Case; and, returning to New York after a Sunday at the Dower House, she called back that she was going to give us a willow tree. When it arrived, slender and young, young and girlish, we planted it by the spring house, where it turned a very appealing and pretty green, shy and agitated and protesting.

When Mr. Sears' plans came—the one I saw first was lettered, Scheme No. 1, Study for General Plan, Estate of Joseph Hergesheimer—I realized more clearly than ever before what I had undertaken. The drawing was large, in colored pencils, red and blue and green, with a touch of orange; and it had a lavish air far transcending the elaborations projected for the house. It was a ground plan—suspended over the Dower House I gazed down into the tops of impressively full trees; below me, on the left, was the rose garden set in geometrical paths; there was an oval of grass, surrounded by shrubbery, with a summerhouse; a sunken fenced retreat under a gable; the stable had become a garage open on a paved court; there was an additional shed for parked automobiles, and in every direction were flagged walks.

It was what I would have wanted to the faintest pencil mark; and, it seemed, I was about to get it. The feeling that had seized upon me when Mr. Okie had explained his intentions—that I was a fraudulent person about to be exposed—returned: I had bought, somewhere in the dim past, an old simple Pennsylvania-Dutch farmhouse, built of stone, with not quite four acres of

(Continued on Page 236)

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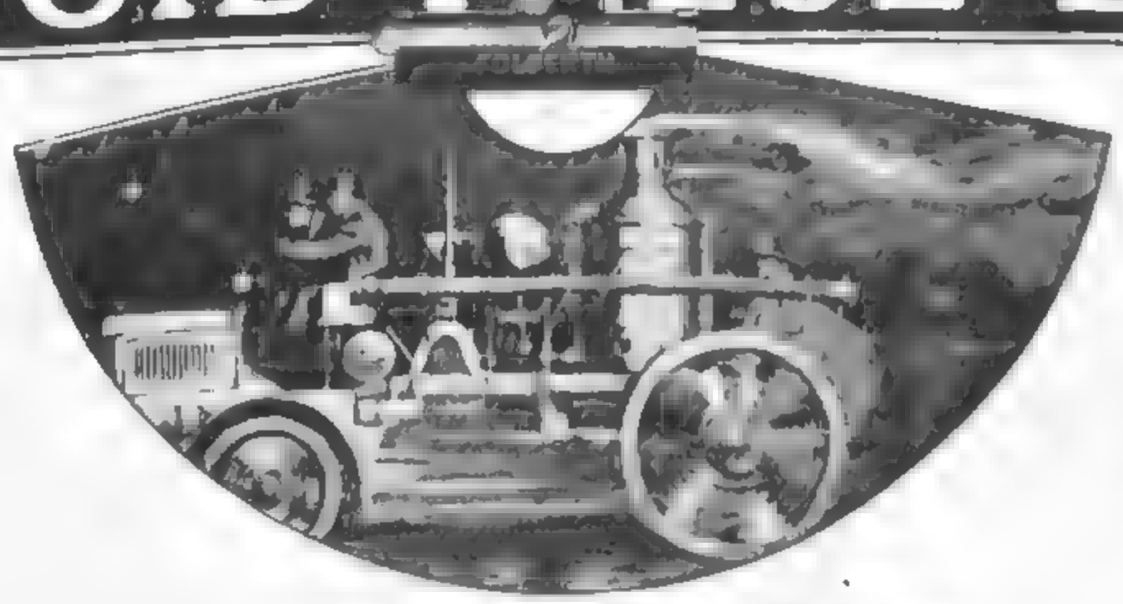

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(Continued from Page 234)

land, and now I was the owner of an estate. Nothing resembling that, I told myself, had been my wish. On a future day I might make a few changes, in the way of door knobs and, perhaps, a second bathroom; and Dorothy had said very many times that she wanted to plant new flower beds.

And here was the scheme of an estate! I showed the drawing tactfully to Dorothy, emphasizing the fact that it was only a suggestion; and, from her attitude, I could see that to her, as it had to me, it seemed like a municipal park. Isn't it lovely, she exclaimed; isn't it too lovely for words! And I'd have a rose garden. And flagstones. Anyhow for a while, I thought; but life, I added for my assistance, was only for a while. Oh, hell, I told her, we'll go on with it. I can get the money, it's simple enough—I'll write harder. She had thought, she replied, that three thousand words a day was as much as I could manage. It was more than I could manage, actually; yet with Mr. Sears' Scheme No. 1 before me I put that out of my head.

But it was a serious engagement: little by little my earlier liberty of days and actions was deserting me. Once an indebtedness of a hundred dollars had concerned us until the difficulty of its payment was solved, when now I was burdening myself with obligations the cost of which weren't even calculated. Before I knew it the two Mr. McCormicks would be upon me again. I wanted, again, to evade it all, to escape from the garage court and the oval grass plot, to drop from my back the flagstones of the walks. I wanted to send the dignified Mr. Sears, dipped in the best Boston traditions, an absurd message, like a comic valentine, and vanish into that pastoral countryside which had no reality outside my imagination. Instead, I showed the plans for the garden to people who were having dinner with us, and their whole approval, together with my weak response to their admiration of my—my estate, delivered me to Mr. Sears' design.

A second drawing—Planting Plan for Interior Gardens, Estate of Joseph Hergesheimer—stilled by the sheer beauty of its names my lingering doubts. The rose garden, laid off in its formal beauty, had in its central plot forty-eight Cecile Brunner rosebushes, and two hundred plants of a viola, the Blue Perfection; of that I had no idea beyond the opinion that, because of its color, it wasn't a rose. The name Cecile Brunner—there were better coming—fascinated me; I made the romantic discovery that special roses were named after very special women. The most charming of all compliments, I thought, the most fragrant of immortalities—to be always blooming with the summer, buds and full flowers perennially renewed in delicate or gorgeous perfection. By comparison the dedication of a book was clumsy.

In an angle there were five Lady Alice Stanley roses, and five Madame Jules Bouche; there were three Catherine Breslau's, three called after Frau Karl Druschki, and three celebrated Mrs. Aaron Ward. These weren't all in that place, but I turned to where, on the plan, the roses were ranged together in a column. Who, I wondered, was Madame Leon Pain, and what was her color, quince or a glowing pink, or crimson. Who was Lady Hillingdon? In what garden of France had the Souvenir de Claudius Pernet been first beheld? William F. Dreer was known to me, but Jonkheer J. L. Mock—for what, in the gardens of Holland, was he significant? And Laurent Carl!

But if the roses were romantic the names of the perenniais, the English names, were amiable beyond compare. I was to have a garden planted with basket of gold, with ball of snow, and snow in summer; there would be yellow-and-orange chrysanthemums and orange-and-bronze chrysanthemums; Shasta daisies and foxglove and sweet William—I had read about that but now I'd own it. There were white and mauve garden pinks, rosy-pink pinks, feverfew and phlox reddish-violet, carmine-rose, French-purple, white-rosy-purple eye and early white. With these were peonies and false dragon's head and English cowslip, cowslips and blue tufted pansies. Yes, and two hundred and fifty tulips, Mrs. Moon and Inglescombe.

I would never, from flowers, recapture the delight which enveloped me with those names. To countless people, I recognized, they were unremarkable, familiarity had robbed them of their scent; probably the man who had lettered my plans regarded their listing as a part of routine. When I spoke to Mr. Sears of my pleasure in them he said that he knew many more compelling. He would go over them with me whenever I wished. But those before me were compelling enough, and I'd have them, in summer, in my own garden. Yet, when they were blooming, I didn't, as I had intended, search for them, one after the other I hadn't time, or perhaps it was patience I lacked: they retreated from me, held together in modest colonies concealing their delicacy and grace. Walking, lost in thought among them, I killed their perfumes with the burning paper and tobacco of cigarettes.

A third drawing was called, simply, Planting Plan, and it indicated the location and quantity of all the proposed trees and shrubs. On it I looked at once for the lilacs—without, to my annoyed surprise, finding a trace of them. Where I had expected lilacs there were syringa, Syringa vulgaris and Syringa persica, Syringa Mad. Lemoinei and Syringa Japonica. Where, I demanded, and supported by Dorothy, are the lilacs? The lilacs! Mr Sears was surprised, but not annoyed. Why, there, he pointed to the syringa. This was a form of ignorance I particularly disliked to own, and I hastily tried to leave with him the impression I had been examining another part of the blue print. Dorothy gazed at me condescendingly but, seeing that I was willing to convict myself in order to implicate her, she retreated into the house.

The list of shrubs and trees, as well, it developed, had a sufficient beauty: the common terms were not ornate, but they perfectly met the purpose of words in literature—they created emotions and pictures; the red maples and sugar maples, the arbutus shrub—it was at the edge of the stone terrace—and autumn apple. A butterfly bush quickly grew out of all keeping with its setting, Andrew would have to transplant it; and I looked for the cockspur thorn, the white fringe and the osiers. There were pink altheas, Tartarian honeysuckle, Manchurian honeysuckle, flowering crabs and sweetbriar mountain cranberry, styrax, Van Houtte's spiræa, and still more syringas—President Grévy, double purple, Charles Joley, dark reddish-purple, and Charles X. Unlike the roses, they were dedicated to men.

The vines followed, and, searching for it at once, I found a trumpet creeper. That, too, belonged to the past, a Victorian vine gemmed with swift humming birds, metallic gleams over the orange trumpet flowers. An akebia I knew nothing of, and I must find the virgin's bower—that should be near the bittersweet, although next there was a Lycium chinensis, the matrimony vine. There were clematis and wistaria.

That, I had thought, exhausted the possibilities of gardens, but I had overlooked a further collection of perennials—rock cress and another daisy, the Michaelmas; there were hardy asters and anemone, columbine and tickseed and peach bells, belladonna delphinium, yellow day lily; lilac and tall blue iris, maroon, purple and mauve iris and veritable lavender. I'd have poppies called after Gerald and Mrs. Perry, and a peony commemorating Mons. Jules Elie; blue meadow sage, speedwell, leadwort. And still the bulbs——

The cerise-scarlet Pride of Haarlem, a rosy Clara Butt, the Flamingo and the Crépuscule; and slaty-blue La Tristesse, Heliotrope and a lilac Nora Ware.

When they bloomed I was amazed by colors I had never seen in flowers before; some of their shades, it seemed to me, were distinctly questionable—that was if the character, the personality, of tulips had any relationship to their appearance. These, in that case, were sophisticated, no—decadent; they belonged in the Place Royal of the year IV. The blues were heated with mauve and their carmines were cooled with ashen gray, and their hearts, a very indecent thing in flowers, were often black. Mr. Sears had imported them specially from Holland: their stiff bells, carried on high stems, were appropriate to the Dower House; but, like the burning lilies, they were of a different world from the hollyhocks.

They were planted about the oval flagged walk of the upper lawn, against massed shrubbery, and every morning Dorothy would cut a few for the house; she filled the house with sprays of mock orange, the white flowers faintly dusted with gold, and put roses with petals that might have been alabaster on the lowboy and desk and on the tables. Not all flowers were happily placed

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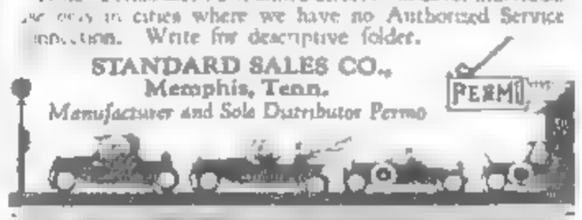

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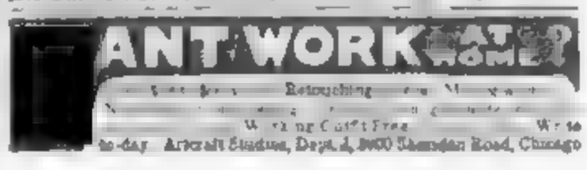

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in such calm remote rooms; the deep red roses of florists' shops were at a disadvantage; carnations—but not the clove pinks—were a mistake; marigolds and freesia, jonquils, were exactly right.

However, before these, flowers of our own, were possible, the two Mr. McCormicks had appeared; there were twenty men, at least, digging up the ground, for an entire regrading was necessary. There had been surveyors, poles sighted through levels and stakes driven, lines drawn; with a plotting of that, too, in addition to all the other plans, an affair of multitudinous curves. The driveway was a problem in itself, for the incurable pitch of the land kept it away by ten feet from the main door, and where it turned into Goshen Avenue retaining walls were needed. The earth there was shorn away, the roots of my most impressive maples cut, and the stone walls rose extending, we discovered, in the face of all surveying, into the public domain. When the time came for the borough to lay a sidewalk along Goshen Avenue I should, probably, lose not only my walls but the trees as well.

For the consideration of this the borough council convened in a body for inspection, and, as I was going forward, Dorothy overtook me with a box of cigars. If we smoked or not has escaped my mind; I was hoping, and not vainly, that my handsome house, the tale of local men who had found work there, would prevail on the council to regard my mild trespass leniently. They went into session, serious with overcoats and hats, in the middle of the road; and it was their judgment, delivered by Paul McElree, that my walls worked the public no harm.

I liked Paul, though I seldom saw him; he was busy with the politics of his neighborhood. His connection with West Chester was vital, he understood all its phases, while my knowledge was superficial. If I could have had his experience, his understanding of men and reality, I'd be able to write a novel of American life infinitely truer, more stirring, than any that had appeared. Any absolute fact was absorbing, but political fact was dramatic, it was bitter and passionate and relentless; and, if its morals were fortuitous, its actions, under a tempered covering, were honest; I mean they were bent to a known purpose, they were predictable.

The difficulty with creative writing was that it required so much concentration, such years of single application, that writers of novels were condemned to a general ignorance of the affairs in which they largely dealt. I had had, once, a letter from a train dispatcher, politely calling my attention to an error I'd printed about his calling. The letter was better than polite, it was cordial: I was invited for a visit that would instruct me in the smallest details of train dispatching. I very seriously considered accepting it; but that couldn't be managed; I hadn't then a spare day; I must finish my life with a deficiency never to be cured.

There were periods when I didn't want to write about love—the carryall of novelists—when I preferred the clash of events purely masculine; and for that reason I had gone to steel mills for The Three Black Pennys. But the best I could do, within the time at my disposal, was to write a book with steel for a background. It would have taken me twenty years in the mills, at the furnaces, to gather an authentic novel of the metal itself. The vocabularies, technical and colloquial, were endless; there were wild heats, shuddering deaths, chemical processes, roofs filled with vapors as delicately colored as the flowers in my garden, to become familiar with. And Java Head ——

If Captain Arthur H. Clark hadn't—masking his benevolence with a severity of bearing left from quarter-decks—most liberally helped me I could never have published it. It would have been ludicrous. I didn't feel that any subject was more important than the principle love, as a word, gilded; but, limited by tradition, or, perhaps, by my limitations, to what was scarcely more than hints and nods, to the most indirect of statements, the courses of men harder, for their short terms, than the hard metals and circumstances they controlled offered me a priceless freedom.

When the grading was finished, the ground rolled and seeded, a fine grass appeared; the plants moved in flat wooden boxes from the stable drooped overnight in their new soil, and then, one by one, took root and brightened into leaf. The spring flowers bloomed and wilted, Andrew dug up the tulip bulbs from the beds where annuals were planted, the first purple of the lilacs, through a persistent cold rain, was a failure, and three blossoms showed on the pink dogwood; no wrens would enter the house, on its white pole, which Mr. Okie had provided. That all happened, and the summer returned; but I wasn't on the terrace, in the garden, every evening—there were nights when I drove over the Bradford Hills and beyond into the Welsh Mountains under the dim or bright stars.

The motor would go quietly, without lights, and apparently float away from the world; the earth would seem to fall behind, below, until it was no more than a far indistinct glimmer. A sense of smooth effortless motion, the seeing of nothing but stars, created that illusion. There were moments when I was dizzy at the realization of what those minute points of light signified, when I remembered that the world was not as much as a spinning orange inclined on its axis in space; but commonly I regarded the stars with a simple and medieval ignorance; they made, I thought, a marvelously decorated curtain; they were what I saw and no more. Some I recognized, Orion, and the Dipper, Charles's Wain, in the constellation of the Great Bear. But I preferred them to be nameless; I had no passion to repeat the incredible distances between them and the earth. I didn't marvel at the years—was it years?—which it needed for their light to reach me. I hadn't that exactness of intelligence.

Sometimes I'd stop by a fenced pasture, with a woods at the back, and listen, in August, to the sustained monotone of the locusts, or the later reiteration of the katydids; old sounds, infinitely soothing. Pale cows cropped the grass, field mice squealed away from owls like dropping shadows. What had been, a few hours ago, important would grow unimportant, the exasperations of the day silently depart. It was practically impossible, now, to be alone; it required an effort only to want to be alone; and it was a great solvent for ills of the mind: it cured anger and pretentiousness, resentment and envy—the fevers rising from the friction of an overcrowded existence. That was one of the burdens of poverty, the poor couldn't afford quietude and space; when they got them a mere loneliness, an isolated privation, surrounded them.

The tendency of people was, I knew, to draw together; but that was often like a mob forcing its way into a small boat from a sinking deck—few could be saved. I had very little patience with the assertion that poverty was a blessing; a certain healthy penury in youth, an early hardening in the country, often had fortunate results; but generally poverty was a curse. Almost the whole energy of humanity was directed toward getting away from it. It had neither privacy nor freedom, no dignity or spaciousness of setting, no escape from intolerable people and conditions; and it faced, in the patronage of charity, the loss of an indispensable stubborn spirit.

I had, it might be, a very worldly inclination, but I was under no impulse to change it in that quarter; I was happy to be writing in a large, still, pleasant room, on one of a graceful pair of Hepplewhite tables; I didn't resent the box of Cabañas cigars—Tabacos Del Almurezo—at my elbow, the Balkan cigarettes; and I was specially glad that, when my writing for the day was finished, Miss McLeary would appear and relieve me of its transcription into type. Details of life, yes; but there were a great many details and a limited number of heroic moments. Except in the necessity to be decently truthful—where my writing was concerned—I doubted if I had met the semblance of one.

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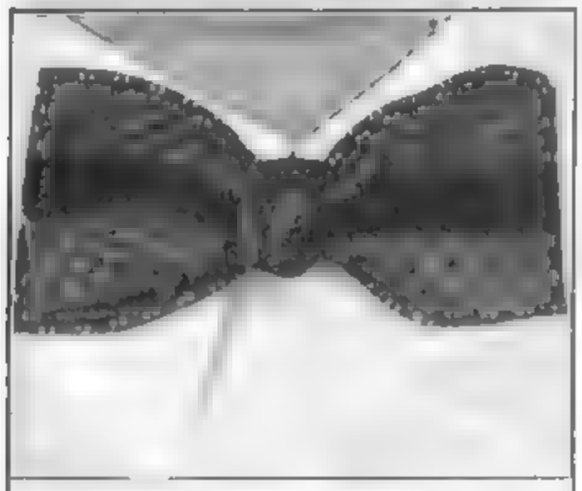
shirts. Hats could upset my equilibrium, and support wasn't my only requirement for shoes. That might be found ignominious, but I still wasn't inclined to apologize. I believed in privileges, in the exercise of privilege; and I could see no improvement, except in humanitarian theory, in a democracy on an aristocratic form of government. The trouble with democracies was that, in practice, they so tremendously overemphasized aristocratic qualities and faults; an authentic aristocrat was, more often than not, engagingly democratic. But not, perhaps, the present, the so new, American variety; there were cases where richness was more depressing than poverty.

Politically, I had discovered, writing Balisand, I was a Federalist; a party soon discredited, and—or for this era completely lost. The Federalists believed in strong leadership, in the superiority of one mind to the minds of the mass, of the people; a conviction the reverse of popular in the United States, where, quaintly, the Constitution was looked on as a guaranty of individual freedom. It was, of course, the opposite, a wholly Federal document; men who had helped to frame it, bringing it before the Constitutional Convention, had repudiated it because of the power delegated the Government. The majority managed their private affairs so badly, they were so wasteful and indolent, that I couldn't believe it was proper, in addition, to trust a country to them. Equally, corporations didn't outrage my sense of justice: I failed ignominiously to see how localized interests could maintain international commerce, or even the internal markets of America.

It was appropriate for the young to be socialistic, since youth was in essence a splendid, if temporary, revolt; but I had passed that age; I wanted pleasantness and security—an occasional half hour choosing neckties. If, through a hot noon, I could ride from my writing to the Dower House, I wouldn't walk as a support, a sign, of equality. The truth about equality was that it didn't exist, in caramels or billiard playing or in the hearts, the stamina and wisdom of men. Some, a pitiful few, were incomparably better than all the others. Men, it might be, were born equal, but with the first sentient gasp that blessing—if it were a blessing—vanished.

There were, naturally, men who didn't smoke cigars, who regarded cigarettes with contempt, and who wouldn't burn a match looking for sprigs of growing mint in the dark; men who would recoil from putting a measure of dry gin into a glass with British ginger beer and then squeezing into it, over the ice, a few drops of the juice of a lime; it seemed to me that they missed what was, at least, an equality of pleasure; however, they were in no peril from any effort on my part to extend their joys. The election of freedoms—for them and for me—was strictly, in such affairs, personal. But a larger agreement pervaded life than the published sentiments indicated: pretense and caution screened practically everyone from his inquisitive and censorious world. It had happened that my undertaking required an amount of irrational candor.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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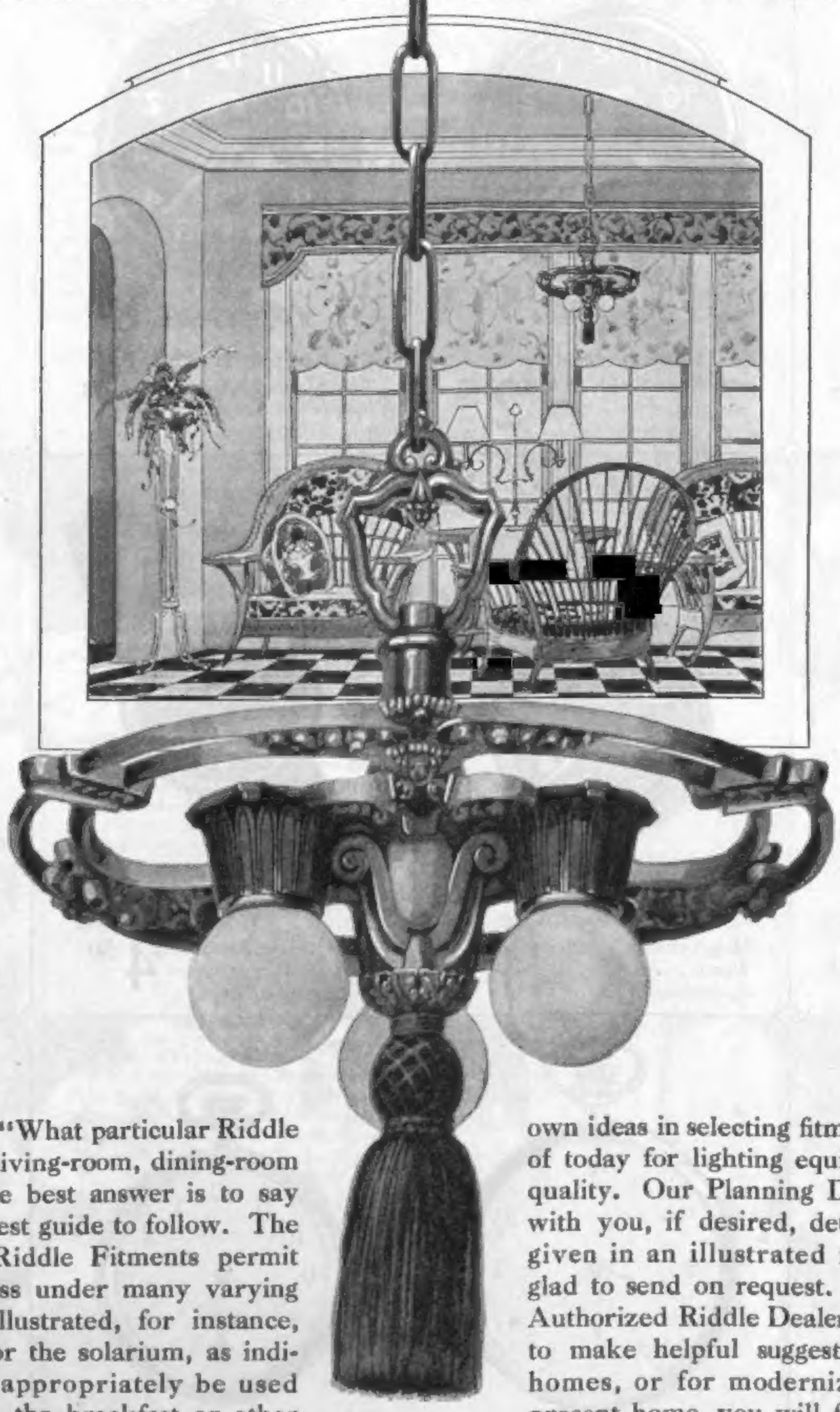

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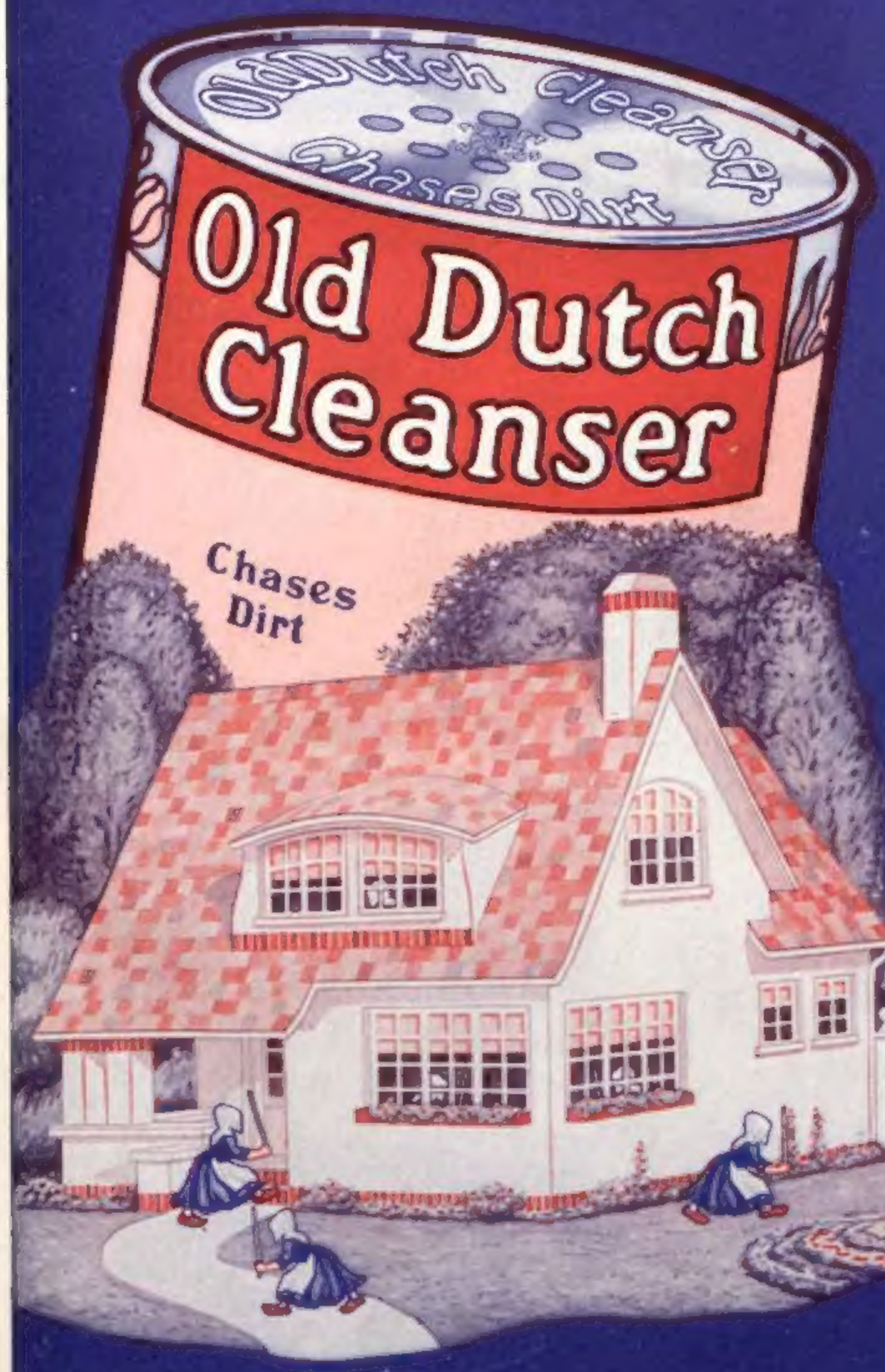

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